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THE PAPACY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



CHRISTIAN Rome must be looked at, despite the changes upon the surface, as the covering of a permanent and indestructible principle. Christian emperors, Goths, marauding barons, mediæval interpreters of pagan ideas, and modern revolutionists are the foam upon the sea. Flights to Avignon and Gaeta, imprisonments in Fontainebleau, are the accidents of the hour. Christian Rome is immortal

because the embodiment of an eternal thought. Mr. Crawford* has caught a glimpse of this view, but, it would seem, only to lose sight of it again. He looks upon nineteen centuries as a preparation for the pontificate of Leo XIII.; but great as Leo is, he is only one link in the chain from Peter to the Pope who shall see the blackened sun and the moon turned to blood, and the stars falling as figs when the tree is shaken by a great wind, and who shall hear the angel swear that time shall be no longer. He who writes of the Papacy, even as the instrument of the

* *Ave Roma Immortalis*. By Marion F. Crawford. New York: Macmillan Company.

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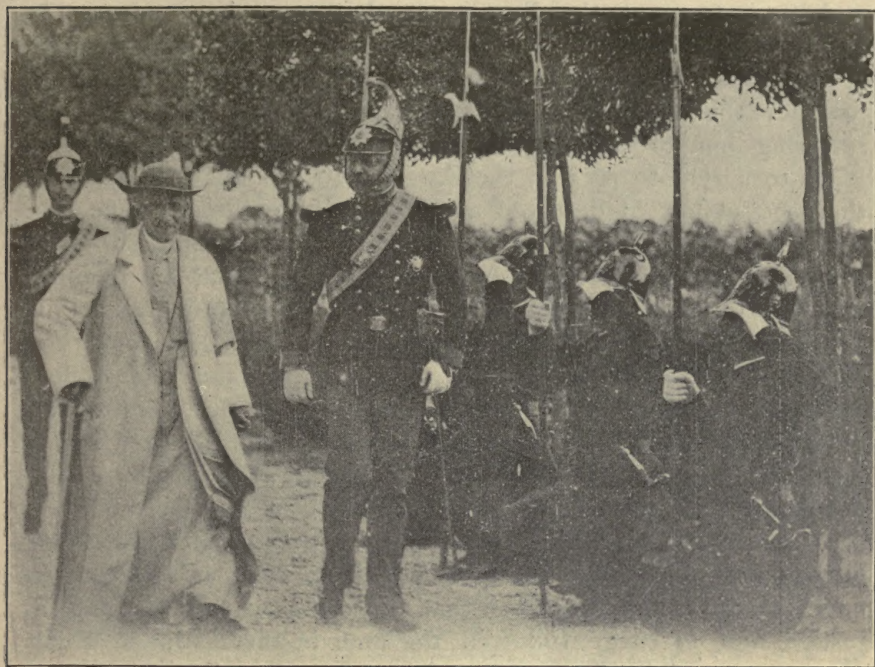
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Church's contact with the age, should be a seer gazing on deathless ideas. The greatest figure in the long dynasty is dwarfed amid the forces round him. He wields a power, but it is not his own. Though he sends the lightnings, and they go and return at his will, he does so only, and they obey him only, as the delegate of a power given even to the weakest John as amply as to the greatest Leo.

We yield to no one in admiration of the energy and ability of his present Holiness. We cannot help thinking, so far as our poor judgment helps us, that he is the man of his time in the fullest sense; but what we deprecate is the suggestion made, whether wittingly or not, that the work of the Pope depends in any essential sense on his mental and moral qualities. Two functions meet in the person of the Pope, the one expressed by the Papacy as an instrument in relation with society in all its forms, the other the office of Pastor and Teacher of each one of us, in virtue of his authority over the corporate life of the congregation of the faithful. In the first-mentioned function the Holy Father secures for every child of Holy Church that freedom of worship so often assailed by hostile influences. He



LIKE HIS DIVINE MASTER, HE HATH COMPASSION ON THE MULTITUDE.



PHYSICAL VIGOR IN SPITE OF ADVANCED YEARS.

is the protector of the rights of conscience against rulers who would deny them; he claims for each one, as he is bound to do, the liberty to obey the law of God. In this field, of course, personal qualities are of inestimable value; one can see, without looking beyond the natural horizon, that tact, patience, knowledge of profane learning, all the advantages which distinguish the highest intellects in affairs, ought to be at the service of the pope when negotiating with rulers. That is to say, on the human side of his office mental and moral qualities of a high order would be more conducive to success than the same qualities in a less degree; but behind and apart from this is the divinely appointed side of the office, which men will not separate from the other. Hence so many mistaken estimates of the action of individual popes when compared with that of others; and what is more painful yet, so many difficulties in reconciling the life and conversation of this or that pope with the trust reposed in him.

One pope may be called apparently to suffer more than to rule; another apparently to rule rather than to suffer; but in truth the suffering pope, as we have hinted in the principle laid down, rules as essentially in the immortal life of the church

and its instrument, the Papacy, as the pope whose success in handling the influences and passions of his time is universally appreciated. Who would have supposed when Pius VII. was a prisoner that Catholic and Protestant powers would unite in restoring him to his temporal sovereignty and in sending his jailer to a remote rock in the Atlantic to eat out his heart at the recollection of defeated ambitions. In exile one reflection was made by Napoleon which illustrates the exceptional position the pope occupies in the social universe: that his fortunes would have been different if he had not laid hands upon Pius VI. and Pius VII. We take this step by step. At one time Napoleon described the pope as a furious madman, and added, He must be shut up! He was reminded of the risks he ran in meddling with the church and its ruler; but retorted in his Cromwell-like ranting way: Will the pope's curse cause the muskets to fall from my soldiers' hands? As a matter of fact, the muskets literally fell from his soldiers' hands, as a Protestant historian* significantly observes. And we have no reason to come to any conclusion but that the curse of oppression, injustice, and sacrilege followed the man in the madness which drove him to fight the powers of nature in Russia. It was the judicial blindness which pagans, speaking from old traditions or a singularly illuminated insight, expressed in the dictum, "*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*" That is to say, men are visited with an uncontrollable impulse to attempt impossible enterprises or a madness of the kind which urges to deeds of ferocity until the world can no longer bear them. In the history of ancient empires we see running like a golden thread the philosophy of God's superintendence. It is given with a precision, by great poets and historians, like the exactness which marks the laborious and painstaking intellect of mediæval schools. We are advocating nothing; we are stating phenomena of experience in the moral order, and we leave our readers to draw their own conclusions. So when we recount that in St. Helena Napoleon laid down what reflection led him to think the proper basis of negotiation with the Papacy—that the pope should be looked upon as a sovereign at the head of an army of two hundred thousand men—we perceive a very great advance from the passionate outburst, He must be shut up! It is somewhat misleading to state a moral force in terms of physical energy, but the attempt to do so by the man whom Emerson selects, among representative men, as the em-

* Alison: *History of Europe*.



A DRIVE IN THE VATICAN GARDENS.

bodiment of practical sagacity, is convincing testimony as to the reality of the force in question.* We, therefore, must dissent from Mr. Crawford's opinion that Pius VI. and Pius VII. were politically insignificant.

Indeed, one is at a loss at times to pronounce a judgment on the "political" significance of one Supreme Pontiff rather than another. One of Napoleon's prisoners died in his hands, his life shortened by anxiety and the indignities inflicted on him. It is said the emperor struck him; no one can doubt but that he afforded him innumerable opportunities for the practice of patience. This despot, without principle or breeding, raved against dignitaries in the language of a costermonger. His prisoner could not escape any more than kings at a distance. Then Pius VII. was elected and carried off to prison. He died on the throne of Rome, but the French Empire was a thing of the past, the pageant of a dream, with its princes and its dukes and notabilities, who formed a court offering such a contrast to the *salons* of Versailles when Louis XVI. and his queen were

* We regard these essays, *Representative Men*, as foolish in important respects, but Emerson caught here and there the meaning of characteristics.

yet young as the court of the Emperor of Hayti, with his princes and his dukes, presents to the drawing-rooms of St. James's. The empire which broke the heart of one pope and tried to break that of another vanished like an illusion, and this other alone of rulers spoke gentle words about his tyrant. The chained eagle in St. Helena was the Corsican upstart in England, while in Prussia and throughout Germany he had sown the seeds of such hatred that not even yet has vengeance been glutted. However, Pius VII., politically insignificant as our author deems him, died upon his throne; Gregory VII., after Canossa, said, as his farewell to life: "Because I have loved justice and hated iniquity I die in exile." Plainly, this Papacy, this instrument of the church and the pope in their action upon princes and states—this institution has a life not to be judged by the standard of ordinary royalties and potencies.

When Leo ascended the throne it seemed to all outside the church that her last hour had struck, and within the church millions were indifferent, and millions strong indeed in loyalty, but weak in judgment, were in despair. It was a time when men's hearts were tried, but there were some who, resting on the divine promises, looked at the crisis as a mere incident in the immortal life of the institution. Pontiffs come and go, but the Papacy remains. It was, no doubt, a period of anxiety for the new Pope. No one in the long dynasty had been confronted by severer troubles. Convulsions had often torn asunder the European commonwealths; heresy had again and again desolated the fairest provinces of the church; the hordes of Islam in their progress seemed the heralds of the final doom; but in all these storms the mass of the faithful looked with confidence to the future. It was not so in our time. The peculiar effects of the last phase of civilization in Europe tend to make faith rather an appreciation of the intellect and will than a heroic passion of the entire man by which intellect, will, feeling, and emotion realize things unseen and unfelt as if visible and tangible. Despite us, we are chilled by the frozen atmosphere of unbelief—cold to any test but that of the scalpel and the scales. The angel of Sinai speaking from the thunderous clouds would be analyzed into combinations of atmospheric phenomena forming sounds curiously resembling articulation. This intellectual phase is in an explicable way a product of the revolt of the sixteenth century, though no great rising against the church's authority had so much of passion, so little of pure intellect, in its birth. Unlike the



LEO POSSESSES TRANQUIL COURAGE.

subtle heresies of the East, which drew whole episcopal benches at their wheels, the doctrines of the Reformers did not carry away one dignified and distinguished churchman. Abbey lands, church revenues, freedom from external direction had more to do with convincing potentates and great men than after-thought theories of the fall and the atonement.

This is how a movement possessing no logical character was aided by what men in their phrase-making call the inexorable logic of events. Wars and spoliations did in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for Protestantism what scientific atheism has done for it in the nineteenth. It became the symbol of material prosperity. The rise of Protestantism marked an epoch in a sense which Arianism had not done. Material prosperity was the breath of life to the leading Reformers; it was the turning all things to gold which won so much acceptance for the reformed doctrines in Scotland, through the German principalities, in the Scandinavian nations, in Switzerland, in France, and in many parts of England. The violent transfer of property and the vast social change incident to it made an epoch from which there was no going back. No social revolu-

tion, no blotting out of ancient landmarks, accompanied the speculative heresies that wounded the church in the early centuries. When they died she resumed her place in the old settlements, and the memory of the evil interregnum faded into a kind of fancy without power on the march of nations. But new conditions synchronized with the ideas of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, perpetuating them by the fixity of associations arising from power, violence, wealth, and all the rewards attending unscrupulous enterprise and ambition. The efficacy of faith without works would be an encouraging doctrine to the man who found an inconvenience in the observance of the fifth and sixth commandments. A barony carved out of a dissolved monastery lent a special value to the principle of private interpretation. For the first time in Christian society the acquisition of wealth became an absorbing passion; but lest some survival from the Gospel teaching should afford authority to the exercise of justice and mercy, the scientific atheism of to-day interposed individual interests as the measure of morality. This was the intellectual attitude of the world when Leo XIII. took the place of the Fisherman.



HIS INTEREST IN MATTERS OF DETAIL.



THE BURDENS OF HIS HIGH OFFICE WEIGH HEAVILY ON HIM.

When opening his chapter on Leo XIII. Mr. Crawford suggests rather than presents an outline of European history from the French Revolution. It strikes us as inaccurate. Europe had not fallen into a death-like trance—these are not his words exactly, but they convey his thought,—but a trance had not fallen on Europe in the interval from Waterloo till the Year of Revolutions, as 1848 is called, doubtless because it brought no change to the peoples who were told in verse and poetic prose that they were oppressed. That the states were weary of war would be the correct expression, but there was below the surface an activity sure to work itself to the top. Processes of social and political evolution were germinating. In England they were taken in time by the Reform Act; in Prussia they were rendered almost innocuous by the transfer of landed property to a considerable part of the occupiers. These were the only states in which the ideas seething in the masses seem to have been wisely guided; but for all that, a social ferment is at present undermining Germany and England's safety depends on an outlet for her commerce. How much Mr. Crawford has mistaken the aspect of European policy in the years from 1815 to 1848 may be judged by his opinion that England was the

only state not governed by weak and timid sovereigns. As a matter of fact, George IV. had not a particle of influence, and William IV. was the puppet of Wellington and Peel. George IV. signed the Emancipation Bill in an agony of rage, William signed the Reform Bill at the command of ministers contemptuously indifferent to his blubbing. On the other hand, all over Europe, from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, the revolutionary idea had been kept under control by "the weak and timid sovereigns." It burst out in 1848; it was extinguished everywhere except in France; and France obtained the blessing of a military despotism in exchange for a constitutional monarchy.

We can only glance at the Italian states. There was no excuse for a rebellion against governments anywhere except in Venice. The king of the Two Sicilies and the grand dukes ruled their possessions in a good, easy manner. The peoples were hardly taxed, they enjoyed the comforts of life; but there has been always something unsettled in the Italian disposition, and those Italians from the Alps to Spertivento used to dream of Roman greatness as of a heritage they had lost. It would be a pity not to state a fact connected with Italian conspiracies either not generally known or generally lost sight of. Busybodies from France and Switzerland, inspired by classical enthusiasm, formed branches of the Society of Young Italy. Members of those societies frequently crossed into Venetia, the duchies, or the kingdom of Naples to sustain the branches in those parts. They were imprisoned, of course, but the more crafty Italians invariably contrived to let the foreigners bear the punishment, and as invariably to make capital out of their sufferings. Mazzini guided the branches from a foreign country, and Garibaldi, notwithstanding that his opinions were well enough known, seems to have enjoyed more liberty than a person of his stamp, if a British subject, would obtain in England.

England gave great moral and material support to the revolutionists. It was her policy to prevent a reconciliation between the Italian states and the advanced liberalism of those men. She recommended reforms to Pius IX., and when he appointed Rossi his minister, in deference to the growing opinion, she praised him for his enlightened sentiments; when Rossi was assassinated, she praised the murderers as men rightly struggling to be free; when the Holy Father fled, she celebrated in high festival the death of the Papacy. It would be no exaggeration



HIS TALL, STRONG, BONY FRAME.

to say that one secret of the animosity of English Liberals to Ferdinand of Naples was the tender and respectful manner of his reception of Pius IX. The king's tears, when on the frontier of his dominions he kissed the Holy Father's hand, had that nobleness about them which gave the lie to the dark tales of Neapolitan despotism. When the young Queen Victoria used to advertise the few pounds sent to a laborer's wife brought to bed of a triplet, editors and other enthusiasts gushed over the graciousness of "the womanly queen"; but nothing was said in praise of the high-minded prince, who in himself represented the old royalty of France, of Germany and Spain, and, forgetting the plots against his own life, proceeded to the outskirts of his kingdom in order that his welcome to the head of the church should be worthy of a Catholic king.

This was an early experience in the pontificate of Pius; the first fact which that of Leo confronted was a policy in England expressing the atheism of which we have already spoken. Commercial progress, the accumulation of wealth, death to old traditions, effacement of priestcraft, were the stock ideas of the time. Catholics experienced in their religion a bar to their

rise in life. Everywhere was pointed out the contrast between Protestant and Catholic states in material prosperity; there is hardly a Catholic gentleman in England but has met some nominal Catholic in the universities and the learned professions who apes this manifestation of Protestant muddleheadedness by drawing attention to the small number of Catholics who are men of science as compared with the large number of men of science who are not Catholics, and the small number of Catholics compared with Protestants and others in the learned professions. Putting aside this matter, in so far as it assumes an entirely erroneous standard of comparison, it would be unfair to condemn Christianity because the first converts were for the most part poor, while all the wealth and honors of imperial Rome were possessed by the pagans; but putting the question aside, there remains the fact of a dangerous social opinion confronting Leo XIII. among the most learned and ambitious of his flock just as he entered upon his office.

It was a dark hour for him. England was anti-Catholic in a more sinister direction than when she was openly persecuting Catholics. In Germany the Kulturkampf was at its height. An ethnological theory as to the future government of the world was threatening the influence of the church as the embodiment of a Latinism which belonged to an unlettered age. All that appeals to pride was centred in Teutonism. The Latin races were swept off their feet and bowed before the rising sun of Germany. But a change came. Political animosities were silent. Great armies were stayed by an unseen hand, as the hordes of Attila had been stayed, and the course of the church went on like a full river whose majesty nothing can arrest.

The circumstances of the youth of Leo XIII. contributed to the shaping of his moral and mental qualities. He belonged to the lesser landed gentry, a class which in every country has supplied the best instances of harmony between the speculative and ideal and the practical intellect. Though a poet, Lord Tennyson was a philosopher; and though rather fond of prediction, he has suggested some sound political speculation; and we have the like marvellous combination of those intellectual forces in Mr. Gladstone, the only man of our time who can at all be compared with Leo XIII. Leo was born under the shadow of the Volscian hills. It was from those heights the tribes so often rushed down upon the young city left by Romulus, so that day and night, as upon the Scotch Border, watchers looked for the coming of the foe. As the Scotchmen answered



HE IS A POET AS WELL AS PHILOSOPHER.

the beacon-fire which told the Southron was at hand, so rang through the city the call to drive the Volscian home. There were associations with the twilight age in those hills, mysteries of the dawn of man's life: whence came he, whence his gods, whence his dooms of right—rudiments of law and policy, germs of conquest and of progress.

Young Pecci owed to his ancestors a tall, strong, bony frame. A high Aryan he was—huge-skulled, strong-jawed, capable of hard thinking and hard-hitting, a controversialist or a soldier, or, if the moral qualities were not in equipoise, a revolutionist or pirate. He was indebted to the pure air of the mountains, the exercise of the sportsman, and the simple life of his home for the endurance and flexibility wrought into thew and sinew, and which are still manifest in the fabric, worn as it is by ninety years of toil. His moral and intellectual qualities had not to undergo a strain before forming a great purpose and executing it, as in the instances of those men of genius unfortunate in a delicate constitution. What wear and tear of the nervous system were suffered before Demosthenes could mount the bema in answer to the herald's question: Does any citizen

desire to speak? Agonies of sickness and nervous irritability were doing upon him the work of years quite apart from his public services. One can imagine that the pains and waste of vital forces before each philippic were ten times more exhausting than the work itself—than the energy which thundered menaces to Philip, the surpassing skill with which he led his countrymen along. No one can conceive the suffering which made Richelieu's life an old age in the prime of manhood, yet with this half-life—this life mated to death—his genius laid Europe at his feet. Such instances are rare. It is seldom the moral qualities rise so superior to nature that the courage of the soul takes captive sickness, decay, suffering, and the cowardice springing from them. But Pecci thought in a frame which was an aid to sound thinking. His genius had to pay no such tax as Richelieu's before the display of its powers, no such fine before the merchandise of mind was offered to mankind. His was a mind capacious of great ideas in union with a body affluent in the possession of health, strength, and endurance—mind and body acting and reacting with a harmony like the forces which work through the physical universe, reminding one, as Grattan might say—reminding one of the thunder and the music of the spheres. Looking over twenty years and weighing the conflicting influences that swing and sway and rise and fall in Europe, we see that from the time of his accession until now his statesmanship has been an inspiration. As we write he has sounded the note of loyalty to venerable traditions in not displacing France from the proctorship of Eastern Catholicity. All Germany, Catholic and Protestant, are in array against him, but he has counted the cost, and, as though he saw a profound principle involved, he stands as with the right and generous and not with the interested and time-serving.

Clearly he grasps difficulties with the quickness and certainty of intuition, he tells the solution of them to the city and the world in language which is the lightning of his mind. To this mind, so strong and wise in the guidance of men, fancy has given the touch which is the ether of thought, the finer, subtler essence which is the soul's soul and which reveals itself in poetry. To this man so gifted with varieties of power, and each one great, the rule of the church has been given in our time.

Mr. Crawford is clearly right in saying that the Pope is as wise a leader as any one who has wielded power in our day. Perhaps the greatest, because he has done more to secure peace by his caution, firmness, and spirit of conciliation than all the



HE BLESSES ALL THE WORLD.

rulers of his time taken together. Looking at his reign upon the outside, we see that it has gained world-wide respect for the church. He is a ripe scholar, a great statesman, an honest man. The soundness of his views concerning social problems one would expect from his training as a Catholic priest. No other training can approach it in fitting men to grasp the forces working in society, because it supplies a key to the heart—not merely the heart of this individual or that, but the heart of mankind with its passions, needs, its hopes and fears—an abstract expression of the individual heart. No other training can confer the knowledge of right, because it only looks at right in relation to God. What are called the rights of men—the fundamental and alienable rights of man with regard to himself and others, so far as they have any foundation in truth at all—must spring from the absolute right of God over his creatures. Much of the mischievous teaching of philosophy for two centuries has arisen from a view which makes man a god to himself, whose own opinions are his law, whose affections are the measure of his enjoyment, whose accountability is confined to the claims of society as represented by the state, or a class within the state

constituting itself a tribunal like the Areopagus of the tea-table. We represent things fairly. Men indeed talk of "eternal verities," but whence do they proceed? In what sense are the rights of man eternal if they are contingent and conditioned? But so far as they reflect the will of God they are certainties which cannot be taken away without a violation of justice. From such a source Leo XIII., like each one of his predecessors, has drawn his knowledge of what man owes to man and to society. Consequently in his utterances on social and economic questions he has done more to keep the peace than all other rulers.

One especially valuable quality he possesses is that of tranquil courage. The judgments of good men are often obscured by nervous irritability which prevents the immediate appreciation of sound principles. The correct judgment in a given case is often arrested by a hesitating temper which shrinks from initiative. Possibly Mr. Crawford means this when he speaks of Pius IX. as always hesitating. Well, there is a human side to the Papacy; and the pope who was driven from his capital, who was restored to his subjects by the arms of a foreign power and kept by them on his throne against the threats of the revolutionists of Italy and Europe, who saw his city again taken by a foreign sovereign in league with the assassins of Young Italy and the mercenaries of England—such a pope might be well excused for doubting the wisdom of formulating economic formulæ among men likely to wrest them to their vicious purposes. It was different with Pope Leo and the time of his accession. The thieves were falling out. Emperors and working-men were at each others' throats. Authority is good because of divine origin, whether it be Tiberius or William I. who rules by the counsels of Sejanus or Bismarck. The well-being of the masses is a good thing, but this should not rest upon principles of treason and robbery. Dreading the masses, the second William relieved his Sejanus from the difficulties of an office trying to the energies of an aged man and went to Leo. The masses, dreading that the resources of a great empire would be too strong in conflict with ideas of a rather sordid and selfish character, empanoplied their ideas in the armor of reason, justice, reverence, and so fenced they went to Leo. It was a great triumph, one that marks an epoch to the mere historian—an incident of the long succession which shows to the Catholic and the fair-minded Protestant that there is something in the Papacy which even in its human aspect defies analysis.

THE CHARITABLE WORK OF WOMEN.

BY S. L. EMERY.



STRICTURES are passed at times upon the charitable work of Catholic women outside of our great religious orders. Nevertheless there does seem to be a gap in the organization of the church which might easily be supplied by a society of lay-women. The trend, however, of the thought among the active workers in the field of charity is professedly against a society among women that would parallel the St. Vincent de Paul Society as it is now constituted among men. The work of laymen is well organized, calls forth the energy of many choice spirits, and does a wondrous amount in ameliorating the condition of the poor.

But when we come to the consideration of the Catholic woman's charitable work there seems to be among us a general idea that everything is vague, unsettled, and left to woman's own sweet will and impulsive plans. The noble work of the Young Ladies' Charitable Association in Boston with its free home for consumptives, the self-sacrificing labors of the Ladies of Calvary in New York, the earnest work of the ladies in Chicago for the deaf and dumb, militate to a certain extent against this statement, but to a certain extent only. There is here no great, banded organization like that among the men, uniting all these women in their blessed work by a union of prayers, indulgences, common rule and guidance.

Are we so sure, however, that the Catholic Church has made no provision for this very thing? And if she has done so anywhere, is it not possible that her plans, always wise and far-reaching, cannot be made applicable to the present condition of things in our country? Let us, under the guidance of the Apostle of Charity, St. Vincent, search carefully into this important matter.

As long ago as the year 1617, before ever the society known as Lazarist priests or that of the Sisters of Charity was established, the great St. Vincent had formed a confraternity for women charitably disposed to work among the sick poor. His practical mind immediately took up the lines of *rule* and *guid-*

ance, for he had clearly experienced their necessity. His provisional rule soon received canonical approbation. The original document soliciting this favor is still carefully preserved, a part of it being in St. Vincent's own handwriting, and is therefore of peculiar value in itself and in relation to our present subject.

The analysis of this precious testimony to the saint's plans and purposes is as follows: The aim of the work is to honor our Lord Jesus Christ in his suffering members, *the sick poor*, by helping them both spiritually and corporally. This thought is in itself divine, and is as old as Christianity. In fact, the first poor man of the Gospel is our Lord himself; his most holy Mother shares his poverty, even while, by her love, her cares, her work, she softens its privations at Bethlehem, in Egypt, at Nazareth. During his public life our Lord willed to be indebted for his daily bread to the charity of the kindly disposed.

THE HIGH PURPOSE OF THE CONFRATERNITY OF CHARITY.

The Confraternity of Charity is inspired in its aim and its practices by this one thought only: *Our Lord is the object of the services rendered to the sick poor*. All is to be done with a holy intention and nothing for human respect. Something far higher than what is ordinarily understood by philanthropy enters into this plan conceived by the large heart of St. Vincent, a something which will often bring far more benefit to the doer of the work than to the recipient of the charity. He lays it down as a principle that those belonging to this confraternity must strive after the welfare of their own souls as well as of those whom they seek to benefit; and the souls of the poor whom they visit must be as much the object of their solicitude as are their bodies.

The rule proceeds to the most minute details in regard to the manner of visiting the sick, of helping them, of providing their nourishment; it even explains, in its delicate consideration for those whom his tender charity calls "*the poor, our masters*," how to fit upon the bed the little board or table whereon their modest repast is served. Everything is prescribed with that sweet sincerity that impresses the soul with a profound conviction that nothing is small in the service of a God who is himself infinitely great.

Of the officers first elected for the confraternity, Frances Baschet and Charlotte de Brie, we are told that during a

terrible scourge of famine and pest, that affrighted courageous men, these women went, by day and night, into the poorest and most infected huts, carrying food and remedies that they had themselves prepared in little dwellings at the city gates, where they made their chosen abode, as sentinels of charity, during that disastrous period.

Is it likely, in the ordinary purposes of Divine Providence, that an organization planned by a saint, and begun under such leaders as these heroic women, filled, too, with the very spirit of the Catholic Church in her perpetual working everywhere—is it likely that such a work failed and passed away? Reason and faith answer energetically, *No*. And it is indeed a fact that the confraternity still exists, though as yet but little known in the United States.

A PARENT TREE OF CHARITABLE SOCIETIES.

It did not merge, as has been thought, into the splendid, world-wide community of Sisters of Charity, although that community may be truly said to have sprung from this little confraternity which was the first organized society to be formed by Vincent de Paul's wonderful gift for organization in the cause of the needy. Neither must it be confounded with the Ladies of Charity of the Hôtel Dieu, nor the Ladies of Charity of the Court. It should always be distinctly understood and remembered that *les dames de la Charité*, or *les Confréries de la Charité*, founded at Châtillon in 1617, was prior to all of these, that it spread abroad, and that, although the storm of the French Revolution thwarted and hindered its blessed work for awhile in France, it flourishes again, there and elsewhere. In the authorized Manual for the association, bearing date "1886, Paris," a summary is given of the present condition of the society, which is as follows: "In Paris, 54 branches; other parts of France, 54 branches are reported; in Italy, 97; in Belgium, 41; Austria and Poland, 13; Turkey, 6; Peru, 9; Mexico, 25." In the United States there is *not one* reported, although in fact a few societies exist here.

The work was implicitly approved by Pope Urban VIII. in 1632. Pope Innocent XII. granted it indulgences in 1675. In 1744, Pope Benedict XIV. gave it tokens of his esteem. But the great testimony to its worth has come in these latter times, when Pope Pius IX. "granted to the Association of the Ladies of Charity the same indulgences and spiritual favors that his predecessor, Gregory XVI., had accorded, by the briefs of

January 10 and August 12, 1845, to the society of men founded under the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul."

The rule to-day is framed upon the model of that which St. Vincent gave to the first association established in Paris. Faith is its motive principle, bidding us see in the suffering poor our brother, and the brother of Jesus Christ—nay more, Jesus Christ Himself. A member of the association must show herself ready for all sacrifices, in order to be useful to those whom she seeks to truly gain to God. She is to be full of zeal, fearing no fatigue, ready to put herself to any trouble if she may relieve another's pain. She must be truly humble, taking willingly the second place in the good she does, accepting insult, seeking to be concealed from the world's praise or notice. Considering herself the servant of Jesus Christ in the person of the poor, she tries to assimilate herself, as it were, to that condition by the simplicity of her dress and manner, speaking to those she visits with real respect, and entering their humble dwellings modestly and plainly clad.

SAVING SOULS AS WELL AS BODIES.

She must show them much kindness by compassionating their sufferings, listening to them with interest, weeping with those who weep; in order that they may see that their painful position is understood, that their troubles are shared, and that they are the object of a sincere affection. Gently and with patience the poor man's immortal soul must be tended and comforted as well as his suffering body. On the one hand, food, medicine, clothing, fuel, must be thoughtfully provided; useful suggestions made as to cleanliness, neatness, economy, the love of work; and interest must be shown in obtaining them means of livelihood when out of work. But, on the other hand, the paschal Communion must not be forgotten, nor the last Sacraments, nor reconciliation with an offended neighbor, nor prayer, nor repentance, nor the account that rich and poor must one day render to the Judge of all. "The work of the sick poor," says the Manual quoted above, "saves thousands of souls," which is not the report we look for in the annals of philanthropy, although it is one that the recording angel gladly carries to heaven. Words can hardly express too strongly the stress laid by St. Vincent on the spiritual side of this helpful organization.

A PONTIFF'S DEFINITION OF CHARITY.

In this connection will be found extremely applicable the allocution and benediction of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., to the Ladies of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, assembled in the chapel of the Priests of the Mission in the city of Florence, the 21st of August, 1857. It is another proof of the kindly interest which he took in their good work.

"All of you who here assembled, ladies, are consecrated to the works of charity. Now, the first virtue that ought to accompany charity is patience. You have been obliged to practise it this evening, in waiting for me so long a time; you have shown that you possess it, and that you are capable of producing the acts of this virtue. It is, moreover, necessary in all the affairs of this world; patience is necessary in the bosom of one's own family; patience is necessary in supporting the trials of life; patience in visiting the sick, in going into the houses of the poor, in vanquishing sometimes, even yet, the repugnances of nature, and in surmounting the obstacles one meets in doing good. Let us lay up, then, a great provision of patience; for we can say that patience is the inseparable companion of charity, and that there is no charity without patience. *Caritas patiens est.* . . . I am, then, come among you in order to give you the apostolic benediction, and it is with all my heart that I shall give it; but first I wish to say to you a few words.

"There are many ways of practising charity. Alms-giving, bringing up poor children, visiting hospitals or needy families, or the sorrowful sick-bed—all this is to practise charity. The last method is the one that you have chosen, and to which you have devoted yourselves. I have had the consolation of seeing in these days many pious women consecrated to the works of charity, some to aid the sick in hospitals, others to bring up poor children as Christians, some in houses of seclusion, some in prisons. We see by this that the Lord wills, by that which is weak, to confound that which is strong, and by means of the feeble sex to humble the pride of men, who ordinarily think that they alone are capable of great and useful works. The usefulness of your work can be very great, in this time especially, when the common enemy is roaming about and making a great stir in all parts of the world; and now under the mask of philanthropy, and now under that of a friend of the people, he seeks, under pretext of making the people happy, to tear from their hearts the only true happiness, which is the faith, by representing our holy religion as the enemy of temporal felicity. Against these ideas, which you will meet only too often, alas! I exhort you to fight zealously. However little good sense one may have, religion nowadays is held in

esteem; and you will find everywhere, perhaps in your own families, persons who will say that they esteem religion, that they love religion, and who nevertheless do not practise their religion. They will say that religion is the only means of relieving misery, of healing the wounds of society; that religion is the only consolation in trials; and then they do not put this religion in practice. Courage then, and behold your mission! Be worthy of this holy Catholic religion which you profess, of the doctrine of Jesus Christ; make strenuous endeavors to preserve the faith, to reanimate it where you find it languishing, to teach it to those who are ignorant of it; teach it in your families, teach it to your children, teach it in the houses of the poor; especially teach it by example; act in such a way that your work may be profitable to the souls of those whom you are going to aid, and as far as lies in your power unite all hearts in the bonds of the true religion. Go, then, to visit the sick; but remember, in order that your work may be worthy of the benediction of God, it is necessary that the alms-giving of the hand should be joined to the alms-giving of the mind and the heart. Do not be satisfied with giving alms only, but have words of comfort, of compassion, of advice, and thus you will soften the harsh husband; you will bring back the wife to the right way; you will strengthen the children in the Christian life. . . . And where you find the faith extinct or wavering, then, as you will no longer be sufficient for such a case, address yourself to some well-known ecclesiastic, who, all on fire with divine charity and filled with wisdom, can enlighten the mind and warm the heart of your poor, who, though sick in body, are far more sick in soul.

“And now may God bless you, as I bless you in His name; may He bless you, may He bless your spouses, may He bless your children, may he bless your families, may He bless your houses; and may this benediction bring into your homes peace, concord, union, all the virtues, happiness. May God the Father bless you, and may His almighty power give you the strength to vanquish all the contradictions and obstacles that you will meet in the practice of virtue, the strength not to be wanting in the holiness requisite for your duties and your obligations! May God the Son bless you, and may He give you a ray of His wisdom, that you may know how to defend religion, that you may have words of counsel and of truth capable of winning souls and of bringing back into the right way those who have wandered from it! May God the Holy Spirit bless you; may He give to you, may he inspire you, may He cause to shine in your hearts a spark of His divine charity which will increase yours, and, augmenting it ceaselessly, will render it each day more active and more efficacious.

“You hold in your hands every moment of your life; it is your duty to make them of value by filling them with good

works, and by consecrating them to your own salvation and to that of the poor.

"Oh! what an immense consolation it will be for you, upon your bed of death, at the moment you utter those words, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum!* Lord, receive this soul, which is worn out in the salvation of souls; and which, by Thy grace (for it is always a great grace of God to succeed in saving souls), but also by its hard labor in Thy service, has brought to Thee these souls Thou didst Thyself redeem, and which were confided to its care by Thee! *Benedictio Dei*, etc., etc."

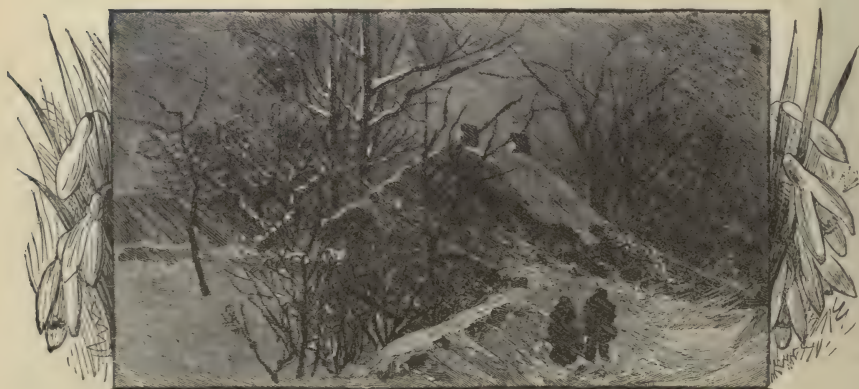
We may connect usefully with these glowing words the memory of Pope Leo XIII.'s brief, wherein he declared St. Vincent de Paul special patron before God of all the associations of charity that exist in the Catholic world.

Why should not this regularly authorized and long established organization in behalf of the sick poor be everywhere spread abroad? Why should it not be possible that, in no rigid and irksome fashion, but by an elastic and sweet tie of prayers, indulgences, and good works, all existing societies of Catholic women everywhere should be united to this society, already blessed by supreme authority, and founded by the very saint authoritatively given as the patron to all? Why should not all of them, in that case, be considered auxiliaries and helpmates to the conferences everywhere, and thus "the good odor of Christ" be everywhere more and more spread abroad throughout the world?

A long step towards this happy consummation would be taken by the general use of the beautiful Manual mentioned above. Parts I. and II. relate to the formation of the work. Part III. treats of visits to the sick poor in their homes, different prayers and practices for the sick, thoughts on the use of sufferings, directions in regard to the preparation of the sick-room for the reception of the Holy Viaticum, aspirations to suggest to the sick person before and after Holy Communion, prayers for the dying, and method of preparation for death. Part IV. contains sketches of the life of St. Vincent, of Mlle. Le Gras, and of the twelve ladies who re-established the work in Paris, and tells of the courage and devotion of the Ladies of Charity during the siege and the Commune of Paris. Part V. gives prayers and litanies. The entire Manual is imbued with a heavenly atmosphere of a more than human charity, that makes acts of charity holily attractive, practically helpful, and truly spiritual.

Léon Aubineau gave, in his charming work, *Les Serviteurs de Dieu*, a striking account of the Marquise Le Bouteiller, one of the most active and distinguished members of the Ladies of Charity since the Revolution. M. Etienne said of her, at a meeting of the ladies after her death: "She recalled to me admirably those elect souls whom God had expressly formed to second St. Vincent de Paul in the accomplishment of his great enterprises of charity, and who will for ever share the glory of his name." Are there no such elect souls among the Catholic women of the United States to-day? There surely are.

In union is strength. To carry out in its fulness the plan briefly indicated here, and to bring about completely this noble union, might entail some slight renunciation of lesser plans and aims. But this renunciation would be scarcely felt if the bond of union is made, as above suggested, a thoroughly elastic one, under the guidance of that Divine Spirit who breatheth where he wills. The central organization being extended in its aim and purpose to *all* work among the needy and suffering, and thus embracing a scope as wide as the conferences, it is easy to see that all could become closely connected, rallying for a centre round him whom we know as the Apostle of Charity, St. Vincent de Paul.



CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM.

BY CHARLES C. SVENDSEN.



CHRISTMAS in Bethlehem! What a rush of feelings, tender memories, and happy moments the mere thought of Christmas brings to the Christian. And Christmas in Bethlehem! The pen falters to describe the glorious thought of being at the birthplace of our Lord on Christmas morning. You are a child again at Bethlehem, with the pure desires of a child, the holy faith of a child, the confident hope of a child, and are transformed into the spiritual being God had intended man to be. There is no human thing to interest you; you forget earth and things of earth; the mortal for once is subordinate to the grand ecstasy of the immortal. The heart bounds in happy abandonment of everything in the world, and with purest pleasure the spirit adores at the "Holy City of Fulfilment," where the "Word was made flesh" and mankind's Saviour became man. You can only melt into the child of yesterday when, with childlike mind, you think of the coziness and charm on Christmas morning that must surround the place honored by Christ's birth.

Bethlehem is not disappointing to the pilgrim. The shrines and character of the city are in keeping with its glorious history, and to the Christian at Christmas-tide it is the source of true consolation. We approached Bethlehem with a different feeling than the curiosity which overcame us when we drew near the ruined splendor of Solomon's Temple, the wonderment we felt as we stood at the paws of the speechless Sphinx in the desert, or the admiration at some shrine where a creation of the master mind of Raphael or Murillo was to be seen, or even the respectful homage that came from us at the resting-place of some genius who had enriched the world with new beauties. It was altogether a new feeling which we experienced during our visit to the spot where was born the King whose sceptre is Greatness, Beauty, Justice, and Love, and the effect of our visit indeed was of a different kind than experienced anywhere else in the world.

Bethlehem is six miles south of Jerusalem. The traveller

has the choice of riding, driving, or walking to reach it, as an excellent wagon-road now leads to it. The route from Jerusalem extends from the Jaffa Gate, where numerous peasants from the neighboring villages lounge about in idleness and Arab hackmen invite you to a seat in their carriage; past the sombre canyon which indicates the one-time boundaries of Benjamin and Judah, the Ennom Valley below, deserted and spoilt as the worshippers of Moloch had left it when challenged by the prophet to cease the useless sacrifice of children; and along the causeway that stretches towards the upland, flanked on either side by stony gardens and the plain of Bekaa, with a view of purple hills that rise to cerulean skies.

Our way led us past the ancient Greek monastery of Mar Elias, outside of which Elias rested on a stone bed, which is pointed out under an old tree. A little off the way of this we came to the Well of the Three Kings, where it is said the Wise Men rested with their caravan after inquiring of Herod for the new King of Israel. Tradition tells that the wondrous star reappeared to them at this spot and led their way towards the opening of the caravansary where they found the Christ-Child and the Virgin Mother and Joseph. Tissot, the penitent artist, in his pictorial life of Christ gives a very graphic sketch of this incident, employing the data which he collected on the spot.

The region is rich in the beauties the painter seeks; but the peaceful hills surrounding do not suggest the one-time camping ground of the Philistines who were smitten by David, the gleam of battle and the clamor of armed hosts who rolled over the country in deadly strife. Abraham and Benjamin passed this road. Cultivated spots were seen everywhere until we reached the Field of Pease, which is enclosed in the property of the Knights of Malta, a Catholic brotherhood who conduct a hospital. The field is mentioned in Scripture as the place where Christ asked the husbandman what he was sowing; to which he replied "stones." The field produced pease of stone thereafter.

In a wild and solitary spot we beheld the dismantled Tomb of Rachel, the fair mother of Israel. The Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews venerate it, and it is of undisputed authenticity. No writer, ancient or modern, has doubted its antiquity, or that the ashes of Rachel rest beneath it, as it is mentioned in Genesis and frequently referred to by later scriptural writers. Carne says: "There is something in this sepulchre in the wilderness that excites a deeper interest than



"FAR DOWN IN THE VALLEY, BASKING IN THE SUNSHINE, WAS THE SHEPHERDS' FIELD."

more splendid or revered ones. The tombs of Zacharias and Absalom in the Valley of Josaphat, or that of the Kings in the plain of Jeremias, the traveller looks at with careless indifference; beside that of Rachel his fancy wanders to the land of the people of the East; to the power of beauty that could so long make banishment sweet; to the devoted companion of the wanderer who deemed all troubles light for her sake."

Then from a rise on our way we surveyed the natural panorama before us, and scriptural scenes, which we had stored while perusing the story, came to our mind with beauty and vividness. We had a view of the far-reaching plain and the Judean country of senescent grandeur. The hills were many that we beheld, and they grew purpler and more tender of form with distance. Toward the west was the crowned top of the Frank Mountain, which the Crusaders occupied for hundreds of years, and farther west was seen the vapors arising from the Dead Sea, beyond which lay stony Arabia. The region was familiar to David as a child, where he herded his father's flocks, and where the gentle Ruth came with Noemi and gleaned in the field of Booz. Joseph, the spouse of Mary, passed this way, following the edict of Cæsar Augustus, who taxed the whole world: "And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee

out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife."

Far down in the valley, basking in sunshine, were the Shepherds' Field and the village of Bet Sahur, where the good men lived who heard the angel message: "I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David." You seem to hear an echo of the Gloria sung by the "multitude of the heavenly army praising God," and nineteen centuries seem but to have increased the charm of the beautiful song of praise, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

A few moments later the abrupt termination of a hill brought us in full sight of Bethlehem, its compactness and orientalism growing more distinct each moment as we drew nearer. There was a loneliness about the hill-top upon which Bethlehem rests, and yet a thrill of adoration and warmth goes on within the soul of the pilgrim as he takes in the tender delicacy of the scene, with its associations, for the first time: the white houses towering high above; Bethlehem, "a pearl in steel, a diamond set in brass"—a fit subject for the brush of some peerless artist.

Bethlehem, to which the prophet Micheas refers as the "little one among the thousands of Juda," out of which "He shall come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel," is distinguished from another Bethlehem in Galilee by the additional name "Ephrata," meaning the fruitful, as the country which surrounds it was the most fruitful and lovely in Judea in ancient times, as it is to the present day. The honor it had of being the birthplace of our Lord, however, would give it sufficient distinction from any other towns bearing the same name. Abraham named it Beth-Lehem—that is, House of Bread—and it is also called the City of David because it was the birthplace of the greatest king of Israel. At Christmas-tide every native Christian and all the pilgrims who come from distant countries can be seen journeying to it on the way we just crossed.

Having entered the city through buttressed lanes, the first building which impresses the beholder is the Church of the Nativity, which is enclosed in the large convent building, and which combines three religious houses, that of the Armenians, Greeks, and Catholics. The convent is a massive structure facing the market square, or Place of Khans, built of ponder-

ous stones, high and strong, giving the impression of a fortress. A small door cut through the wall leads to the interior, and we were obliged to stoop in order to enter, pushing aside a large leathern door which swings on the inside like a curtain. In other parts of Palestine the churches cannot be entered by a direct passageway from the street, and the entrance here is



THE PLACE OF KHANS.

purposely small, as we were told, to prevent a number of people from entering at one time. The precaution is necessary for fear of fanatical outbreaks on the part of the Turks, which were of frequent occurrence years ago, and also to keep out domesticated animals seeking shelter.

The first Christians erected a chapel over the cave where the Saviour was born, and the pilgrimages to the spot were numerous from the beginning. Bethlehem fell under pagan dominion with the other cities of Palestine, and Hadrian tried to obliterate the very place indicating the Divine Event by razing the chapel to the ground and placing a large statue of Adonis over it, as he likewise took down the churches and erected statues of Venus and Apollo over the tomb of the Saviour and the place of his death at Jerusalem. But the act of desecration in reality perpetuated the traditional sites. Later the Christian Empress Helena, to whom Palestine owes many

noteworthy churches, erected the present Church of the Nativity during her wanderings at the holy spots. The reign of Constantine effected the destruction of all the pagan images, and his edict that the people "worship no false gods" was carried out.

The venerable church, as one sees it to-day, is in a rather neglected condition; the fact that it is in the possession of the Greeks accounting for this. Its former beauty and grandeur, however, can be traced even in its decaying state. The large central interior has forty-eight marble pillars of Corinthian pattern, and the walls are decorated with mosaics and frescoes evidently dating from the infancy of art. A sculptured baptis-



CHILDREN IN THE ARMENIAN RITE.

mal font stands in the lonely aisle, and the floors and accessories are allowed to crumble for want of repairs. In the transept of the cross-formed edifice can be seen the Greek and Armenian chapels, richly decorated with brazen lamps and candelabra, tapestry and rugs. In close proximity to the church is the Catholic parish church of Bethlehem, the Church of St. Catherine, a simple structure, commodious but hardly large enough for the growing congregation. When services are held here the men occupy the left side, and the women the right side of the aisle, kneeling upon the paved floor in picturesque attitudes. It was noticeable, too, that the men remove the fez, or head-dress, during the service, a form which is optional, it seems, in

the other churches of the Holy Land. The church is neatly furnished, and, besides possessing an organ of rare volume, the sanctuary contains beautiful pictures representing "The Birth of the Saviour" and "The Adoration of the Shepherds," signed by a French artist. The church is in charge of the Franciscan Fathers, who also have charge of all the other Catholic shrines of the Holy Land. The pilgrim finds shelter at their cozy hospice. The fathers watch day and night at the holy places, and the difficulties which they sometimes encounter here, as well as elsewhere, in maintaining possession of them are many, requiring the greatest self-sacrifice. The endurance which they are capable of, though, is an evidence of their seriousness and valor, to give a good account of the sacred stewardship entrusted to them for many centuries by the popes. They are brave and devout men, who shirk no personal dangers whatever in struggling for our rights, and perils are continuously menacing them, if only trivial in latter years.

A stairway leads from the Church of St. Catherine to the Grotto of the Nativity, and is used by Catholics only, the Greeks and Armenians having separate approaches. Every afternoon of the year a procession starts towards the Grotto. About twenty cowed monks, carrying lighted tapers and singing Vespers, were descending into the Grotto as we arrived; the pilgrims followed, and it was our privilege to join them. The dark cave is explored until a large sanctuary is entered, the Chapel of the Nativity. It is thirty-eight feet long and ten feet high. The walls and ceiling of the cave were covered with costly marble by Helena, and thirty-two lamps were burning in the crypt, where no daylight can enter. A niche in the Grotto was reached where the birthplace of our Lord is indicated by a stone of a bluish cast, over which was a silver emblem of the sun, with the inscription, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." The monks and pilgrims threw



MODERN WOMAN OF BETHLEHEM.

themselves on their knees and kissed the spot. The primal rock of the cave is hidden by rich gifts of silk, plush, and gold, and expensive embroideries hang about in profusion. Fifteen oil lamps burn always before it. An air of holiness which is irresistible pervades the deep cave, and, indeed, the person who is privileged to visit there without being moved to his innermost soul must have a hardened heart. I have seen tourists conduct themselves with poor grace, bordering on disrespect, at many of the holy places shown them, and I have seen the same tourists melt to tears when they read "Here the Virgin Mary gave birth to Jesus Christ." At one of our visits we saw



ACCORDING TO THE ARMENIAN RITE.

a Western woman stand (stand because she was determined not to kneel) at the Holiest Place in the world. But soon her better nature became master, cynicism was cast aside; she forgot self, and with the light of faith in her eyes she fell on her face and repeatedly kissed the Holy Spot, and cried "I believe it is here! I feel it is here!" The experience of the soul at the moment of full faith is a foretaste of that inexpressible bliss the Apostle tells of: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man"; and may we be permitted to add that no pen has described the perfect joy, sweetness, and contentment of the believing Christian as he kneels at the Crib of Bethlehem?



IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

The Greeks possess the Holy Spot, and a few feet away, lower down, is another niche belonging to the Catholics, where we were shown the marble-covered Crib wherein Christ slept as a child, on the identical spot where the Magi of the East adored the God-King and left princely gifts as a token of homage. A picture of the Adoration of the Shepherds generally covers the naked rock of the cave by this niche, but in the Christmas season it is removed and the walls are exposed. Another subterraneous passage-way leads to the spot where the angel appeared to St. Joseph in a dream, and told him to flee from the perfidy of King Herod and take the Mother and Babe to Egypt; while farther on an altar is dedicated to the massacred Innocents. Small altars also indicate the earthly resting-

places of St. Eusebius, St. Paula, and St. Eustochium, who lived in the Grotto. Somewhat deeper still we saw the dwelling of St. Jerome, now transformed into a chapel. St. Jerome spent much of his life in this little cave, doing those inspired labors which have won for him the name of the Great Father of the Church.

Christmas, so to speak, is celebrated in this Grotto throughout the year—a perpetual homage—but special ceremonies occur on Christmas only, which may be noted. Every one knows with what splendor and joy the feast of Christ's birth is celebrated throughout the Catholic world—the Midnight Mass, exultant ringing of bells, and the songs of children interspersing the religious ceremony. The same ceremonies take place at Bethlehem with all the gorgeousness and pomp such splendid functions will allow.

On the afternoon of the day before Christmas the Latin Patriarch, who is a Franciscan, and numerous fathers from the Monastery of the Redeemer, Jerusalem, arrived at the market-place, which is the chief square of the town. They were received by the French consul, the Turkish soldiers from the local garrison, officials, and mounted officers. A band, composed of Arab boys from the Catholic Orphanage, played march music, and the concourse of people in gayest holiday costumes, who filled the square and the terraces and house-tops, was a splendid and picturesque sight. With the songs of priests and people the oriental pageant entered the church. Benediction was pronounced by the venerable Patriarch, and the Christmas ceremonies began.

Christmas Eve the Christians assembled in the parish church, where manly-voiced friars were singing Matins. Outside bonfires were blazing, and the quaint square was warm and bright. At ten o'clock a procession was formed by priests, headed by the Guardian of the Holy Crib, who carried a wax image of the Christ-Child in his arms; prayers and music issued with a softened cadence from the subterranean sanctuaries. When the procession arrived at the niche containing the Holy Crib, a deacon received the Christ-Child. The Gospel was sung, and when the words were expressed "Here she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and here laid him in a manger," the act of an assistant suited the words; they wrapped the Babe in swaddling-clothes and laid him in the recess of the manger. All of the assembled bowed reverentially, and in succession fell on their knees and kissed the

semblance of the Holy Infant. The actions of every one present were such as if the Christ-Child was there in person. There was no fear of His majesty, however, or apprehension



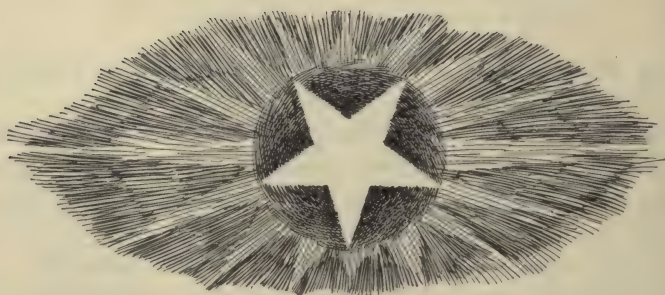
ENTRY OF THE LATIN PATRIARCH INTO BETHLEHEM ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

of giving offence, but a confident clinging to the promises He made, which every one kneeling there felt.

Before the approach of midnight the Church of the Nativity was crowded to its extremest capacity by Syrians, Russians, Germans, and representatives of other nations. And when the chimes of the parish church sounded through the still air, announcing the commencement of the midnight Mass, there were sounds of fervent praying and rejoicing from the great throng. The same Mass was being sung in St. Peter's, Rome, beneath the mighty dome of Michael Angelo; in the Madeleine, Paris, and in St. Patrick's, New York, and in all the Catholic churches the world over, with the greatest possible *tclat*, pomp, and devotion; but the realization of being present at a ceremony on the very spot where Christ, the incarnate God, the Way, the Truth, and the Light, deigned to take the form of man in a humble

stable, was a moment of the purest joy and unalloyed faith experienced but a few times in life. Every one was happy and joyous, and the beauty and tenderness of each soul was reflected on the countenances of the devout gathering. There was one motive noticeable in the congregation—to love the little Christ-Child, and we were particularly made glad seeing the attachment and devotion of the natives of Bethlehem to their faith.

The priests were vested in the finest silks, and, on this day they used vestments embroidered by queenly hands. The cope of the Guardian was regal in wealth, gold and precious stones gleaming everywhere from it. The altar of the three Wise Men, where the Mass was in progress, also was appropriately adorned with lights and the mementoes of European kings. The ceremonies were over before daybreak, and the oriental morning, crisp, cool, and bracing, was gliding in and leaving behind a night that was holy and blessed. But the people remained at the Holy Grotto long after the white sun arose and sent a halo of light over Bethlehem, and then went to their homes in general merrymaking.



THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

BY REV. H. A. BRANN, D.D.



LIKE many other words that are frequently on the lips of publicists, or are used as the shibboleths of party gatherings, "fraternity" has its false as well as its true meanings. The anarchist cries fraternity, and stabs the head of the state; the representative of authority is not his brother. The socialist cries fraternity, and proceeds to rob the rich; the owner of property is not his brother. The French Revolutionist shouted for liberty, fraternity, and equality, and yet in the same breath he cried: "The aristocrats to the lamp-post"; aristocrats or priests were not his brethren because his ideals were pagan.

The Catholic Church supplied the world with a new and distinct term in the word "brother," and attached to it a meaning that was unknown in pagan civilization. The head of a fraternal organization, which in his day was destined to become, and since his day really has become, the greatest fraternal organization the world has known, wrote: "And finally be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, loving the brotherhood, merciful and humble."* It was his care to foster a spirit that animated a brotherhood that was instituted for the whole world, for Jew and Gentile, for rich and poor, for savage and civilized. This brotherhood is the Catholic Church. Its founder was God, who assumed our human nature, and thus became our brother, and elevated us to the dignity of being the sons of God.

The Prince of the Apostles learned the true meaning from the Master who had planned it and gave it its constitution and laws. From the divine Master's lips he had heard the command to spread the brotherhood over the whole world in unity of government, faith and charity. He had seen the divine Master institute the fraternal banquet at which all the brethren sat down in perfect equality, and which was to be repeated to the end of time. Peter was present at the first feast where Christ sat with the twelve as brothers at the same

* I. St. Peter iii. 8.

table, a love-feast that continues to be celebrated every day in the year and in every land, "from the rising of the sun even to the going down."* It was this banquet, and the spirit of it, that made the early Christians call one another brethren, and made them known as brethren even to the pagans.

This great brotherhood is a living and fruitful organism, and hence the creator of organizations like to itself in spirit and character. They are the product of its fecundating love. As a great lake, overflowing with the waters of never-failing springs, sends many streams through the plains and valleys to refresh and fertilize them, so the Catholic Church sends out from her inexhaustible bosom countless organizations for religious and benevolent purposes. Her religious orders, her societies of St. Vincent de Paul, her society for the propagation of the faith, for the redemption of captives, are all the fruits of Christian fraternity. They are the product of Christian faith and Christian charity, which, being Catholic, concern the welfare of the whole man, body as well as soul.

We all see the action of this fraternal spirit in the world of to-day. We know now that where that spirit exists there is genuine Christianity. But the spirit of fraternity is now so common that we often forget its origin, and the cause which produced it. We often ungratefully forget that it was the Christian religion which not only produced fraternal organizations of its own, but, acting outside of itself upon all the natural sources of fraternity, purified them where they had become adulterated by paganism, and made them wholesome springs for the regeneration of the world.

The natural sources of fraternity are chiefly two, the family and the nation. The family is the first source of fraternity. Children of the same mother, living in the same house, eating at the same table, are brothers; and in a wider sense, relatives are brothers, because the same stream of blood flows in their veins. This is according to the law of nature, the law of consanguinity. Now, how did the Christian Church find this law when she undertook to evangelize the world? She found the natural law ignored and trampled on. The father stood in the family an uncrowned despot, having practically the power of life and death over his wife and children. Neither natural justice nor the voice of nature controlled his action. The family was a cold, heartless creature of the state; agnation, which was simply an extension of the father's despotic power in the line

* Malachias i. 11.

of his own relatives before marriage, instead of consanguinity or the more direct tie of blood, controlled the descent of property and the right to inherit. Compare the laws of the twelve tables, and the commentaries on them of the pagans Ulpian and Caius, with the great code of the Christian emperor, Justinian, if you wish to see how Christianity restored the family to the rights which it had by the natural law, and which it has by the laws of Christ; how Christianity curbed the power of the father, elevated the mother through the sacrament of marriage, and restored the rights of children to life, to liberty, and to property. Through the Christian code they became not only the subjects of their parents but brethren and co-heirs in Christ. Christianity made the child the brother of his own father.

It is a noteworthy fact that when politicians apostatize from the Christian religion, and with the hatred of apostasy wish to destroy its influence, they return to pagan models, and make war on the natural rights of the family. For instance, they make laws of divorce, or laws enforcing godless education—the one to degrade the mother, the other to rob the child of an inalienable right; or they make laws to punish Christians for trying to sustain the teaching of Christ. Thus the only fraternity of the pagan and the apostate is one of hate. They combine to destroy the rights of the family, which Christianity defends and protects.

The second great source of natural fraternity is the nation or the race. We have a natural attachment to the land in which we were born, to its mountains, valleys, rivers, and lakes, and to the people among whom we have lived, whose feelings and aspirations we share. The man who does not love his country is a monster.

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!”

The quotation is trite, but the words are always appropriate. This love of country becomes stronger with age, and especially when, besides the natural beauties, the justice of its laws and constitution make the country doubly dear to the inhabitants. Our own great land is a case in point. There is no flag which represents such excellent political institutions as our starry banner. It is the only flag unsullied by religious or political persecution. No other people can say that of any

other flag. After every civil war in Europe hecatombs of victims have fallen, sacrificed to political hate. After our civil war we let our erring brethren go, and in a short time forgave and forgot their offences. The history of every nation in Europe is stained by bloody penal codes to punish religious offences. Our government alone has never put a man to death for his religion. And therefore we have double reasons for loving our country. It has acted so far according to the spirit of Christianity. Our laws are tempered by its spirit and teaching. The laws of nature, the rights of individuals, and the laws of the Church are recognized. Our civil laws leave her free, respect her discipline, and protect her persons and property. Our political system is aptly calculated to make our nation one great Christian fraternity.

Now, whence has our country derived that spirit of equity that reigns in her Constitution and law? Certainly not from the pagan idea of the state or nation. Paganism made the state God. From the state all rights were derived. Religion itself and the priesthood were the creatures of the civil power. Hence the first Christians who dared to practise a religion not recognized by the state were accused of treason, and punished as traitors. The fact that they professed belief in the divinity of Christ was deemed a mortal offence to the divinity of the emperor, and deserving of death. Yet it is this very theory of the power of the state that the apostate politicians of modern times accept. They claim for the state a spiritual as well as a temporal supremacy. Acting upon this claim, in Europe they have imprisoned and disfranchised clerics, and confiscated church property. They have claimed for Cæsar the rights of God, and made laws oppressive of the conscience of the people. They have established state churches, and governed them as if they were purely political institutions, as in England. They have made the will of the law-maker, whether he be a czar in an empire or the majority in a republic, the supreme criterion of right and wrong, the god whom to disobey is treason. Acting upon this pagan theory, the so-called republic of France is as much a foe to fraternity as Russia. Fraternity implies a union of hearts of the whole people. How can there be fraternity when the majority is always depriving the minority of its rights? The majority in this country—that is to say, our ruler—in spite of certain pagan tendencies, has not yet begun, openly and directly, to deprive the minority of its legitimate rights. The spirit of our people and of our institutions was

unknown to Grecian or Roman paganism. This spirit is not of barbarian origin. We have not derived it (although some say so) from a race of ferocious pirates, who before they became Christians held their brothers in slavery, and whose fundamental principle of law was that "every man should have a lord," and who spent most of their time in butchering one another. The spirit of our laws, like the laws of the good King Edward, and the laws deriving their origin from Magna Charta, is Christian. It is in the Christian code of Justinian and in the Canon Law of the Catholic Church that you must seek the origin of our enlightened legislation. The limitation of the husband's power, the right of dower for the wife, the right of property, as it now exists, for the children, are all of Christian origin. Long before our system, the political systems of Spain, France, and Italy, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, breathed the spirit of Christian fraternity. The separate provincial parliaments holding the authority of the kings in check, the *fueros* of Spain, the *coutumiers* of France, the privileges and exemptions of the Italian republics and princedoms, were all foreign to the despotic idea of pagan government, and the product of Christian ideas. They were not perfect governments, for nothing human can be that; but they were immeasurably superior to the cruel, centralized despotism of the pagan system, which destroyed both in the family and in the nation the idea of fraternity. Christianity, by fostering that idea, softened the severity of the civil laws, and made mankind realize that all were descended from a common pair, and created by a common Father, who is in heaven.

In fact, our very political system seems to be copied from the idea of Catholic brotherhood as realized in the church. There is no political organization in the world so like the Catholic Church as that of the United States. Just as in the church we have many dioceses, each having its own laws and its own rulers, yet subordinate to the central power in Rome, so have we in the United States many States, each having its own laws and home rule, but subject to the central power in Washington. We have that unity in variety which makes political, as it helps to make all other beauty. The spirit of Christian fraternity pervades our laws, and makes all the citizens equal; as in the church all the faithful are equal at the same sacramental banquet.

A FALLEN IDOL.

BY EDITH M. SMITH.



LIONEL STEWART threw himself on the ground in the miserly shade of a clump of scrub oaks, and casting his pick as far as the strength of a sinewy arm could hurl it, he leaned against a background of age-scarred rocks and gave himself up to the musings of despair. The stillness of a mid-summer noon in New Mexico enveloped him. Amid a silence so unbroken his quiet breathing sounded strained and stertorous, for neither twilight's calm nor midnight's holy hour finds the noises of nature so hushed as when an August sun, blazing at full meridian, enervates even the most minute and active specimens of insect life.

In the east the spasmodic charivari of the locusts would have proclaimed the sultriness of the weather, but in southern New Mexico that tantalizing pest is unknown—a fact which goes to prove that Providence distributes the goods and ills of life with less partiality than man would have us believe.

With even six bits in his possession Stewart would have been quite in a mood to enjoy the gorgeous panorama spread out before him and to while away hours in lazy contemplation of the matchless mountain scenery; but to-day he was struggling with a feeling of unrest and despondency quite foreign to his usually sunny disposition, and melancholy was fast threatening to "mark him for her own."

Lionel Stewart, a graduate of the Harvard law class of '93, had come West with the laudable intention of following Greeley's advice and growing-up with the country. With a foresight which his admiring family considered unparalleled in the annals of contemporary biography, he decided to open an office in a small but progressive town, make a reputation in his chosen profession, and be ready and willing, when New Mexico attained the dignity of statehood, to go as her able representative in the United States Senate! Incidentally he was equipped with an average amount of energy, the experience that college life generally gives, and five hundred dollars in cash—the legacy of a deceased uncle. Aided by these sim-

ple gifts of fortune and buoyed with the confidence of youth, Stewart firmly believed that his every plan would materialize, and he allowed himself five years in which to accomplish his course and return—or be returned—a conquering hero to Washington. But

“The best laid schemes o’ mice and men
Gang aft a-gley.”

By the time he was established in Silverton and before the glittering newness of his black and gold sign had worn away, Stewart found, to his surprise, that in point of growth the country had got the start of him by at least twenty years, and that sixty other men, college graduates like himself, and possessed of the same legal ambitions, had likewise chosen Silverton as a first stage on the road to fame, and that every season brought thither fresh scions of the law—all lured westward by Horace Greeley’s immortal words.

This was discouraging, for the population of Silverton consisted of scarcely more than six hundred inhabitants, and even in the wild and belligerent West a man can’t expect a lucrative practice when there is one of his profession to every ten citizens. Then there were other difficulties: Silverton proved to be an orderly, well-behaved little burg, with small demand for legal talent. When a question of property, or the like, arose, the disputants as a rule preferred to settle it themselves at the point of a pistol without any reference to Blackstone or Coke; nor was it uncommon for the successful party to show his regret for what had occurred by appearing with the mourners at the funeral of the deceased, and in helping to defray the expenses thereof.

As in days of old the law of might superseded that of right, so in these days, on the frontier of our mighty Republic, equity usually rests with the man who is quickest with his gun.

A trial for murder rarely takes place. *Cui bono?* A New Mexican jury is opposed to capital punishment on principle, and sending a man to the penitentiary is a useless and expensive form of justice, since the governor invariably pardons the criminal before his term is well begun. Hence, on the specious plea of self-defence, all quarrels are quickly and permanently settled; a proceeding which doubtless benefits the defendant, but is hardly fair to the struggling lawyer, and it took Stewart only twelve months to conclude that, through no fault of his own, his chosen profession was a failure. He sold his office

furniture for a song, threw in the sign for good measure, rented his books to a sanguine successor who failed, promptly and entirely, to pay any rent after the first month, and invested his last hundred in a newspaper, the former editor of which found it expedient to leave that part of the country until after a certain embezzling unpleasantness, wherein he had prominently figured, was forgotten.

The *Free Silver Clarion* for a time proved successful; its editorials were devoted to the forcible, if not practical, solution of the currency question, and to scathing reflections upon the *gold-bug* journalists across the way. But six months later a younger weekly was started by a man who had the advantage of deeper political lore as well as a free vocabulary of invective. Subscribers flocked to the new standard, and in a little while the *Free Silver Clarion* ceased its shrieks.

Stewart then lived on borrowed capital, doing whatever work he could get, and consoling himself in the meantime with the philosophy of the illustrious Micawber. He was not proud, but he could not descend to the level of "measuring drinks" in a bar-room, and as that was the only position offered him after several months of idleness, he determined to turn prospector and obtain from Mother Earth the riches that his unappreciative fellow-men refused to give.

Fortunately he was possessed of a staunch friend in the owner of the Mountain Queen mine, a man who had already "made his stake," and who, in consequence, believed firmly in the possibilities of other claims. Mr. MacAlpine was sincerely fond of Lionel, whom he had come to regard as a son; he feared, moreover, that if the young fellow remained longer without employment he would yield to the temptations of frontier life and follow the downward path that so many have trod before him.

So MacAlpine offered to grubstake him for a year; a proposition which Lionel gratefully accepted, and for twelve months he had led the nomadic life his soul loved, wandering among the majestic hills near to Nature's heart, with rifle, horse, and pick for his sole companions, and at night a few favorite books to help him while away the tedium of his wakeful hours.

It was all very different from the career he had mapped out; but how few of us achieve the aspirations of our youth, and who has ever realized his ambition? Stewart was happy as a king, contented as a Mexican, which is a more truthful

figure of speech. Unfortunately one can't exist entirely on hope and air—not even the balmy, bracing air of southern New Mexico. Stewart's tenure as a grub-staker would expire in a week, his provender could not hold out that long, and it was with the consciousness of these disheartening facts staring him in the face that our story opens.

After an hour's lazy enjoyment of the *dolce far niente*, now interrupted by the change of the sun whose rays had begun to pierce the interstices of his meagre arboreal canopy, Stewart sprang to his feet and began a dejected search through each pocket in turn. It was fruitless. Twenty-five cents in the coin of the realm and a black seal wallet with sterling silver trimmings—handsome but empty—were the only results of this most vigorous investigation. The former represented his bank account in its entirety; the latter existed merely as a satire on the inutility of the average Christmas gift.

Stewart examined it with a smile of grim amusement. "Et tu, Brute!" he quoted as he returned it to an inner pocket. "Well, I think the time has come for me to arise and go to my father; but even the Prodigal Son act can't be carried into effect without money in these days. I will have to write home for funds ere I can present myself in person, and that will take time even if the dear old 'governor' has any to send me. I am forced to admit that my resources are exhausted. There may be some letters in town for me that would help to solve the problem of what I shall next attempt; I will ride in and see. But first let me get some lunch—this air is an unfailing tonic, and man has rarely achieved success on an empty stomach." Stewart, thus soliloquizing, strode towards his tent humming a popular refrain in spite of the grave outlook of his fortunes, for youth and health are seldom long despondent.

As he neared the tent he heard a groan, and a feeble voice quavered out, "Agua, señor, agua, por l'amor de Dios."

Although startled, the prospector's quick ear followed the sound, and climbing hastily over a group of rocks that blocked the snake-like trail leading to his camp, he sprang forward just in time to catch an aged Mexican who fell fainting in his arms.

A tattered sombrero with tarnished silver adornings had fallen by the wayside, but the man still clutched his scarlet *serape* about him as if, notwithstanding the temperature, his emaciated form was covetous of its warmth.

Stewart was a kindly-hearted fellow, tender as a woman

where suffering was concerned; he had acquired some slight degree of medical skill during his few years of "roughing it," and he knew the man had fainted from hunger and fatigue.

"I hope he won't die on my hands," was his mental ejaculation as he laid the Mexican on the bed and forced some brandy through his clinched teeth. In a little while the man was sufficiently revived to thank his rescuer, with all the courteous volubility of his race, for his timely succor.

Lionel spoke Spanish fluently. When he first came West he had expended many dollars of his precious hoard in learning that musical language, with the view of arguing cases before a Mexican jury. Thus far, however, he had found few opportunities of putting his knowledge to practical use. Had it not been for a flowing white beard which lent dignity to the old man's wrinkled, yellow face, he would have struck the beholder as a ludicrous reproduction of the mummy of Rameses III., and Stewart found himself marvelling at the animal instinct which makes the majority of people press eager lips to the cup of life long after the sweetness thereof has been drained and only bitter dregs remain.

By degrees the patient's strength returned, and as he partook feverishly of the coarse fare which was all his host had to offer, he began to talk, his conversation giving evidence of a culture and refinement far above that of the average person of his race in the South-west.

The next day he appeared to rally, but Stewart made him keep his bed while he went into town for a physician. The doctor came, and after a cursory glance at the patient he called Lionel aside.

"He can't last twenty-four hours, so you had better let me send the town officers for him and relieve you of further trouble. What can you do with a dead greaser?"

"Do you think I would turn a man out of my tent when he is dying?" Stewart rejoined indignantly. "I would not so treat a dog. There will be ample time for the authorities to step in after he is dead—and besides, he may recover."

"All right, my boy; have your own way. This is your shooting match! I meant no offence. *Addios.*" And whistling cheerily, this promising son of Æsculapius mounted his steed and was soon lost to sight among the mesquite-covered hills. Stewart then administered some powders which the doctor had left. Their effect upon the patient was instantaneous; he seemed endowed with new vitality, and raising himself on his

couch he felt in his ragged vest for an envelope. It was worn and soiled with age. He handed it to Stewart, and then took from around his neck a locket of curiously carved silver.

"Open it," he said faintly. Lionel complied and drew out a small piece of paper closely covered with characters, apparently in cipher.

"Now the other paper; but quickly, my voice is failing," gasped the old man. The other paper proved to be a map or chart, carefully drawn on a sheet of blue foolscap—how long ago one could but conjecture, for the blue was aging brown.

Stewart, obeying directions, placed both papers on the bed before him. A wild glitter came into the Mexican's eyes, he begged excitedly for more brandy, and thus stimulated he began to speak: "This is my legacy to you—you who have saved me from perishing like a dog when those whom I had benefited cast me off. Ah! but they did not believe the old man had anything more to give them. Bueno; we will see! To you I leave the secret that I had thought would perish with me. Seek the place marked on this chart by a +, lift the square stone, and wealth untold is yours; gold, silver, precious stones—all yours. Come closer, my son, and let me explain the cipher; closer, closer—oh, my God!"

The speaker fell back on his pillow, his voice dying away into a hoarse gurgle. Stewart hastened to give him the medicine the doctor had prescribed, but he motioned it away. Crossing his wasted hands upon his breast, he strove to murmur a prayer; the breath of life grew faint and fainter, an expression of perfect peace dawned upon the patriarch's worn face, and then Death stamped it with his icy seal for ever.

Events, whether fortuitous or the reverse, frequently crowd upon each other in quick succession after months or years of stagnation. It may be that Fate, being blind, distributes her smiles and frowns indiscriminately, trusting to the goddess of Chance to equalize things here below. After Stewart had followed the canvas-covered wagon which did duty as hearse into town, and had seen that the old Mexican received as decent a burial as he could borrow money to pay for, he hastened to the post-office.

Upon opening the first letter of the budget that was handed him, he observed with a thrill of pleasurable excitement that it contained a check for one hundred dollars. He had loaned that sum to an acquaintance when he first came to the territory, in his green and salad days as it were; the friend had

long since "gone broke," which is the classic Western style of expressing one's state of insolvency, and Stewart had given up all hope of ever seeing his money again.

"Bread cast upon the waters!" exclaimed the young man gaily, waving the check before the eyes of Mr. MacAlpine, who at that moment entered the office. "This will at least enable me to settle some of my debts and live like a gentleman until I decide upon some course of action. It also goes to prove the wisdom of my motto, 'Nil desperandum.'"

The contents of the other letters were speedily digested and Stewart shoved them carelessly into his pocket. As he did so his hand came in contact with the locket. "By Jove! I had forgotten all about my legacy." It was true; he had thrust both trinket and papers out of sight when the old Mexican expired, and the breaking up of camp, together with the various duties that had since occupied him, had effectually driven all thought of them from his mind. Besides, he looked upon the whole story as a dream, the delirious ravings of a dying man.

That evening, however, when he retired to his room in the comfortable if not luxurious Broadway Hotel, he resolved to find the key to the puzzle. He began his work more in jest than in earnest, but the fascination of the thing grew upon him, and he persisted in his efforts until his quick mind grasped the cipher and he located, to his satisfaction, the mysterious stone. This result led him to hope that the legacy of which his strange guest had spoken might prove something more than the vagaries of an excited imagination.

Some sixteen miles to the north of Silverton, at the terminus of a short range of mountains which stand outlined like a painted wall against the clear blue sky, is a rock famous in the vicinity as Santa Rita, or the "Kneeling Nun." It is carved by the hand of nature, perchance by the cataclysms of time, into the semblance of a woman standing with bowed head, and, like all such freaks of nature, it has various legends to explain its origin; but, as Mr. Kipling would remark, that is another story.

Stewart determined to put his discovery at once to the test; so the following day he hunted up MacAlpine and told him of his mysterious inheritance.

"Let us investigate, by all means," exclaimed the adventurous Scotchman. "I will engage a team while you see about the provisions. Lay in enough to last us a week, and be sure to supply yourself with blasting powder and a fuse. Keep

everything dark, though; for if this expedition turns out to be a fake the boys will badger the life out of us."

It was too late when the men reached their destination to do anything more than make a cursory survey of the ground. Stewart found to his relief that the land around the fabled rock, corresponding to his diagram, was still unlocated—virgin soil for him to preëempt at pleasure.

"I will not be in any danger of having my brains blown out for jumping another man's claim, and that is one point gained," was Stewart's consoling reflection as he lay that night on his improvised couch, which consisted of a mattress of sweet-smelling juniper boughs piled together, and covered with a couple of Navajo blankets. The blue dome of heaven, dotted with its myriad stars, made a canopy more gorgeous than has ever draped the resting-place of the mightiest king; and yet our hero passed a restless night, his slumbers broken by the unearthly yelps of a prowling coyote and the almost equally weird notes of his snoring companion.

Both men arose with the dawn, and while waiting impatiently for their coffee to boil Stewart went over the map with MacAlpine, carefully explaining the cipher and comparing the ancient chart of the Mexican with the scene before them. There could be no mistake, for nature remains unchanged through the vicissitudes of centuries, until man, the arch-vandal, comes to mar her fair face with his iconoclastic touch.

The coffee was not good, although Lionel had often boasted of his success in preparing this stimulating beverage; this morning, however, its muddiness passed without comment, and after a slight repast the men tethered their horses and prepared to ascend the precipitous cliffs, near the summit of which the recreant nun is supposed to expiate her sin—a modern version of Lot's wife.

By this time the hidden treasure had taken such tangible hold of Stewart's mind that when, after hours of calculation and amateur surveying, he and his companion came upon a square, brown stone securely balanced upon a giant boulder, he waxed indignant at MacAlpine's expressions of surprise, accepting the reality with the same imperturbability that he would have displayed in receiving a bequest from the hand of his family lawyer.

To remove the square stone was the work of a second, but the boulder presented greater difficulties, and to this day neither man can tell whether they were overcome by sheer force of

will or by adventitious aid. Suffice to say human ingenuity conquered and, as the rock went thundering down the steep side of the cliff, they saw opened before them a wide gap in the hill-side, presumably the entrance to a cave.

"The plot deepens; who shall go first?" exclaimed MacAlpine.

"I, of course; if there is any danger I should be the one to face it."

"Nobly spoken; lead on, Macduff," replied the Scotchman, whose checkered career had so often led him into danger that the word *fear* held no meaning for him. Each man took the precaution to load his revolver and fasten his cartridge belt securely around him, for, as Stewart suggested, the cavern might have another entrance and serve as a lair for the wily panther. Then, lighting their lanterns, they entered the dark defile.

For awhile their path seemed level enough, then it began to descend, and at last Stewart was obliged to go down on hands and knees in order to proceed. Nothing daunted, he grasped the lantern in his teeth and fell on all fours. MacAlpine followed his example, blowing like a sea-lion and swearing vigorously at this enforced return to the conditions of infancy.

For nearly fifty yards—it seemed fully five hundred to the men—they continued this uncomfortable means of locomotion, the elder gentleman vowing he would turn his back on the whole darned business if he only had room in which to turn, a remark that only evoked an explosion of unseemly mirth from his more agile companion. At length the tunnel veered abruptly to the left and our explorers were again enabled to stand upright.

A few more steps and they were in a cave whose gloomy recesses showed neither stalagmite nor stalactite, nor ornamentation of any kind; it was shaped like an amphitheatre, but with high, vaulted roof, through which the light in some inexplicable manner seemed to pierce. It might have been a sarcophagus hewn from the solid rock, so dry and hard were its walls; there was no slightest feeling of moisture in the place, no rhythmic murmur of underground streams, nor any sound of trickling water, all was arid, solemn, impenetrable. As soon as the men grew accustomed to the dusky semi-shadows they began to take note of their surroundings. The light penetrated through an opening, apparently artificial, in the roof of the cave directly above a long, flat slab, unmistakably the sacrificial stone of some heathen tribe.

Directly in front of this gruesome block was a rude altar crowned with a stone idol, hideous enough to make it a valuable piece of bric-a-brac, should it ever fall into the hands of a New York art dealer. The men knew they had discovered an Aztec cave of worship, and they could not repress a feeling of horror at the thought of the awful human sacrifices immolated to the senseless figure who had stood stolid and motionless through the lapse of centuries.

So this was his legacy! Stewart felt distinctly sold, but as he advanced towards the altar, holding his lantern aloft that its rays might be focused upon the stone image, a cry of astonishment escaped him. The hideous face was literally encrusted with precious stones, its body was inlaid with gold and silver beaten into quaint and matchless designs, and from its forehead blazed a ruby that would adorn the crown of Montezuma!

MacAlpine vented his astonishment in a prolonged whistle, and stretched forth his hand to touch the gems; but a small, flat head with two fiery eyes lifted itself from the idol's neck, around which it lay coiled as if graven from the same stone, and a hissing, rattling sound caused both men to spring back just in time, for the snake rapidly unwound its loathsome folds and dropped to the ground.

Stewart had killed too many rattlesnakes to feel anything more than a sensation of supreme disgust, and as the reptile advanced he took careful aim and fired. Before the deafening reverberations had died away a dozen or more writhing, coiling serpents emerged from the recesses of the altar and surrounded their dead companion. A glance showed the men that discretion was the better part of valor, and they beat a retreat, rather more hasty than dignified. Once more in the blessed light of day they paused to mature their plans.

"It would be foolish to attempt shooting the things," counselled the older man; "there may be legions of them, and a rattlesnake bite is too dangerous to take any chances on. How in the deuce are we going to get rid of them?"

"Blow them up with dynamite," suggested Stewart jokingly.

"The very thing," exclaimed MacAlpine; "but we will have to exercise care, else his sacred, bow-legged Divinity will be blown up too, and then good-by to your fortune."

"Suppose we go back to camp and talk it over. I am as dirty as a cave-dweller, and I feel the need of refreshing both the outer and inner man without further delay."

"I am with you, my boy ; we can leave your treasure with impunity, for it is certainly well guarded. Strange that such venomous reptiles should have chosen that altar for their resting-place ! It seems symbolic of the horrible rites that have been practised there."

"Indeed it does," responded Stewart thoughtfully, "and stranger still, to think of the empires that have flourished and fallen, the pages of history that have been written, while that relic of barbarism has been left unharmed, the legacy of an extinct, nay, almost unknown race."

The men did not return to the cavern until the next day, for Stewart had to ride into town for a fuse long enough to reach from the aperture in the roof to the altar underneath. They had no great difficulty in finding this orifice, for they followed above ground, as nearly as possible, the tunnels of the cave which led them direct to the foot of the monolith now Christianized as Santa Rita ; and there were evidences that this commanding rock had been once used as a post of observation—whether by the Aztecs or some more modern tribe, the men were unable to determine.

MacAlpine, whose long experience as a miner had made him familiar with the various uses of giant powder as a blasting agent, thought that a small cartridge could be placed near the altar and exploded without serious injury to the idol, which they were naturally anxious to secure intact. These explosions were to be kept up at regular intervals until the serpents decamped.

"I am quite sure it will succeed ; but you, Stewart, must be the one to place the cartridges. I would not crawl through that narrow passage again for all the mines in New Mexico. The rattlers will not hurt you if you do not molest them. I will listen and drop down the fuse when you give the word ; after you rejoin me I can light it, and there will be ample time for us to get out of harm's way before it reaches the powder."

Three times the experiment was repeated, after which Stewart insisted on a tour of investigation. In spite of his previous asseverations MacAlpine girded his loins and prepared to accompany him.

"The curiosity of our common ancestress, Mother Eve," quoth he ; but Stewart knew that a more kindly feeling prompted the large-hearted Scotchman—the desire to be of assistance in case of danger.

This time before approaching too close they carefully ex-

amined the altar, but when after repeated proddings and pistol shots no ominous rattle was heard, they concluded that the serpents had really abandoned their trust.

Upon lifting the idol, they found underneath the pedestal on which it stood a small cavity filled with the most beautiful specimens of opals, turquoise, and amethysts, some cut and others in the native quartz; nuggets of gold were also there, and rings and bracelets—relics of barbaric splendor that would now be priceless in the eyes of an antiquarian.

The men had great difficulty in getting the idol through some of the narrow tunnels, but they eventually triumphed and their prehistoric relic suffered no further injury than the loss of a few jewels, and a chip from his sacred nose. Very little has ever been said of this curious legacy, so strangely and romantically acquired, for both men refused to be interviewed on the subject, and soon afterwards Stewart left Silverton for the East.

After disposing most satisfactorily of his uncut stones, his first step was to send a check to MacAlpine with the request that an appropriate monument should be erected to the memory of his benefactor, which goes to show that the sentiment of gratitude is not yet entirely extinct in the human breast. The old Scotchman sturdily refused to accept a cent in payment for his share in the discovery, but he wears always a handsome opal scarf-pin which his friend had mounted with diamonds and sent to him as a souvenir of their extraordinary adventure.

Then Mr. Lionel Stewart returned to the bosom of his family, convinced that Horace Greeley's advice had lost much of its applicability since first uttered by that eccentric New Hampshire genius, and resolved to try the experiment of becoming a prophet in his own particular division of country. We hear that he gives promise of success, and we hear furthermore that negotiations for the sale of a remarkable Aztec idol are pending between him and the directors of one of our wealthiest museums.

Up to this time the transaction has been so carefully guarded that it has obtained no newspaper notoriety, but certain learned professors state that when the sale is made public it will create a *furor* almost unparalleled among the archæologists and antiquarians of the present century.

HATH TIME GROWN OLD?

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ.

THE QUESTION.



HY paint we Time an ancient man,
 His limbs grown weak and old,
 And in his nerveless hold
 A rusty Talisman?
 Hath Time grown old?

Doth not the Sun his course fulfil:
 The fleeting Seasons follow on,
 From ruddy Spring to Winter wan,
 Unceasing, constant still?
 Hath Time grown old?

One Day is as another Day,
 One Year is as another Year:
 Yet, with the passing of his bier,
 A Man doth fade for aye.
 Hath Time grown old?

Unto all things, of earthly brood,
 The Ruling Wisdom hath assigned
 A resurrection, in their kind;
 Man never is renewed.

Onward the sequent Ages roll
 Relentless; though the Hope of youth
 Crumbles to Age, Ambition's tooth
 Still gnawing at the soul.
 Time grows not old!

THE ANSWER.

Peace. Man shall but begin to be
 When, like a crumpled scroll,
 The skies to ruin roll
 When dawns Eternity!
 When Time grows old!



"SLOWLY THE CREAMY CLOUDS COME IN FROM THE SEA."

A CLOUDY PEARL OF THE PACIFIC.

BY PHILIP E. NYLANDER.



LILO was not on the programme—neither was the shipwreck. But those who go down to the sea in ships take chances as well as passage, and sometimes undertake side trips which are not provided for in the itinerary. Thus it happened that when two days out from Honolulu, with leaks starting, pumps breaking, and everything generally demoralized, the "A 1" steamship City of C—— started back on an exciting race for life, headed for the nearest port, Hilo, Hawaii, four hundred miles away.

Some simple people travel for pleasure, others find in the experience an excellent substitute for the penitential pilgrimages of the past. It was neither a hilarious nor a pious gathering which sat about in somewhat strained sociability in the main cabin. Listening there to the creaking and groaning of the timbers, it would seem that demoniac agencies confined within the frame were lashing themselves into madness in their efforts to rend the vessel in twain; until from this mountain in labor the frightened rats came forth from the hold to be despatched by the ship's cat, which, master of the situation,



HONOLULU.

seemed to think the entire affair gotten up for his own special entertainment.

Some little comfort was derived from a perusal of the ship's certificate of registration, which, framed upon the walls, set forth in impressive characters the rating of the vessel, "A 1" for five years from 1898. A drowning man will catch at a straw, but this straw was of no value in stopping leaks. Some



"WE REACHED HILO ON ALL-SOULS DAY."

men told stories: How once in a similar predicament, in a storm off Cape Horn, a preacher crawled along the forward deck to the sailors' quarters, whence, after listening at a crack of light in the forecastle, he returned, muttering with satisfaction, "Thank heaven, they are still swearing!" Meanwhile the gale increased in violence and the ship plunged on in terror, with the great seas on the port quarter pursuing her like huge, hun-



"IT LOOKED ENTRANCINGLY LOVELY ON THAT BRIGHT NOVEMBER MORNING."

gry wolves; we meanwhile calmly waiting with the boats provisioned for immediate launching.

We reached Hilo on All-Souls day, thankful that our monument was not made up of conglomerate wreckage floating in the Pacific. So little external evidence of injury was apparent that some volunteered to pull over the smoke-stack. The vessel was inspected and condemned. The owners will be reimbursed by insurance. The patient public, thankful in escape, is uncomplaining, and in disaster the old piratical motto holds: "Dead men tell no tales." So the farce of inspection goes gaily on.

It is no wonder that Hilo looked entrancingly lovely on that bright November morning. Fairer even than when, in 1824, it had fascinated the world-worn eyes of Captain Lord Byron, who would wed his own name with that of beauty, and wrote "Byron's Bay" in fading letters on the British Admiralty charts. This is so characteristically English, you know. Like the traveller from Albion visiting Salt Lake City, Utah, who, dipping his finger into the salt water and from thence putting it into his mouth, said gravely, smacking his lips, "It's ours!" This claim is now an American's proud privilege. Hilo is ours! Guarded on the south by the gaunt sentinel palms of Cocoanut Island, the city rises until the eyes rest upon the background, where Mauna-Kea, the long mountain, crouches under its weight of snowy years. Along the shore the white sea rolls in upon the beach, or dashes against the base of cliffs covered with perpetual verdure from cool, copious rains. "Hilo is a gem," says the guide book. Yes, Hilo is a gem, a little cloudy pearl of the Pacific, iridescent with the gleaming aurora of rainbows which lean lovingly over it. Slowly the creamy clouds come in



LAKE OF FIRE, KILAUEA.

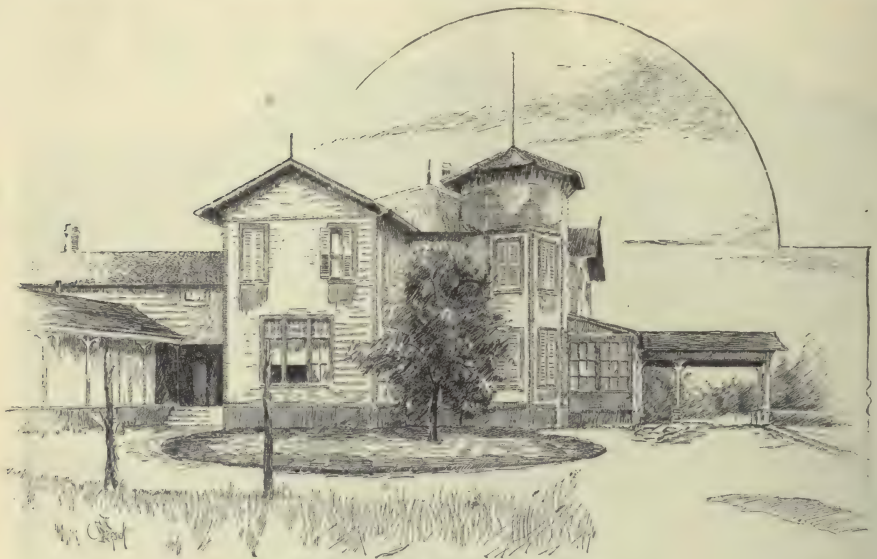


THE LAVA-FLOW, COOLING, HAS TAKEN ON MANY FANTASTIC SHAPES.

from the sea and gather over the fields of sugar-cane and coffee, as if old Mother Nature were making a mammoth breakfast-cup to be brewed in the smoking cauldron of the crater of Kilauea.

The town is cosmopolitan, the upper part being American and modern, with fine houses and stores, perfect roads, and electricity for light and power. From this point stages start for the volcano. Within easy distance are many points of interest. A stream of water rising in the mountains comes down in bewildering cascades or leaps a hundred feet in the cavernous Rainbow Falls. Not to be outdone in interest, the lava-flow, cooling, has taken on many fantastic shapes.

Near the landing-place on the shore are the ant-hills of the industrious Japanese. These little brown people are fast discarding their national characteristics, and clothe themselves, as they are beginning to clothe their demands for wages, like Europeans. But on the next day after our arrival the Mikado's *fiesta* was celebrated, and nearly everybody was in gala national attire, the children, with painted pink cheeks, looking like animated dolls. The celebration took place upon the outskirts of the town. Here bands of wandering minstrels marched in Pyrrhic measure and graceful gesture before the temporary



VOLCANO HOUSE, KILAUEA.

temple of Buddha. Crowds gathered near by in an enclosure set apart for wrestling. Two athletic rivals advanced and faced one another before a solemnly garbed referee. Crouched for an instant, they sprang and there was a sinuous writhing of sinewy figures, like the Laocoön in bronze, then a fall upon the soft black earth, at which the statuesque referee waved his wooden fan downwards.



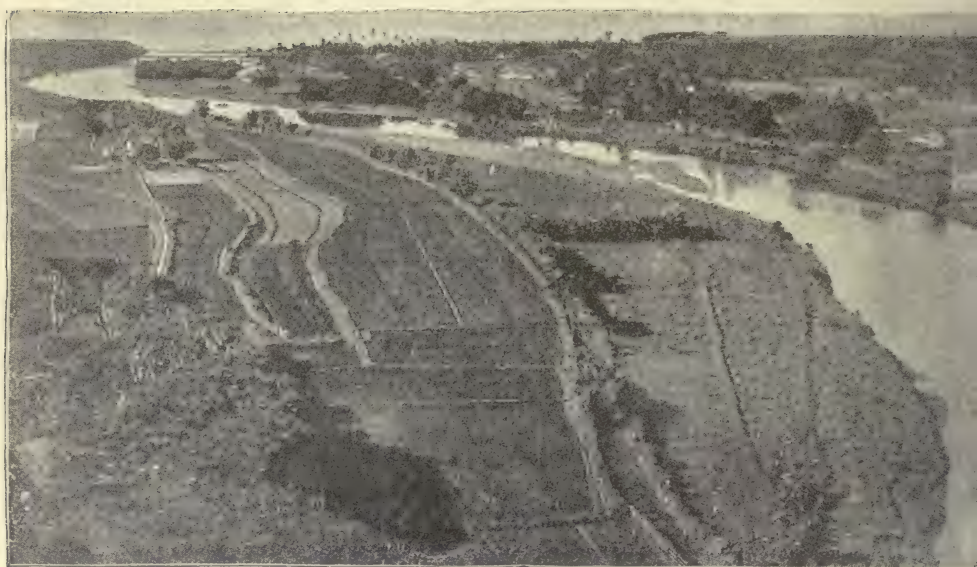
THE BROTHERS' SCHOOL.

Many of the Japanese are field laborers, being by their small stature and great strength adapted to the severe work in the cultivation of sugar. In January the cutting of the cane is begun. It is then stripped and floated down to the mills in the great flumes, which span the gorges like spiders' webs. In these mills the maceration process is pursued. Crushed into pulp and ground, ninety-nine per cent. of the saccharine matter is extracted, while the refuse, dry as chaff, is drawn into the furnaces and burned. The sap, now boiled in vacuum, is crystallized. Whirled in centrifugal machines, the liquor is expelled, and the sugar is dried and shipped away to make the whole world sweeter.

Coffee is said to be in its infancy, but already its precocity is apparent, and growers of coffee have no grounds for com-



THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN HILO.



WAIMBA RIVER, KAUAI.

plaint. Fruits, especially bananas, are abundant, and give freights to regular lines of steamers to the States. Nature is prodigal, and the native needs are easily supplied. "What are the most beautiful things you have ever seen?" asked one of the teaching Brothers of a Kanaka pupil, who replied, with the logic of a Kanaka or a child: "Poi and fish." These are the staples, the fish being often eaten raw and somewhat ripe. Poi is the staff of life. The root of the taro, a tuber, is baked and ground into meal. It is then kneaded into paste and, slightly fermenting, is very wholesome and agreeable, after one can disassociate the dish from bill-poster's paste, eaten with the fingers.

The stranger is initiated into many strange native dishes at a *luau*, or picnic feast. The guests, as they gather, are garlanded with wreathes, called *leis*, of bright-colored flowers. A wise provision brings finger-bowls on first, for fingers are the only implements for conveying food to the mouth. Some of the dishes are fearfully and wonderfully made. A young pig, stuffed with hot rocks and covered with aromatic leaves, is baked in the ground. There are no requests for "a little more stuffing, please." Hospitable to the utmost, the native character appears at these festivals—happy, careless children, with love of good cheer, of music, and of flowers.

The condition of this gradually disappearing race has been influenced, not entirely for the better, by the "evangelical"

missionaries of these islands. It would be well for those who are denouncing the good work done by the Catholic missions in the Philippines to look to the history of the Protestant missions in Hawaii, the principal work of which has been to convert the earth to their own inheritance. Encouraged by their failure in making anything out of the natives, some of these worthies have undertaken to "convert Rome," the leading spirit in this benevolent undertaking being that venerable pachyderm, Rev. Dr. Hyde of Honolulu, whose hide was invulnerable even to the keen shafts of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Open Letter." Little or nothing is accomplished; the Portuguese, who constitute the principal element among the Catholics, are faithful. Intellectual pabulum in the way of bigoted literature being ineffectual, the flour-sack apostolate has been instituted; but only a few poor, ignorant people take their spiritual leaven in a measure of meal.

Meanwhile the newer element among the Protestants do not hesitate to affirm that the good work done on these islands is done by the people of Father Damien. These are the Catholic priests, under Bishop Gulstan of Honolulu, the order to which Father Damien belonged, an order which has other hidden Damiens among its members. In Hilo the fine church is crowded with devout worshippers, and numerous outlying missions are zealously successful. The Catholic schools, well filled, contain a number of non-Catholic children.



"ALONG THE SHORE THE WHITE SEA ROLLS IN UPON THE BEACH."

I once asked an earnest but somewhat narrow partisan of state schools: "Why is it that, if our Catholic schools are so very bad, Protestant parents will persist in sending their children to them, paying extra for the privilege?" I have never heard the answer to this question. Perhaps it is that our schools are the best, after all. There are no leaky crafts in Catholic education, where religious watchfulness follows the sense of the importance of the soul's safety. Under such registration, by conscientious inspectors, the ship of state will be safe in the company of Peter's bark, as it conducts souls safely through the voyage of life, and into the harbor of eternity.



"BOILING POTS" OF HILO.

DR. PASTOR'S ESTIMATE OF ALEXANDER VI.*



HE history of the Papacy has been dealt with by Germans, Catholic and Protestant, in a manner which upon the whole may be said to have supplied valuable information. Our readers will have in mind the Protestant historian Leopold Ranke, who, notwithstanding an anti-Catholic bias and a somewhat unphilosophical subservience to hypotheses, rendered to the popes unregarded or calumniated before his time a measure of justice halting, indeed, but courageous and unexceptionable in its tone and temper. At the first we should be prepared for a certain degree of belittling, undervaluing, minimizing the work done by the popes when a German took up their history, and a readiness to attribute questionable motives as the source of action in itself wise, and a sinister policy as the guide of the Papacy in its relations with temporal sovereignties in general and the German Empire in particular. That is, something of prejudice and something of theory affect the German in estimating the credit due to Italian popes as rulers and in their policies, which must have been of necessity Italian rather than imperial if the independence of the Holy See were to be preserved.

Nor is this view inconsistent with the opinion we hold of the great services rendered by German writers to the church, and the fidelity of the German Catholics to our holy faith. The scientific conviction formed by Janssen from vast, minute, and profound historical research, that Protestantism forced back the growing civilization of the world—whether he is right or wrong—displays a noble independence of mind in forming it and the truest philosophical boldness in giving to it expression. Very interesting and valuable would be the statement and support of this authoritative judgment, but we must reserve it for another occasion, and content ourselves with saying that in Dr. Pastor, Janssen left a pupil altogether worthy of him and able to accomplish all the master would have desired in putting in a proper light the circumstances of the German people at the

* *The History of the Popes from the close of the Middle Ages.* Vols. v. and vi. By Dr. Louis Pastor, Professor at Innsbrück University. Edited by Frederick Ignatius Anticbus, of the Oratory. New York: Benziger Brothers.

time of the Reformation, and at the same time completing and correcting Ranke's history. It is said that Pastor combines the special excellence of Ranke and that of Janssen.

In considering Pastor's work one is appalled at the immense mass of material consulted; and yet an able judge tells us that when you enter the great pile constructed by him you proceed at your ease, unfatigued amid the order and symmetry around and above you, and in the fulness of a light which is present into whatever part you penetrate. He has ransacked seventy-six collections of archives and manuscripts in the Tyrol, France, Germany, and Switzerland. He has consulted six hundred and ninety-nine works, compiled from the fifteenth century to our own day, to prepare for his two last volumes—covering the period from Innocent VIII. to Julius II., namely, nineteen years. In using his materials we are assured that our author took to himself as an inspiration the motto of Cicero appropriated by Leo XIII.: *Ne quid falsi audiat; ne quid veri non audiat*, which may be translated in the epigram of their champion, De Maistre: "We owe the truth to the popes, and they want nothing but the truth."* That is to say, they are entitled to justice even though they are popes, and they need only justice.

It may be said that in no subject could the candor of a Catholic historian be tried so severely as in the life and pontificate of Pope Alexander VI. Dr. Pastor shows them in their worst colors, and, as if to prepare us for the estimate formed, he lays down the propositions, weighty and judicial, "that the materials before him are ample to pronounce a judgment on the entire subject which should be explicit; . . . every attempt to whitewash (*de sauver*) the memory of Alexander VI. will henceforth, he is convinced, be the defence of a desperate cause." At the same time it must be allowed that certain charges are to be rejected; notably, criminal relations with Lucretia Borgia. She was not, perhaps, free from reproach in her life and conversation, but she was far better than one born to rank and at the same time to infamy could be expected to have been; she is to be pitied rather than denounced. Cæsar, described as a type fashioned from wickedness, was nevertheless not responsible for many of the assassinations attributed to him. This, of course, is to show that his proved crimes produced unfounded charges rather than that he had been calumniated. But a fair inference may be that much of what has been brought against Alexander and his children was due to the offence given by the

* *Histoire du peuple allemand depuis la fin du moyen âge.*

sons to so many and such powerful influences in Rome and the adjoining states. It is only fair to bear in mind, despite Dr. Pastor's stern dictum as to the hopelessness of lightening the load on Alexander's memory, that the detestable populace of Rome had from the earliest times been the irreverent and ungrateful enemies of the popes. Ambassadors and other strangers would readily enough take the impressions about the popes which filtered through the sewers of Roman society from the palaces of great nobles down to the rabble that howled their hatred after the carriages of cardinals and other dignitaries. The great house of Colonna was conspicuous for its disloyalty to the Holy See, so much so that for centuries there was hardly a scene of violence and outrage on the sacred person of the Lord's Vicar in which some Colonna had not been an actor. The difference between the demeanor of foreign dignitaries, and even Italians from the other states, and the behavior of the high Roman nobles was very remarkable. In presence of Alexander a Visconti or a Sforza would bend with a profound reverence which recognized in his person the supreme majesty of his place, while a Roman noble would hide under outward lowliness the falsehood which bound him to the interests of Spain or of France. There is no explanation of this save the innate treachery and greed of the nobility of all ranks. This baseness in the noble was called personal ambition, because it aimed at a sort of sovereignty over the people. The greed and treachery in the people were called a love of change that could not rest in peace and in prosperity, any more than it could be happy under the fierce and licentious power of the barons. To do the Roman masses justice, they hated while they feared those lawless nobles, so long a terror to the sovereign pontiffs and the clergy. Nothing would induce them in the long periods of oppression to rise against their masters, behind whose backs they gnashed their teeth with rage. When a pope of commanding talents for statesmanship ascended the throne and reduced the nobles to submission, the populace invariably availed themselves of their new freedom to insult him and his priests, as in our own time they murdered Rossi for the crime of having been appointed minister at their request.

The position of the popes at this period was one of difficulty between rebellious barons resting on the swords of mercenaries and the most lawless, vindictive, and cowardly common people the world had ever seen. At the time of Alexander's election the States of the Church were exposed to every danger

from within and without. He was a man of great talent who, though very young, had gained some distinction at the bar, a career which he abandoned for that of arms. When his uncle, Calixtus III., became pope he summoned the young soldier, who was already giving promise of greatness in his new profession.

It is right that the position of the Cardinal-bishop of Albano and Porto* should be fairly presented as it was before Rome and the world, in order that the Sacred College as a body should be acquitted of the aspersions cast upon it owing to the charges of simony so freely flung upon some of its members by every Catholic historian from that time to the present. It was believed he alone could save the Temporal Sovereignty, and events justified the judgment of the cardinals, who considered that a soldier rather than a saint was needed at that crisis. But what reason was there at this time for supposing he was not a man of good life? He appeared pious and his demeanor was grave. He seemed to be charitable, for his liberality to the people was profuse. He was fearless and high-minded—of this there can be no doubt—for only the rich and powerful ever experienced scorn and harshness from him, while in his intercourse with the poor and the middle class he was kind and affable. The unstable populace idolized him because of his generosity, his graciousness, and the conviction that his great talents, boldness, and pride would be a wall between them and the cruel license of the nobles. Knowing as we do that the latter, when free from control, surpassed what we read of the rapacity, fury, and lust of the English barons in the reign of Stephen, a good reason, from the human side of papal authority, stands out for the election of the only exceptionally capable man during that time of darkness and danger, in which state and church seemed rushing to the abyss. It does not appear that the connection between him and Rosa Vanozza was known to more than a few, whose interest was to guard the secret. This was how matters stood when the Sacred College elected this man of sixty-one years of age, noble, dignified, magnificent, and marked by talents and training for a foremost place in policy and arms. Rome became wild with enthusiasm, and declared:

“Cæsare magna fuit nunc Roma est maxima. Sextus Regnat Alexander. Ille vir, iste Deus!”

It is quite clear Dr. Pastor could not have access to the au-

* He was raised to this dignity by Sixtus IV., and not by his uncle. This affords a presumption that his character stood well in public.

thentic and secret documents in which he says the "infamy" * of Alexander's life was hidden if Leo XIII. had not wished it. Having said so much, we present that historian's impression: that Roderick Borgia, bishop and cardinal before attaining the dignity of Sovereign Pontiff, had paraded his vicious life, and that never had his unbridled luxury been concealed. It was known, we are to understand, in the streets, in the marketplace and the hovel; in the fortress, half-palace, half-prison, of a Frangipani or a Savelli, an Orsini or a Colonna. It was concerning these years, we must ask the reader to bear in mind, that the shrewd Burgundian minister of Louis XI. wrote: Rome would be the happiest city in the world only for the Orsini and the Colonna. Now, with this grave remark from Philip de Commynes, we are inclined to suspect that Dr. Pastor, despite his access to the most authoritative and secret documents † and his untiring energy and care, has failed to put the man and the time before us in their just relation, and that therefore he has failed in that impartiality which alone can render possible the majestic equity of history.

It is not so clear to us that Dr. Pastor's judgments on this pope will not be revised. The very reason a critic of talent ‡ has for affirming that Pastor's estimate is unassailable, namely, that he places himself in the period of which he treats, is, in our poor opinion, the very reverse of the historian's attitude, at least with regard to this particular pontificate. If elsewhere Dr. Pastor exhibits the faculty of placing men in historical perspective, he must be thought to have made Alexander the sacrificial offering of a candor much affected by Catholic writers who prostrate themselves before that fetich of modern insolence and ignorance called Protestant opinion. William Roscoe, a fair-minded Protestant, in his *Life and Pontificate of Leo X.* insists that the charges against Alexander are for the most part wholly false or greatly exaggerated; so does Capefigue, so does Chantal, and before them Abbé Rohrbacher, M. Chéré, M. Audin, and many more we could mention. Now, all these men cannot be blindly mistaken; it does not affect the point that Dr. Pastor has had archives and documents open to him unless we have reason to suppose that he alone had access to them, or to copies entire or fragmentary of entries of the acts of the lawyer, soldier, and cardinal, Roderick Borgia, and his acts as Alexander VI. in the eyes of a crowded court.

* Or rather the "infamous Pontiff," as a French critic calls him. Many English and French, indeed, have written of him as "the infamous"—"l'infame."

† *Documents les plus authentiques et les plus secrets.*

‡ Vicomte de Meaux.

We fully admit his unreasonable affection for his children and the wealth and honors he lavished on them; but this family affection is said to be a quality of strong, imperious natures. What we rather regard in the matter is the violation of his vow and the continued relations with the mother of these Borgia's. His bounty to his children was indefensible. It raised enemies against him among foreign potentates and Italian nobles. It was displayed to an extent pitifully childish. His references to them read like the imbecility of dotage, when they are not the expression of a passionate grief. His sorrow at the death of one of them, Juan, would remind you of David's lament over Absalom. In that blow there was a punishment for sins and scandals that might have softened even his defamers. We have already referred to the hostility of France; those reformers who looked to Savonarola as to a martyr were only too happy to gloat over the foul libels of Burchard. Now, Burchard was described by a fellow-officer in the papal court in terms which may be considered fairly severe,* and we think that among the denunciations and inventions in his *Diarium* not a discovery obtained in the researches of Dr. Pastor but may be found. Capable men rejected most of them and we beg to do the same, while we are ready to concede that Alexander VI. was unworthy of the priesthood and his pontificate a disgrace to the church. Again we press upon the reader that the majority of the Sacred College did not know the man, though it may be that they attached more importance to the gifts which marked him out for a temporal rather than a spiritual ruler.

We have not space to say anything about Savonarola—at one time raised to the skies by his fellow-citizens, at the end dragged by them to the funeral pile. Luther, on his part, declared that "his brother was according to the Spirit," and the Protestants of Worms in our own day have placed a statuette of him on the pedestal of Luther's statue—among the pioneers of the Reformation. No doubt other Protestants who seemed disposed to join in similar ecstasies abandoned the idea when they learned that the ill-starred monk was in reality faithful to Catholic doctrine, but he has their sympathy at least in his disobedience. We cannot enter into certain discussions concerning his relations with the pope, and the view he

*The compliment paid to this German master of ceremonies is "Non solum non humanus, sed supra omnes bestias bestialissimus." Roscoe significantly observes that Burchard is silent concerning the worst accusations, and he would not be silent if they were current in his day. Alexander died an edifying death, and did not die from poison intended for another. He had broken in pieces the power of the Roman nobles and was hated in consequence.

took of his obedience to the latter. Of course Dr. Pastor takes the right view of these subjects, but we shall close simply in the words of one of the advocates of Savonarola himself—words charitable enough to serve our purpose without committing us to an opinion: "He perished the victim of passions he had excited, illusions he had spread, but he died with a pious courage which blotted out the faults that had brought about his death." * These words are more to the purpose than much of the hysterical admiration which astonished us recently from Catholic writers, clerical and lay.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

BY F. X. E.



BEYOND the hills of Galilee
There rode a cavalier
Whose sword in mortal enmity
Smote Christians far and near.
The newly-shorn he led in shame
To dungeons dim and old,
Yet soon the self-same foeman came
Within the Shepherd's fold;
For nigh Damascus' portal fell
A heavenly noontide ray:
So wonderful and weird its spell,
His vision paled away.
And lo! a breath from Calvary
In plaintive murmur sighed:
"Why persecutest Me?
My Will, 'tis not defied!"
"O tell me whom Thou art, my Lord;
What will I do?" he said.
He heard—his tender heart adored,
His soul the shadows fled.
His yearning spirit cast afar
The Light of Love divine,
And found in every Gentile star
Love's all-approving sign.

* Vicomte de Meaux.



THE PARK AT LILY DALE.

LILY DALE, THE HAUNT OF SPIRITUALISTS.

AN EXPOSÉ OF SOME SO-CALLED SPIRIT PHENOMENA.

BY E. LYELL EARLE.



THE writer recently visited Lily Dale, the summer home of Spiritualists. He was the accredited representative of a New York paper, and his object was to investigate the belief and methods of Spiritualists.

In the first he was unsuccessful, as he could find nothing definite to pin their faith to; in the second, he found more than sufficient to cast doubt on any doctrine that needed such fraudulent methods to give it stability.

Some of the brightest minds among Spiritualists lectured at Lily Dale while the writer visited there. He was a careful listener at their discourses, and later on discussed their rambling tenets with leading mediums, only to come to the same conclusion—that there was no fundamental doctrine in Spiritualism.

First of all, Spiritualists reject the name Spiritualism as savoring too much of asceticism, in the idea of a personal spiritual life led by the believer, in contradistinction to the carnal.

Secondly, the only point they do agree on is, that all around us are spirit forms with whom we may hold immediate

converse, solace ourselves with their company, find guidance in their counsels, and courage in the thought of their victory. In everything else concerning the nature of these spirits, their origin, their destiny, their manner of manifesting themselves, all is chaos.

The fact is, in so far as Spiritualism is a religious belief, there is nothing new in it. All religions have believed in the existence of a spirit world. The Catholic Church has the grandest of all spirit communions, the Communion of Saints. What brings Spiritualism forward so prominently as a belief is the fact of the so-called "spirit rappings," which Spiritualists consider a scientific demonstration of the verity of their belief. We all remember how Dr. Brownson's bright, vigorous mind was drawn for a time by these supposed spirit phenomena, but we also remember how his masterful exposition of their theory smote them in the *Spirit Rapper*.

Lily Dale, the home of Spiritualists, is indeed one of the



THE STATION.

most beautiful spots in beautiful Chautauqua County. Three lovely lakes lie peacefully around it; while the dense forest, wherein orgies rivalling pagan excesses are held, belts it from the very water's edge. Half a million of people visit it annually, most of them to consult the self-constituted mediums between earth and spirit life. Fabulous prices are charged for

some of the séances; and spirit tests are multiplied and intensified in proportion as the material fee is increased and repeated.

A few words about the various classes of mediums and their work will, no doubt, prove interesting.

Mediums at Lily Dale are classed as Materializing, Etherealizing, Slate-Writing, and Trumpet Mediums.

The Materializing Medium is the highest. At his bidding spirits stalk forth bodily and hold converse with their friends in earth life. Under proper conditions they will allow you to shake hands with them, and, if you are amorously inclined, even to embrace them. Next in grade of excellence is the Etherealizing Medium. These bring the spirit in the semblance of a cloud or haze, that rises mysteriously from the floor to the height of the spirit it represents. Out of this cloud comes the spirit voice to give its message across the borders of Shadow Land. The Trumpet Medium heralds the spirit message through a trumpet that floats around the room. In both of these cases ventriloquism is known to have played a prominent part. The Slate-Writing Medium gives you the very characters traced by spirit hands. These you may bear away with you to ponder them at will and hold as a gruesome record from Spirit Land.

Recently a box of medium's slates was opened at the depot near Lily Dale, and a number of writings were found thereon written with a chemical preparation which, on certain conditions of light, became visible. The messages, like the ancient oracles, were of a most general nature, and could be applied to any "person, place, or thing that can be known or mentioned." In a recent number of the *Arena* a man named Graham, who had been with the Bangs Sisters for years as their slate-writer, exposed their methods and challenged a reply. The *Arena* placed its columns at the disposal of any one who would assume the defence of the mediums, but no champion was forthcoming.

SÉANCES.

Séances, or sittings, may be public or private, just to suit the wish and pocket-book of the sitter. Public séances always cost \$25, frequently \$100. The writer was a party in several of these public séances recently, and secured flash-light pictures of them, which eventually proved the spirits to be material indeed. We will explain one sitting fully. This will serve to illustrate the others.



A GRUESOME HOST OF SPIRIT ATTENDANTS.

Dr. Alma, the central figure in the group, is an ultra-spiritualist, magnetic healer, reincarnationist, and believer in a host of other doctrines weird and fascinating. He wished to consult his spirit guides, and secured Mr. and Mrs. Moore, mediums, to conduct the séance. Their fee was a hundred dollars. He invited a few friends and sceptics to witness the materialization. The writer was among these. Mr. Hearn and his associate, Dr. Cheney, from whose pen we may soon look for an exhaustive treatise on this subject, were ready to make flash-lights.

The sitting was held in a room of fifteen feet square, open-

ing into a smaller one in the rear. The room was perfectly dark. Chairs were arranged around the wall for the invited few, most of them extreme Spiritualists. Dr. Alma sat in a large chair in the centre near a heavy black curtain, which was manipulated by Mrs. Moore, Mr. Moore being under spirit control to conjure up the expected *manes*.

Some time was spent in the medium getting under "con-



THE RIVER STYX.

trol," which was proven when a tall figure in white drapery glided into the room, and announced to the audience, in a very earthly tone, that Dr. Alma's spirit company would soon appear. Scarcely had he retired when four figures came solemnly into the room, grouping themselves gracefully around Dr. Alma. The tall figure announced that they were Dr. Alma's spirit friends, and gave their names as Abraham, Isaac, Mary the Mother of Christ, and Mary Magdalen. Ancient indeed and great enough to suit even Dr. Alma's vanity! Just at this moment the flash-light was taken and the séance was broken up.

Another one was held on the following night. Dr. Alma's vanity had more sating. Under the control of the medium, the three Wise Men of the East came to do him homage, while the sun, moon, and stars danced attendance from the black cloth behind him. Dr. Alma was delighted at the result. All the "Camp" had to listen to the wonderful materialization.



SLATE-WRITING FROM CAPTAIN PEEL.

The writer, however, was astonished to see men of sense attach any importance to manifestations that were the very crudest and most bungling. He identified the two women as serving-girls in the hotel; and after several more flash-lights left no doubt as to the identity of the supposed spirits, the management made a formal investigation, and the Moores were compelled to discontinue their sittings.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

Another fertile field for fraud is Spirit Photography. Mediums at Lily Dale annually reap a rich harvest of golden sheckles from this field. The subject sits for a photograph, and on receiving his picture is startled to find one or more spirit faces clustered around his head. The medium assures him that they are his spirit guides, and that they materialized at his

bidding, and left the imprint of their presence on the highly sensitive photographic plate. To the believing this is evidence of personal development, of growth along spirit lines, and generally opens their hearts and their pocket-books.

This is the acme of fake! The plates are always prepared, or touched up after the exposure. Mr. Hearn, a photographer and artist at Lily Dale, but not a medium, has time after time prepared plates with vague faces thereon, and used them in photographing Spiritualists. He always found that these people saw a striking resemblance to some one of their thousand or more friends or relatives, who had passed from earth life to spirit land. The sceptical always view these so-called spirit phenomena with grave suspicion, while there are others, and these the great majority, who are ready to receive even the most paradoxical as so many new proofs of the truth of Spiritism.

The following is a case in point between a Mr. Gibson and the Bangs Sisters at Lily Dale: Mr. Gibson, who, by the way, is a class-leader in the First Presbyterian Church Sunday-school in Meadville, went to the Bangs' studio and obtained a crayon of his dead daughter under the following conditions: An ordinary canvas stretcher, such as is used for oil paintings, was by himself placed upon a sheet tacked to the floor. This was covered over with a chenille cloth tacked down on three sides, with the loose end immediately in front of where he had seated himself upon a chair. No human hand, he avers, touched the stretcher until it had lain under its covering two hours, and not then until the Bangs' "control" notified them by rapping that the picture was completed. When this notice was given he drew the canvas from its resting-place, and to his delight found the crayon. During the time the invisible hands were at work at the portrait, Miss Bangs' "control" was playing various pranks with the sitter. Mr. Gibson was struck about the head with paper wads, books, and other articles coming from whence he knew not. Wads of paper soaked in water struck him in the face until the fluid ran down his neck, wet his collar and his clothes, and made matters very unpleasant for him. The gentleman, however, being a good-natured old man, made no complaint against the spirit enjoying himself, and felt rather pleased to think that the visitor from the other world was being entertained at his expense.

Mr. Gibson was so overjoyed with his good fortune that he wanted every one to share it with him, and accordingly told his

story and showed his portrait, which, by the way, cost him \$25, to hundreds of people. The colored crayon was that of a beautiful girl, which, as before stated, he believed was the portrait of his "spirit child," who died young, and who, if she had lived, would now be twenty-seven years old. It was not



ELLIS ISLAND, LILY DALE.

a picture of the child, however, but of the woman as she now is in spirit life. The portrait was that of a handsome, fair-haired, blue-eyed woman, whose age would be judged to be not more than eighteen years, though the spirit daughter would be nine years older had she lived, and represents a female, to use Mr. Gibson's expression, "any man might be proud of."

The matter caused no small amount of discussion. The faithful were delighted with the work of the spirits, and considered it almost miraculous and indisputable evidence of the truth of Spiritualism. Sceptics, however, quietly laughed at their credulity and winked the other eye. The so-called fun of Miss Bangs' "control" and the *mauling* Mr. Gibson received at his hands were charged to have been for the purpose of drawing the gentleman's attention away from the concealed canvas, in order that the one containing the picture might be substituted for it. The record of the sisters in Chicago, where it is charged they were exposed as frauds and had a whole wagon-load of paraphernalia to assist them in producing "spirit"

phenomena, was brought up against them to substantiate the charge of fraud and legerdemain in this case. Then, too, they alleged that at the most crayons of this kind, said to be produced with an air-brush, can be purchased at wholesale at five dollars each.

Looking at the private life of mediums, male or female, there is very little from a moral stand-point to inspire one with confidence in the doctrine they profess.

Thoughtless and flippant writers, seeking to bolster up a tottering system, have gone so far as to declare that the saints of the Catholic Church, and even Christ himself, were nothing else but highly developed mediums. One thing, however, is certain, their private life was a living commentary on their belief. Their wonderful powers were never used for personal aggrandizement; all their efforts were exerted toward the physical and moral betterment of the race.

With mediums the opposite is true. Spiritual powers, so-called, are evoked and exercised in proportion to the material inducement offered the medium. Their object is generally to satisfy the morbid curiosity of the persons consulting, frequently to aid them in avoiding obligations of duty or in compassing ends not sanctioned by the moral law.

The relations existing between medium and subject are always peculiar. All the conventionalities of life are swept away. There is no moral or legal supervision here. The medium is his own supreme judge, and the frequent suits for fraud and grosser improprieties are patent proofs of the want of moral rectitude in mediums. Then, too, the idea that they are possessed by a real or imaginary spirit "control" dominates them like a high-grade stimulant, and in periods of relaxation recourse is too often had to artificial stimulation to a most disastrous degree.

Not all believers in Spiritism are thus morally delinquent. On the contrary, the writer knows estimable men and women who are believers in this vague system, and, in the absence of better head and heart nutriment, find or seem to find hope and consolation therein.

The facts connected with the phenomena of clairvoyance are so strange and far-meaning that a thorough investigation of them would no doubt be of great interest.

After the most careful investigation of Lily Dale from an impartial view point, we can unhesitatingly declare that there are no phenomena witnessed there which cannot be explained



DR. DEAN'S SPIRIT FRIENDS.

or produced by purely natural means. And yet, in view of this fact, is it not strange that men and women in life and business affairs the most shrewd and sceptical are here the most credulous and confiding? The most preposterous claims of unscrupulous mediums are accepted with blind belief. Men who rail and rant at the doctrines of a church sanctioned by centuries of wondrous deeds, receive as infallible truth and as manifestations of spirit life the word and work of men and women who, aside from their bold assumptions, are the most ordinary and material of mortals. Truly this is a marvel hard to understand. If these people would investigate the claims of the ancient church, and the spirit phenomena therein manifested, they would find little to satisfy them in the empty assumptions of Spiritism.

SUSAN BROWN, AUTOCRAT.

BY JULIA STEDMAN.



OW often one little corner of a canvas, one circumstance in a life's era, clings to the memory and colors or characterizes the whole. I never hear the name Sheridan that my mind does not at once revert to a dear, roomy old house in the city of Baltimore, a house with many delightful nooks and corners, with inimitable lawns, a park of majestic old trees, one glorious magnolia and several linden-trees; but notably—and here is my corner—a nursery!—such a nursery as I never saw before, have never seen since. It reached quite across one side of the house, and a fire-place of generous expanse glorified one end of it. Linden-trees peeped in at the windows and tapped upon them on windy nights. But they did not disturb the little sleepers within, hushed into slumber by the low, melodious hum that issued from the rocking chair directly in front of the fender. Old Susan, helmsman of the rocker and autocrat of this domain, was a slim, delicately built mulatto, with lines of every kind chasing across her face—lines of care, lines of humor, and lines of firmness; the latter somewhat predominating, one of those frail-looking but wiry, strong-willed people, whose influence is far-reaching and whose energy untiring. Four years ago her mistress, who had been for many long months a bed-ridden patient, took a sudden turn about four o'clock in the afternoon, and, before doctor, priest, or husband could be summoned, folded her waxen hands and closed her tired eyes, to open them no more. "Susan," she had whispered, as her fingers clasped the shaking hand of the nurse, "take care of my two darlings, and keep them with you as long as you can. Help them to be good, strong Catholics. Tell Frank this is my dying wish; he will see to it." A few fervently labored aspirations and all was over. This was four years ago, when Josephine was but twelve years old, her brother Harry barely four. The two elder sisters, Helen and Isabel, and a brother, who had joined his father's law firm a few months before, were almost strangers to Josephine, who had clung with persevering affection to her home in the nursery, and to Susan, who had proved herself a loving and efficient guardian.

Frank Sheridan's sister Dorothy, who promptly and generously installed herself as hostess at Sheridan Place, upon the death of her brother's wife, was not exactly old, nor was she nervous, or cross, or unduly fond of the feline race. Her cap with its pretty strings and bows fluttered quite becomingly upon her rich brown hair, and she wore a placid, comfortable look seldom accredited to old maids. She had a certain worldly presence, too, that made her quite acceptable to her elder nieces. But our old friend, Susan, judged her with merciless severity.

"Honeys," she said, addressing her two charges, "that woman doan touch one hair o' yo' heads."

Susan always meant what she said. She had not only confidence in her own powers, but the priceless faculty of inspiring others with the same, which is the gift of gifts. Susan was something of a surprise, and not a little fun or annoyance to Aunt Dorothy, who had not reckoned upon so formidable a rival of her authority. Fortunately, she had the good sense, and the better grace, to conceal her feelings. She was quite secure with the other members of the family, was a capital entertainer, knew exactly what was most becoming to the style of beauty of which each fair niece was a type, more or less perfect; and she swallowed down most religiously the rising yawn when her brother brought out the chessmen, although they meant for her an hour of total self-immolation.

What did it matter if that stiff little colored woman and her charges held her at bay? It spared her many a care when she came to think of it, though she pitied the victims of this despotism.

One cold November day, when a good poking and resettling of the logs that rested on the nursery andirons sent a volume of bright sparks flying up the chimney, Susan sat alone in the growing darkness, turning the heel of a stocking "by heart," as she would say, if asked how she followed her stitches without seeing them. Josephine had not returned from school, and the low hum of voices from the rooms below was all that broke the stillness. Susan seldom dozed, as old women often do, and to-night she was far from it.

"Gettin' mighty dark," she said. "High time Miss Jo was home. Her par'll be ringing fo' her 'fore I knows whar I am. Here, whar's my shawl? I ain't gwine t' answer fer dat chile bein' away at dinner-time. Bless me! sho' nuff, here she come," as a bright face showed itself at the door. "Yes, Miss Honey,

Susan's here all right. My! but you's good an' late. I'll jess light de gas and get you right ready, or dinner'll be on 'fore you knows it. Ne' mine, Miss Honey," she said as Josephine began to explain, "dat's all right. I s'pose it was calsifanick day. My! but yo' han's is cold. There goes dat bell! I jess tho't so. Now, yo' par done tol' me say, miss, you must put on some color to-day. He won't stan' it no longer; it's 'notions,' an' 'my doin's,' an all dat, so it kain't be help. I guess Miss Dorothy back o' all dat, but she kain't go much fu'ther. Here, Miss Jo, jess dis blue sash, an' dis blue ribbon on yo' hair. My! but yo' cheeks is rosy t'-night, miss. The young missuses' beaux 'll be all lookin' yo' way sho."

"Do you think father will let me up early to-night, Aunt Sue? I've brought a book from the convent library, and I want so much to read it up here."

"Well, mebbe he will, an' mebbe he won't; time'll tell," was the non-committal form of reply which Susan loved to employ. But she leaned over the banister, and loudly whispered down between her hands: "Miss Jo, I dun clean fo'got to tell you, Marse Har'd comed home with yo' brother t'-night. I guess you won't be thinkin' much o' that book."

Susan was right. It was well-nigh nine o'clock before Josephine joined her nurse again. Then she gave the old woman a start, for every one of her long prayers being said, and all other matters disposed of, she had given herself over to a spell of forgetfulness.

"Well, I d'clar', honey, you dun skeered the heart right out o' me. I was right about that book, wasn't I, Miss Jo?"

"Oh, yes, of course you were, Aunt Sue; you are always right. Don't you know," she said gaily, "when you say a thing is so it is so, even if it *isn't* so?" Then stretching herself at full length upon the rug at her feet, and looking full into the old woman's face, she said: "Aunt Sue, have you seen Howard yet?"

"Well yes, honey; I saw him through the windy comin' along with yo' brother. My! but ain't he growed a comely gemmen?"

"Yes, but didn't he come up to see you?"

"Well no, Miss Honey; it seems lak he gettin' p'tickler 'bout comin' roun' here since you's growed up. I spose it's jess proper manners, an' then he knowed, o' co'se, that Marse Harry was away."

"How thoughtless of him, when he's been away a whole

year. He didn't forget to ask all about you anyhow, Aunt Sue."

"Ne' mine, Miss Honey; it's jess some notion or yuther. He'll be here pretty nearly every night, and I'll see him sho' some time."

"Did my mother know Howard, Aunt Sue?"

"To be sho' she did then. She love him like her own son. Your par an' his was great frens in de ole days, an' your par wanted Marse Har'd to jine his law business some day; but young marse he had a kind o' leanin' to'rds doctor wuk, an' so he came to Baltimore an' sot right to wuk at it. Isn't that why he run off to Yurup las' year, honey? Dey say folks gets lots o' sperience in them hospitals over thar, and Marse Har'd he mighty cl'ar brain. I spec he monstrous knowledgable by dis time. Why dis day las' week he jess turned his twenty-fo'th year. Youth, an' looks, an' brains makes fine full sails, Miss Honey; but po' young marse, he one o' them real stiff Protestan's. I'm feared there's no movin' him in the right way whutever."

Josephine suddenly raised herself into a sitting position, and her face wore a startled expression as she exclaimed, "What! isn't Howard a Catholic?"

"Bless yo' soul, no, honey. He her'tic to de backbone. His mar an' par bofe died 'piscopalians, an' he got a big likin' fo' his own 'ligion. Not bein' tight-laced nor nothin,' but he mighty stuck in Protestan' ways, I tell you."

Josephine looked long and earnestly into the fire, and then, rising with a weary air, said half to herself: "Poor Howard! he must be a Catholic or he won't be saved."

"Oh no, Miss Honey, don' say dat. Father Hendrick say he in good faith, an' der ain't an uprighter young gemman in all Baltimore than Marse Har'd. I ain't knowed him these three years for nuthin', an' I echoes them wuds loud an' strong."

Josephine little knew, as she got herself ready for bed and knelt to pray, with her head buried in the cushion of the rocker, that she was forming the subject of much conversation below stairs. She was a girl whose thoughts seldom dwelt upon self. A dear, bright child with genuine affections and no guile, she was upright and straightforward almost to bluntness. Her judgment was far beyond her years, and people were wrong in thinking that she acted generally under the influence of her old nurse. True, she imbibed many of her principles,

yet not before they were weighed in her own scales and found worthy.

These were hardly, however, the points under discussion below. It had been remarked by Howard Radcliffe, upon his rejoining the family group, of which Aunt Dorothy was the central figure, that Josephine had not only grown in stature but in beauty since his trip to Europe. A very unfortunate and unwise remark, had he reflected upon it, and upon which followed a lively discussion of her exterior merits. Little did he dream that Aunt Dorothy had portioned him off, without so much as considering his own voice in the matter, to the fair Isabel.

Here was Helen, thought she, about to make a brilliant match. With an atheist, it is true; but what did that matter? He was a man of great prestige and greater bank credit. Isabel did not seem to take well in society, and although Aunt Dorothy could have desired something better, Howard Radcliffe would have to do. His youth was a small obstacle and easily surmounted, she thought. No one need know that Isabel was ten years his senior. She certainly did not look it. As for her father, he was too much engrossed in his law-cases and money-making to give heed to these details, and what was Aunt Dorothy good for, if not to arrange and promote affairs of this interesting nature? A few hours ago she would have given a laugh of genuine mirth at the very idea of that old-fashioned Josephine offering anything in the light of an obstacle. She laughed now, but a laugh with a queer discordant ring in it, which happily produced no jar upon Howard Radcliffe's ear.

Howard's powers were by no means unlimited. He could diagnose a complicated medical case, or he thought he could, which is the greater half of diagnosis; but he pronounced upon Aunt Dorothy's smile at its first symptoms, and that favorably.

Mr. Lowell says:

"Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not."

Worldly wisdom, but not a very wise wisdom, prompted Aunt Dorothy to confer with Susan one morning about her protégée. It was a kind, motherly warning, of course, and it cost the old woman some serious meditating before she could

label it "counterfeit." Only yesterday Susan had taken some little alarm on her account, and from her reasonings had evolved this solemn oath: "Miss Jo' ain't gwine to marry no Protestan' ef I kin help. Nigh a whole fambly of col' Catholics is plenty an' mor'n enuff fo' me. Spec I'se gwine to let Miss Jo go lak Miss Helen and Isabel's goin'? Givin' up their faith as easy as they would their ole shoes, all for some man or yuther, an' then p'raps not gettin' him? Not I. Ole Missus she say 'Tak' kyar my chile,' an' I'se *gwine* to tak' kyar. I guess it mighty high time I was seein' 'bout it, too. Dat pretty flush on Miss Jo's face whenever she ben to de pa'lор ain't for nuthin'."

The only thing that remained now was a discussion of ways and means. But the ways Aunt Sue chose would be straight, clear-cut ways, and the means gentle and sweet, for her affections were deep and strong, and Howard, no less than Josephine, came in for a goodly share of the same.

Here came Aunt Dorothy's warning: "Josephine was *really* a little too familiar in her manner towards Mr. Radcliffe; all very well when they were children, etc., etc. After all, she was a growing girl, studying much, and exercising a good deal on her way to and from school. She really should not be obliged to wait until evening for her dinner. Much better if she could dine alone, and take a light tea in the breakfast-room at six or seven."

"Monstrous p'tickler all 't once," soliloquized the old autocrat. "I guess Miss Is'bel got her finger in *dat* pie, h'm. 'Too fermiliar'; what else 'd she be, po' honey? Marse Har'd's wuth the whole kit o' them. I wouldn't wonder ef he *would* think about marryin' some o' these days, an' mighty po' taste too, ef he chose one o' them worl'y critters, with thar haid full o' fashions an' theatres an' beaux, in place o' my lily-o'-the-valley with the light o' God an' innocence shinin' through her eyes. I'll take that warnin' fo' what's wuth. Co'se, I'll keep Miss Jo up-stairs fer all she'll care, but I s'picion it'll make Marse Har'd all the more sot on seein' her. That's way with love, I hears—mo' you try to smother mo' it burn."

So Jo took an early dinner an' a lonely tea, and all was artfully explained to her father, as being her own desire and according to Susan's advice.

Howard did not put in an appearance that night, because, although pressed to occupy his place daily at the Sheridan table, he feared becoming a too frequent guest. But two nights

after he came, and—well, any one with a grain of observation could detect the shadow that spread over his face at the sight of Josephine's empty chair. He did not hesitate to inquire into the cause, and he got the answer prepared for him, which was that given to Mr. Sheridan some days before.

I am afraid he deviated some little from the line of truth when he alleged press of study that evening as a cause for absenting himself a little earlier than usual. He was young. Let us absolve him.

Some mornings after this, on his way to business, he met Josephine going to school, and carried her books four blocks out of his way. Somehow, business did not press so heavily this morning. I believe that with very slight pretext he would have carried them four blocks more.

"Will you be down-stairs this evening, Jo?" he said as they neared the convent gate.

"Why no, Howard; it will be a large party, lots of grown-up people and dancing. I am not even going to sleep at home to-night, as Sister Theodosia wants me to stay here and practice this evening for our concert next week."

"Oh!" he returned—and what other feelings he had on the point expressed themselves from the toe of his boot, which sent a small rock spinning across the road with a rapidity and directness well-nigh marvellous. It never occurred to the poor fellow to invent an excuse for absenting himself from the Sheridan function for that evening, but he expended a good deal of precious energy in abusing fate.

Howard was unconscious of anything more than a natural sympathy for Josephine. But love is a plant that can spring from the sod in a single night. Poor Howard! his was a sad case. All the more so, that he did not see the web that was being woven around him.

He donned a brave smile and went to the party. People said he was "charming," "so clever," "so handsome," so everything. They might have added "so miserable," and struck home more nearly.

"Is it true," said one, "that he is engaged to Isabel?"

"Perfectly," said another. "I have it from the best authority. You know they have known each other from childhood, and don't you see him with her everywhere?"

"Sh-sh," said another who had overheard these remarks. "Don't, for goodness' sake, circulate that report. My brother congratulated him a few minutes ago and he denied it hotly."

"Well, that's very odd. I'm sure I got it from a reliable source."

During this dialogue the young man under discussion was lying at full length on the rug in front of Aunt Sue's rocker, whither he had fled when the music and dancing were at their height and his endurance was showing signs of wear.

Timidly he had knocked at the door, whose knob he had so often turned without any such formality.

"May I come in, Aunt Sue?"

"Is that you, Marse Har'd? Why co'se, honey. Whut! you not dancin' to-night?"

"Yes, Aunt Sue; but I'm tired and don't feel very well."

"Well, yo' swally-tail 'll look wuss'n you feels ef you lies on it like dat, honey. Here, sit up in dis cheer. I spec you miss Miss Jo, Marse Har'd, do' she never yet went to one o' them jamborees."

"It takes you to come right to the point, Aunt Sue, and touch the sore spot. Yes, I do miss her. I miss her more every day. Does she miss me when I am away?"

"She never say so, else I disremember," replied the cunning old lady.

"No, I suppose she does not; she has plenty of other things to think of."

"Doan be too sho', Marse Har'd; you two's allus ben gre't chums, an' somehow 'r other I reckon she did miss you. She looked mighty lonesome some days."

"Oh, say, Aunt Sue, were you ever in love?"

"Laws, chile, what a question! Never! Dat is's fur back as I kin remember. All dat nonsense went clean out o' my head when I was a little gal. Now see here, Marse Har'd, doan you sot yo' heart on Miss Jo, less you 'tends to get baptized and jine the true chu'ch. I 'sponsible for dat chile, an' she doan' go marryin' no Protestan'!"

"Now, Aunt Sue, don't say such a thing. What's the difference between Protestant and Catholic? There are more roads to heaven than one."

"I ain't sayin' thar is, an' I ain't sayin' thar isn't, but she doan marry no Protestan'."

"But, aunty, I wouldn't interfere with Jo. She could do just what she liked."

"Yes, mebbe so; she gwine one way, an' you gwine t'other—nice goin's on they'd be. Ef she can do as she lak, Marse Har'd, let her do it now an' make you a Catholic. An' sence

you seem a little sot on havin' her—which you kain't have fo' long time, o' co'se—s'pose you jess shows yo' love by changin' yo' 'ligion."

"That's something to think about, Aunt Sue. Wouldn't it be wrong in me to change my religion for such a motive? Would I be a good Catholic if I did?"

"No, indeed, honey; indeedy, no! I was jess provin' you. You's a good Protestan' anyways, an' that's better than a loose one, an' you'll be a Catholic some day sho', and a good one, too, bless yo' heart! Now, run 'long, honey; dar'll be a search wa'ant out after you 'fore long."

"They'll think I've disappeared by magic, won't they?"

"They will, indeed, Marse Har'd; an' listen hyar, honey," she added, lowering her voice, "what you s'pose dey'll say ef dey hears you been up hyar?"

"Why nothing! What could they say?"

"Co'se, to be sho'; dey knows Miss Honey ain't hyar."

"What difference would that make to them? Many a time I have spent an evening up here with Jo, and nothing was said."

"Mebbe so, honey, but dey's scentin' out evil these days. Doan yo' notice Miss Jo doan go down to dinner no more?"

"I should think I did; but I blamed *you* for that. You don't mean to say—" and a vista seemed to be unfolding before him. "I say, Aunt Sue, tell me honestly, do they object to my liking Jo?"

"Honey, they don't think you does; they only *fears* it, and they are boun' to put a stop to it somehow. Miss Dorothy didn't say so in words, but I kin read her lak a book. Dat's her meanin' sho'."

Whereupon the door opened and in walked Miss Dorothy in flesh and blood, with a good proportion of the latter in her face as she gasped out with scanty breath: "Howard, can this be you? How very odd of you! They are searching the house for you. You are to lead the german with Isabel. They have voted you in. Come along, you naughty boy."

During the ensuing few weeks our young friends saw each other very seldom. What was proper for Howard once was so no more, and it rested altogether with Josephine whether they should meet or not. Howard wondered if she was indifferent as she seemed, because she never made the effort he thought she might make if she cared for him, even if she had that

feeling of dependence upon his advice and assistance that she once had.

Such thoughts as these were promptly dispelled, however, at the very first glimpse of her, and the candid smile which breathed an immortal soul into her salutation.

Howard had not entered the nursery since the evening of the german, and a faint blush when he met Josephine on the day following that event proved that he did not know Aunt Susan well enough yet to feel that his secret was safe. Indeed I doubt if he really desired secrecy on her part.

Whether Josephine suspected anything from Susan's urgent appeal to her for prayers that "Marse Har'd" might be converted, I cannot say, for Josephine knew how to keep her own counsel as well as her nurse. But she promised to use her influence, after making a novena to St. Joseph, her patron and best-beloved saint.

"Aunt Sue," she said, "you know Howard is very learned, and there are many things I cannot explain to him if he asks me."

"Dat's all right, honey; send him 'long to me. I knows a heap of par'bles an' catechism; an' ef I won't do, send him to Father Hendrick and he'll fix him up to las' for ever."

So Josephine spent the remainder of that day, and much of the following night, composing a sermon of an eloquence and persuasiveness calculated to move a heart of stone. She thought it best to attack his heart rather than his reason, having had some little experience of the former's goodness. Who can doubt her penetration here? She had not, however, all the time she could have desired to clip and prune and ornament her sermon, because her catechumen rushed in the house next morning with a telegram which summoned him to Philadelphia to look after the sale of some family property there. Aunt Sue heard the news first and communicated it promptly to Josephine, who was getting ready for school.

"Now doan you take on, Miss Honey. I reckon he'll be back 'fore you gets through that book, and then yo' novena'll be ended sho!"

Aunt Sue had read a look of mute anguish in Josephine's face as she laid down her book and stood looking out the window. This it was which elicited the remark from her.

"Oh, yes, I am sure he will; it's only—that—" and Josephine coughed a little,—“anyway Harry will be home soon; we will hardly know him, will we, Aunt Sue?”

A knock at the door postponed the reply and gave Josephine that peculiar start which is generally provoked by a keenly looked-for arrival.

"How do you do, Aunt Sue?" said Howard, with marked effort to speak manfully and steadily.

"You have heard the news, I suppose, Jo?"

"Yes, Howard, Susan has just told me; it is too bad, and so dreadfully sudden too, and you were away all last year. How long will you stay in Philadelphia?"

"That I can't say, Jo. Every day will feel like a year to me, I know."

Josephine clearly read the meaning beneath these words, yet she neither blushed nor looked conscious.

"Can we do anything for you, Howard?"

"Yes, Jo, *you* can," he said hesitatingly. "I have a patient on my hands that I can't get rid of. I want you to prescribe something to keep him quiet."

Dear old Susan here remembered that she had something very pressing to attend to down-stairs, so down she went, saying a Hail Mary on each step, and concocting a plan to clear the coast for her two charges, who had "plenty of business to settle an' might as well have it good an' over." Aunt Dorothy and the sisters were to have a drive that morning; couldn't she hasten the coachman a little? Anything to get them out of the way. Yes, she could—and she did. There was not a domestic in or out of the house who did not consider her word as law.

"A patient?" repeated Josephine.

"Yes, a dreadful one. I'm afraid there's no such thing as curing him, but you might alleviate his pains a little, if you cared to."

"What do you mean, Howard? I don't know anything about medicines."

"Perhaps not, Jo; but a kind heart goes a long way, you know. Suppose you had an infallible remedy in your possession and all you had to do was to hand it over, would you refuse?"

"Howard, you never spoke like that before. How can I understand you?"

"Well, Jo, I am the patient and my disease is a mortal affection of the heart. Have you any pity for me?"

This time her eyes did drop, and she blushed too. She needed no further explanation. Light, and almost jesting, as

his words were—and carefully prepared, perhaps—there was an undertone of deep earnestness which was not lost upon her, and the rest she read in the candid language of his eyes. She had never before dissembled in her intercourse with him; why should she do so now? Yet what was she to say? Oh! if Aunt Susan would only come up and relieve her embarrassment. But no; the old clock kept ticking off the seconds with monotonous and hopeless regularity, yet no Aunt Sue. Howard must break the silence again.

“Jo, aren’t you just a little bit sorry that I am going away?” Still no reply. “I shall be miserable without you, Jo; don’t you care just a little?”

How the poor child longed to say she cared the whole world; yet how could she so lightly disregard Aunt Sue’s warning? And wouldn’t that be “taking on”?—something she had given her word not to do. So she tempered her words with discretion, even if the tremor in her voice betrayed her. “Don’t ask me that again, Howard; you know I will miss you more than any one—you have been so good to me.”

Was this a good time, she asked herself, to bring in anything about his conversion? Oh, no! came the reply; *after* the novena’s the time. Overhaste might spoil all, and conversion is a work of grace. Poor little Josephine! She had thought to attack his heart first, and here he was attacking hers in a very defenceless quarter.

“Well, Jo, dear, would you mind if I never came back?”

“Haven’t I told you I would, Howard?” she said as the tears appeared in spite of her brave efforts not to “take on.”

“Forgive me, Jo; I am too exacting, but there is so much at stake—and oh! say, Jo, this is so awfully sudden. I wish I wasn’t obliged to go. If I only thought that some day this money that I am going to look up would be yours as well as mine—I mean that we’d share everything in common some day—I believe I’d charter a flyer to get there before any train is due, and wouldn’t I be the happiest fellow in the world?”

“Don’t say any more, Howard. I understand you; but I don’t want to give you pain, and if I answer you I must do so.”

“Give me all the pain you know how to inflict; I am as brave as a Spartan, Jo; but don’t let me go away without a word. I might never return. Say now, Jo, you do l-like me—I can see you do; and Jo, I love the very ground you walk on.”

“O Howard! don’t. There is something which must, *must* come between us unless—unless—”

"Unless what, dearest?"

"Unless my prayers are answered."

"It is because I am not a Catholic, isn't it, Jo? Just as if that would make any difference."

"It would make this difference, Howard: that I can never answer your question to please you—to please us both—if you remain a Protestant."

"Is that all that lies between us, dearest?" he said as he grasped at the hand which lay upon the arm of the rocker.

"That is all, Howard."

What demonstration he might have made here was cut short by the opening of a door in the adjoining room, followed by Aunt Sue's low chuckle. "Dat's de riches' yet," she said; "dere goes Miss Dorothy an' de young leddies to see you off, Marse Har'd. I heered 'em say—in as how you's gone 'long ago. Well, ef yous ain't de wust, lettin' dis fire go plumb out 'fore yo' eyes! Here, Miss Honey, yo' eyes is shinin' like coals; jess look hyar an' kindle dis up again."

"Aunt Sue, Miss Jo and I don't need a wood fire to-day."

"Indeedy no; I sees dat mighty plain! Ef you's gwine to ketch de five-forty train, Marse Har'd, I guess you'd better hustle. Here's a bit o' de bes' lunch dis hyar house kin fu'nish an' an ole woman's blessin' frone in."

"Thank you, dear Aunt Sue. Yes, I'm right off now. Make Miss Jo write to me, and I'll bring you a bandanna that will make the town stare."

With these parting words and a long, silent hand-clasp with Josephine he left. Josephine watched him until she could see him no longer, and then, leaning her head upon the shoulder of her old nurse, she burst into tears, telling her, when calm, the story of her interview, and adding sentiments of her own which would have made Howard Radcliffe well-nigh delirious with joy.

"Is that you, Father Hendrick?" he said, as a cordial greeting interrupted his passage through the first coach. "How fortunate! Are you going to Philadelphia?"

"Well no, Howard, I'm not; but I shall stop very near there. My mother lives in a small village a few miles from the city, and I am going to spend a week or so with her."

"How glad she will be to see you! May I have the honor of sharing your seat? Thank you."

During the journey Howard discussed the object of his

trip, the outlook in his profession, and one thing leading to another, he touched upon that one of his hopes whose importance obscured for the time being everything else. How it relieved and comforted him to talk his mind and heart out to this holy man—Josephine's confessor too, as he very well knew. At last the keynote of religion was struck, and long and earnestly they talked, the priest using no persuasions beyond those which clear logical reason and bare truth provided, and Howard employing neither guile nor artifice in defending his views.

They parted for the night with a warm hand-shake of farewell, as the priest, who would arrive at his destination in an hour or two, did not intend taking a sleeper.

How little either dreamed that this was to be their last meeting!

Scarcely had Howard been two hours asleep when he was awakened by a terrible jolting of his berth. Hurry and confusion soon reigned where peace and comfort had dwelt a few moments before. Two coaches had run off the track at a dangerous turn in the road, causing much damage and the loss of several lives, one of them none other than that of the good priest, Father Hendrick, who happened at the moment of danger to be passing from one coach to another.

Loud cries for a doctor were heard on all sides, and Howard promptly responded to the cry, rendering what services he could to the poor sufferers and giving directions about the disposal of the mangled body of his friend. They were within one mile of Father Hendrick's home, or rather that of his mother, for a priest has neither "home nor country." Howard gave orders to have the holy remains brought to the parish church, whither he preceded them to obtain leave to place them before the altar. Arriving here, he confided to the priest in charge the sad office of breaking the news to the poor mother, whose state of happy expectancy was so soon to be transformed into one of mourning and sorrow.

Howard remained in the village all night, and the next morning repaired to the church for the first Requiem Mass. On his way he met a woman in black. One look convinced him that it was Mrs. Hendrick. She had heard of him, and walking forward, mutely took his hand and drew him into the church. Here for the first time Howard heard the words of the Mass, and witnessed with much edification the piety of those present, while listening to the words with which the priest recommended the departed soul to the prayers of all. A holy

awe and veneration for the Mother who so loves her children, following them with her offices even after death, stole over him. He did not note the flight of time, when the Mass was over, as he watched that mother, not overcome by grief, as he had expected, but overcoming grief by the holy weapon of prayer. Small wonder that there and then, quite uninfluenced by the motives which might have urged him to adopt the true faith, he should exclaim: "This is the true faith! O my God! this shall be my faith!"

"I knows dat writin', honey, an' even ef I didn't, wouldn't I know by yo' eyes dat it come fum Marse Har'd? Well, what's de news, honey?"

"Read it, read it, Aunt Sue, and thank God! It is news direct from heaven. Howard is being instructed already. O aunty! that dear St. Joseph; he wouldn't even wait nine days to give us our wish."

"I reckon dat po' blessed saint, Father Hendrick, had sump-in' to do with that, chile. He' soul flew right to heaven, dat's sho' an' sartin, an' he never did leave nothin' half done. Now, Miss Jo, you git ready and come right 'long to the church an' thank him an' yo' pet saint. We'll call at Miss Shepherd's on de way back. It's high time you was gettin' some new, smah't dresses, an' I'se gwine t' leab my han' out dis time, an' let 'em do thar own new-fangled work on you. You'se been brung up not to sot yo' mind on dress an' sich like, an' it ain't done you no harm neither. You'se ole 'nuff now to know the vanity o' them things. You can w'ar de robes o' de Queen o' Sheba an' no ha'm. Some day soon Marse Har'd'll be comin' back an' carryin' you off, but sho' an' sartin' dis ole darky ain't gwine t' be lef' behine. Ole missus, she say, 'Take kyar o' my chile,' an' I'se gwine take kyar."





MERCANTILE THRIFT IN THE LARGER TOWNS.

THE SPANISH ADMINISTRATION IN THE PHILIPPINES.



R. WORCESTER, the author of a book on the Philippine Islands,* informs us on the title-page that he is assistant professor of zoölogy in the University of Michigan. A good book treating of the resources of the islands and the social condition and characteristics of their people would be valuable at present. It is highly probable the islands will become a centre of commerce in the near future. The United States and the European nations are speculating as to the meaning of the open-door policy announced by the American executive. The Germans seem to interpret it in one way, the English in another; while all the interested European powers indicate some perception of a constitutional difficulty in levying customs dues upon goods passing from one portion of American territory to another. We assume that those responsible for government understand the limit of their powers; the point we look at is that the speculation in the press of the United States and of

* *The Philippine Islands and their People.* By Dean C. Worcester. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Europe shows the importance of the new possession, and we desire to ascertain to what extent the book before us throws light upon that aspect of the matter. We are entitled to examine the book from this point of view because the author declares it is written for the information of the government. We have no hesitation in saying, from this point of view the work is useful. It is a good contribution to physical geography, it adds something to the domain of natural history, and is suggestive in the field of commercial activity.

NATURAL RESOURCES.

The possessions are extensive, said to be something like 114,000 square miles, or perhaps about the area of California. The soil for the most part is astonishingly fertile, reminding one of what has been so often said of the rich meadow-lands of the United Kingdom, that crop after crop has been taken from the same ground without manuring it. The products are of the variety to be found in all latitudes from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. The value of the forests is enormous; but how far the timber would supply the failing woods of the United States is difficult to determine. One thing is clear, that there are woods excellent for cabinet-making and building, and that one plant, the *palma brava*, would be found most serviceable in the drainage of swampy areas, in small towns, for piles under wharves, as conduits for the water-supply of districts. The development of these great natural resources has been checked partly by the heavy taxes, partly by the apathy of the government. There is hardly anything that deserves the name of means of communication and of transport. The want of roads has complicated the question of labor. On the surface it would seem that an ample supply of good and cheap labor is at hand in a population of eight millions, but Mr. Worcester informs us that he has frequently seen rice and sugar-cane spoiling in the fields for want of men to harvest them. We take it that the explanation is that population is sparse in some places, tolerably dense in others. Railways and good roads might solve this part of the problem, but there remains the natives' happy-go-lucky disposition resulting from few wants and these supplied with little exertion. The latter may be a task worthy of American enterprise and inspiration. The great principles of the founders of the Republic cannot be a mere sound. It is quite possible the demands of the recent war on that reserve of public spirit which must lie somewhere in a whole people



THE NATIVES ARE AS A CLASS INDUSTRIOUS.

inheriting generous traditions has drawn to the surface those ideals of human elevation which the absorbing pursuit of wealth and the hard conflict with the difficulties of life had almost chilled to death. If so, the war may not have been an unmixed evil. At least, with a new charge and a vast one, America has assumed new and vast responsibilities. It will be a subject of deep interest to the student of humanity with what spirit she enters on this mission.

We have said so much in praise of the book before us; we regret there is much to be regretted in the tone of it. There is a puerility in the complaints about accommodation and transportation which would be more becoming an English cotton-man masquerading forty years ago in Italy as a milor than in an American naturalist travelling in a strange and hardly known country in the interests of science. The roads no doubt were bad, the hotels execrable, but students of nature should be prepared to rough it. He complains that on his first expedition he and his friends "were regarded with more or less suspicion by the Spanish authorities, and on more than one

occasion seriously interfered with." Of course they were; no one knew anything about them, they might have been spies or prospectors, or anything calculated to arouse the suspicions of a government.

THE ETHICS OF SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITIONS.

For ourselves, we view with some degree of distrust expeditions among savage or semi-civilized peoples in the pursuit of scientific discovery, and for the advancement of religion and morality. Take the most recent instance, that of Major Marchand, we do not yet know what cruelties marked his path. We know that on Stanley's march the natives were hunted like game, shot down or forced to carry the impedimenta. They were half starved and scourged as long as they could move; when they fell so as not to rise again, they were left a prey to bird and beast. Something of Stanley's sense of superiority possessed Mr. Worcester and his friends in the Philippines; but they had not the advantages of Stanley, their resources were limited, and even Spanish rule over semi-civilized Filipinos is not the same thing as tribal government in Africa.

The world makes too much of explorers. Every tourist is a traveller, every amateur a lion of geographical societies. What happens when one of these gentlemen returns—say to England? The story of his adventures has preceded him. Fashionable and learned people are on the tiptoe of expectation. Mrs. Leo Hunter—whether she be a duchess in search of a new excitement or the wife of a lawyer within measurable distance of the solicitor-generalship, throws open her drawing-rooms. Scientific societies hold receptions and elect him to their honorary membership. His name is put down in the best clubs, and no one is ill-mannered enough to whisper about the blood shed, the hearts broken, in the expedition.

Mr. Worcester and his friends carried fire-arms with them in lands where it is against the law to carry them without permission. If he had lived in parts of the British Empire, he would know that there are parts of the civilized world where this privilege of freemen is principally observed in the breach. Suspected persons are dogged in the most advanced states of Europe. In the German Empire, in each one of the twenty-eight states that constitute it, a traveller without credentials might at any moment find himself in jail. A stranger was arrested the other day in England for asking some questions of a sentinel. It may seem strange that Spain was the country



THERE IS A CHARM IN THE HOME LIFE AMONG THE WOMEN.

through which an unknown person might travel with the least annoyance. It was the country in which a foreigner might most safely wound susceptibilities if it were not thought that he was the agent of an insurrectionary body. She has not, like England, farmed herself out as the meeting-ground of the conspirators of Europe; she has retained the right to keep from mischief foreigners within her boundaries. England could disregard her principle of asylum for foreign patriots if she suspected them of plotting against herself. American citizens were, within our own memory, imprisoned by the hundred on bare suspicion. Let this be understood clearly. As long as the American government was inactive Americans were imprisoned against whom there was not a scintilla of evidence. When pressure was put upon the British government, Americans against whom there was substantial evidence were released, or, if put on their

trial, were tried so as almost to secure their acquittal. The juries were selected for the purpose.

WORCESTER WAS THOUGHT TO BE A SPY.

It would appear that the authorities in the Philippines evidently thought these strangers were exploring the country as spies. No one believed that they were innocent naturalists. The lazy Spaniard or the active Mestizo would not understand that the adventurers took upon themselves the extraordinary fatigues attendant on their studies through a love of science and of mankind. We venture to say there are Americans between the Pacific and Atlantic who would judge at first sight that there must be "money in it" if they saw men climbing mountains, crossing swift currents, making arduous journeys, undergoing hardships such as Mr. Worcester describes. We think he and his companions got very well out of the consequences of their invasion of the possessions of a power naturally jealous of filibusters and more elevated propagandists of scientific religion and commercial morality. We cannot help thinking these gentlemen entertained for the people of these possessions and their rulers some such estimate as that which Mr. Stanley and Major Marchand had of the poor Africans they desired to enlighten and enrich in the manner we have described. This would seem clear from the circumstances of the second expedition. They took on this occasion evidence of their *bona fides*, and making allowance for everything, they enjoyed exceptional facilities for carrying on their work. In point of fact it would seem that any difficulty Mr. Worcester met with from a local official arose from his going into his jurisdiction without his credentials, while he bore about him grounds for distrust in his fire-arms, and the fact of his being the citizen of a power whose people were not supposed to be especially friendly to the government. That the suspicion was well founded, would seem established by the boast he makes that he obtained information valuable to the rulers of his country. People who make a book from their experiences in a foreign country for the information of their own government are apt to look from a point of view which will make their impressions nothing more than a piece of advocacy.

SPAIN ABOLISHED SLAVERY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The roads are bad, the products of the country are not raised on any scale commensurate with natural advantages, its



AT VESPER-TIME AN INSTANT HUSH COMES OVER THE WHOLE VILLAGE.

resources are undeveloped, the people are criminal and idle, ignorant and immoral. If the church be sustained by the state, the laziness, wealth, and viciousness of the clergy are the source of all the evils. We have this picture from Mr. Worcester of the Philippine Islands; and yet glimpses of sunlight are let in. At the earliest hour of the history of their connection with Spain a law was made forbidding slavery. No native could be made a slave; any native who had been made a slave was by virtue of the law emancipated in a comparatively short time. The law was not a dead-letter. All the natives were freemen before, during, and since negro slavery had become a thing of the past in the United States. Slavery was abolished in the West Indies only in this century; it flourishes at this moment in the British possessions in Africa. True, it is called forced labor, for which the laborers are paid. But what is the nature of the freedom of contract when one party to it must work at the will of the other? There is enough known to show that the South African natives work under the lash, that they are hunted if they escape, that their families and friends

are condemned to punishment if they cannot be recovered. The cattle are carried away, the able-bodied compelled to take the place of the fugitives—it matters not whether two or three are borne off for every one that had escaped, they are black men intended by nature to do the work which white men cannot do in mines and in swamps. It is thought that quite sufficient recognition of their human nature has been evinced, when it is stated they had been taken as a punishment and not as slaves. Of course, the system secures the delivering up of the fugitives. The runaway from a white man's farm, or place of business, from a railway in course of construction, from a morass in course of drainage, when he gets among his own people is looked upon as a deadly visitation, as a famine or a pestilence, as a calamity from which they can only escape by the most appalling expiation which human nature can undergo; the surrender of those ties of family and kind common to the most cultivated and the most savage, the only influences which preserve in the savage one ray from a better world than he has found in life. We decline to be beguiled into an acceptance of the morality of treating weak peoples unjustly, and this Mr. Worcester attempts, when he writes as if he had a title to offend the people who had not sent for him, who complains of the cookery in hotels when it did not please his taste, the comfort of beds when he should have provided such as suited him if he had intended to play the sybarite on an excursion into the wilds of nature in pursuit of new species of "birds and mammals." We do not think that this man of science comes well out of an expedition made to combine observation of nature with the process for a long time known as that of "spying out the weakness of the land."

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CLERGY OVER THE NATIVE.

He has much to say of the ignorance and corruption of the clergy, yet he tells us "that priests proved more successful than soldiers in bringing about the subjugation of the native tribes in the early days." What does this mean as a commentary upon the ignorance and corruption of the clergy? First take the words within the inverted commas: they mean that the clergy had a way of access to the native which the power of Spain did not possess, that they had a love for souls and a sympathy with human needs and aspirations extending over the whole range of savage life. They convinced the worshipper of some superstition that they had brought him truths

which opened a new world within his soul. This they could not have done unless he saw in their lives something purer and higher than anything he had ever witnessed; unless he found in those men who were to him as gods a tenderness and sympathy which united them to him by ties enduring and inexpressible. This is why the missionaries passed through a door which would be barred against the fleets and armies of Spain. But it may be objected that the fervor and holiness of those early priests no longer existed, that the pure lives which illustrated the Gospel they taught were no longer lived, that if the missionaries were of the metal of the priests of to-day, they would not have taken captive minds clouded by idolatry, hearts knowing no law but the impulses of nature. To this we give as an answer the testimony of Mr. Worcester, that the clergy possess immense influence over the natives. Arguing back from that, it would seem that these must not on the whole have been unfaithful to this high trust. Analyze it, and it must appear that the priests of a high and pure morality are tried by simple minds by that standard. The sophisticated mind alone distinguishes between the man and the morality he inculcates. The teaching of the missionaries gave to a life bounded by the narrow calls of nature a value which lifted it to the infinite and eternal, the savage found himself some one, indeed, amid the forces he had feared, something beneath the sky and its changes, something in the face of the volcano, something amid the ebb and flow of external nature and the ebb and flow of his own passions. He was lord of all in the new light, as David saw man's lordship when he made the hymn of creation celebrating the royalty of human nature. This was what the early priests taught, and their lives must



A NATIVE WATER-CARRIER.

have been—so far as imperfection allows—commensurate with the teaching. A general decay of morals, a general depravity among the clergy, would have so corrupted the succeeding generations they would have gone back to their old idols and usages, their unrestrained animal life. The clergy should either follow them into superstition or stand separated from them. They would be regarded as pensioners of a government which raised heavy taxes to maintain men unworthy of support. They would be execrated as a useless burden on the people if not looked upon as an evil emanation of a government which had forfeited all title to obedience. But, on the contrary, notwithstanding the unfortunate dependence of the clergy on the state, the security of the latter rested mainly on the devotion of the people to the clergy. Consequently, when we are told that all the troubles in the Philippines, all the tumults, insurrections, outrages, sprang from hatred of the clergy, we must rub our eyes. If, upon the one hand, the natives will only enlist in the army to please the priests; if it be true, as Mr. Worcester informs us, that the subjugation of the natives in the first instance was due to the influence of the priests rather than to the armies of Spain, and the authority of that country could only have been so long maintained by this influence, we confess an utter inability to understand that statement. There is one element, no doubt, in the indictment which may possess a certain amount of value—the fact that the priests were in part paid out of the taxes; we utterly refuse to believe that their principal revenues were derived from that source.

CONDEMNATION NOT BEFITTING THE ANGLO-SAXON.

It is quite conceivable that some of the young natives, particularly Mestizos, would imbibe from reading and intercourse those so-called liberal opinions which are seething in Europe. Opinions of the kind have plunged the mother country into war after war, caused her crown to be sent a-begging over Europe, reduced her to the condition of a third-rate power, and now have placed her in the lowest scale of European nations. We say it is conceivable, because those persons of mixed blood may have chafed under the contempt of persons of Spanish birth and gone on to include in their dislike whatever appeared to represent the arrogance of the dominant race. They might readily enough find a following among the lawless and desperate who are to be found in every state in which communication is difficult. Our author himself visited a

notorious outlaw who seems to have been a sort of despot in his region. Be this as it may, we can have no more difficulty in understanding this partial dissatisfaction with existing relations between the clergy and the state, when we know that within a few years a majority of the French prefectures were in the hands of Jews and the rest in the hands of Freemasons who were not Jews. It is not sufficient, however, to say that the discontent in any way—that the troubles in any way, could have arisen from the paltry sum paid to the clergy; a tithe of the income of the state was more than their endowment from this source. It would not seem extravagant. For the normal expenses of government, including everything, £35,000,000 a year would be about the amount expended on the vast machinery of the British Empire. A like sum is employed in paying the interest on the national debt, and, as a sort of sinking fund, the other millions are drawn for unexpected demands due to the new expansion policy. The income of the Established Church in England—a state church in the possession of national property—is considerably more than a tenth of £35,000,000. This work has been written for English readers as much as for American, its tone is struck to catch the British ear; we are in order in calling in the example of England and her church. If Spain, ruling islands so distant, so difficult of access owing to the poverty and the other troubles brought upon her by Liberalism and the rebellions in its train; if, upon the whole, she has dealt with the natives in a way incomparably better than that in which England has treated all the peoples of India, the highly civilized as well as the less civilized; if she has done something to promote the growth of the population instead of wiping them from the earth, as England has almost done with the finest savage race the world has ever beheld, the New-Zealanders, condemnation does not lie in an Anglo-Saxon's tongue. Who are those who condemn the Spaniards for cruelty? Men who have surpassed all ancient conquerors in the atrocities they inflicted on the people of India. Everything included in the most extreme conception of what military license means was acted time after time, year after year, decade after decade, from Clive's day until the mutiny. Are there none of the high privileges of conquest enjoyed to-day, this very day, by the traders, the clerks, the civilians, the officers, the soldiers, the camp-followers who have settled in that country like crows upon a carcass? Why, the commonest private soldier, the pariah of his native parish in England, is a tyrant over the

natives of India. What has become of the Aborigines of Australia? There is a tragedy if we could go below the earth, if we could enter the realm of shades and interrogate those images of fierce chiefs and tribesmen who fell fighting desperately for their villages, or who carried on desultory wars from screen to screen in what is called the "Bush," until all were slain except the more timid women, the more abject men, and some of the children, spared as in a battue young birds are spared, thrown back into the wilds as unfit fish taken in a net are thrown back into a lake.

PROGRESS IN CIVILIZING INFLUENCES.

Schools and colleges are to be found in the Philippines in which a system of education is carried on not inferior to that in the most advanced nations. The priests have immense influence, and the author adds: "If it were always used to further good ends, there is hardly a limit to what might be accomplished." There can have been nothing like general depravity among the priests when the influence is there despite their connection with the government, and worse still, their dependence for revenue on petty officials certain to be detested. The publicans were hated by the Jews because they oppressed them by exactions in excess of the taxes for the state. Every one engaged in the collection of tithes for the Episcopal ministers in Scotland was an object of hatred to the Presbyterians. The bishops and clergy of the Establishment in England were said to have been the cause of the great Civil War. Until very recently the rector in every parish was spoken of by the dissenting minister and his congregation as a priest of Baal. At this moment the rector in almost any part of Wales owes his safety to the law rather than to the love of the Nonconformist. It is not on account of differences of opinion so much as because the rector's connection with the state stamps him and his flock with a superiority over the others that they are disliked. Almost every incident in the examples cited has been present in the status of the clergy with the natives of the Philippines, and yet the influence of the clergy remains undiminished. We therefore decline to accept the general verdict against the clergy.

THE NATIVE CHRISTIAN POSSESSES HIGH MORAL QUALITIES.

Mr. Worcester supplies, towards the end of his book,* our

* Page 475.



DOMESTIC DUTIES ARE WELL DISCHARGED.

justification. He correctly judges that the most immediately pressing question results from the disposition of the civilized natives. These and these alone are Christians; they number about five millions, and constitute what may be considered the law-abiding element of the population. Mr. Foreman,* it appears, has a hopelessly bad opinion of the Christian native; he will rob his master after years of service, he will betray him to brigands, "he will commit some horrid crime against him." This is the manner in which Mr. Worcester presents Mr. Foreman; but he is honest enough to add that such occurrences are far from common—he implies even that they are extremely rare, and he rightly observes they are not confined to the Philippines. In point of fact, it would appear that the native Christian possesses moral qualities which favorably contrast with

* *The Philippine Islands.*

those of what are understood to be civilized nations. He is generous and hospitable—so Mr. Worcester says, and he must have had very exceptional opportunities for forming an opinion owing to his pursuits,—he is generous and hospitable; and to entertain a stranger without a shadow of claim upon him he will go to “any amount of trouble” and to considerable expense. It may be objected that this is a characteristic of savage and semi-civilized peoples; we deny the correctness of this opinion so far as it implies that general hospitality is not an institution that is something springing from a primitive law or custom. There have been savage peoples, and there are, who had no such idea, who have no such principle, not the most rudimentary notion of hospitality—peoples from whom all memory of it has died out as completely as the traces of all higher religion would seem to have gone from the Australians.

CHARM OF HOME LIFE AMONG THEM.

Again, take up their practice of personal cleanliness. This must have been introduced by the clergy in the time of the early conversions, simply because it is impossible to conceive savages washing themselves daily, taking baths frequently, unless from the influence of an external authority. But in this case the external authority could have been only from the church. It is quite unnecessary to insist upon this practice as evidence of a careful and enlightened rule over the converts and the possession of a commanding influence—the very elaborate provisions concerning ceremonial ablutions in the Mosaic legislation prove very distinctly the necessity of a special sanction to enforce such an observance—but we should infer such an influence, even if Mr. Worcester had not mentioned the power the clergy have upon the Christian natives from his report of their personal cleanliness. Again, he tells us that quite as noticeable as their universal hospitality is the neatness of their houses and the charm of home-life among them. To say the least, it is most remarkable the contrast presented by the ferocity and lust of the Moros—a vigorous race—and the religious and domestic virtues of the Christians, composed as they are of a population greater than that of all other inhabitants taken together and deriving origin from various sources. On very little more than a superficial examination of the work, it would appear that the severest strictures pronounced by Mr. Worcester applied almost exclusively to heathens and Mohammedans, so that “the immense influence” of the clergy must have been



THE NATIVE INDUSTRIES ARE FLOURISHING.

beneficially employed; and consequently that the rather absurd form of expressing the quantum of evil arising from that influence is not only a poor joke but, we regret to say, a distinct falsehood. He lets us see that the position of the wife in the household is a high and authoritative one. The impression his facts produce is that she, to a very large extent, is the ruler and administrator, that she keeps the purse, makes contracts, and as frequently as not she alone makes the contracts.*

THE VESPER-TIME CUSTOM.

The description he gives of what follows when the Vesper-time comes reminds one of the Middle Ages when a strong faith was everywhere, or of the Jesuit Reductions in Paraguay when in feeling as in fact the Gospel was the code of the land, the Cross its standard. We give this Protestant's words: "An instant hush comes over the busy village. In each house father, mother, and children fall on their knees before the image or

* "I have been frequently referred, by the head of the house, to 'mi muyer' when I wished to make a bargain" (page 480).

picture of some saint and repeat their prayers." Then follows the good-night of the children, in which respect and affection for their parents and for each other are manifested in a manner nowhere to be found since Catholic sentiment and manners died out of the world. Mr. Worcester tells us that this Catholic native of the Philippines "is self-respecting and self-restrained in a remarkable degree. He is a kind father and a dutiful son. His aged relatives are never left in want, but are brought to his home and are welcome to share the best that it affords to the end of their days." Now, these being his personal and family qualities, we must look upon him as one lifted completely out of the savage and "natural" life by a power more than human. Read an account of any savage people, from the Maoris standing at one extreme and the Bushmen at the other, and you will find the morals of a herd of cattle, the relations of animal instinct regulating the family life. The thing won't bear discussion; it is as clear as daylight that the nine-tenths of Mr. Worcester's book written to defame the clergy, and the few pages hidden towards the end, are in such direct conflict with each other that only one of them can be true. Now, from his incidental observations we have shown that another conclusion was the true one rather than the sweeping generalities in which he seems to have followed a Mr. Foreman with a sort of dazed submission until in some intelligible way his natural feeling of fair play and American independence emancipated him from the spell of that writer.

THE WORK OF THE JESUITS.

We have some more direct evidence that his sense of justice is too strong for preconceived opinions; accordingly, he states that the "Jesuits are a power for good. As a rule they are well educated and of more than ordinary ability." Yet these men, when their work was at its best in educating the people, combining as they knew so well how to combine the most thorough religious with the most effective secular education, were driven out by the wave of odium which, beginning in Southern Europe, broke with violence on the distant Philippines. From 1768 until 1852 no Jesuit could set foot upon the islands. If the people suffered during that long interval from the want of the best teachers, if in consequence of the decrees against the order morality became more lax, religion of less authority, and if with the lessened hold of religion and morality passed away that painstaking, conscientious pursuit of his secular avo-

cations which marks the Jesuit pupil as surely as it is said his economic training opens a career to the Scotchman in whatever country he may settle, the judgment should be pronounced against the real delinquents, the pseudo-philosophers of the last century, the wretched rulers whom they beguiled, the short-sighted Protestants who applauded that injustice, the men of science in our own time who tried to perpetuate it. The clergy are not responsible for the evils; they could not have been even in the opinion of the people, who have so well distinguished between them and the agents of the government in spite of the close relations between the church and state.

FOREMAN NOT AN IMPARTIAL HISTORIAN.

In this work there is a long extract from the book entitled *The Philippine Islands*, by Mr. Foreman. It would seem that the "friars" hold very valuable real property in the provinces near Manila. It must be mentioned, however, that they have not been permitted to take charge of parishes, or as a consequence to receive a stipend for the cure of souls. They are described as tyrannical landlords; and the evidence adduced of this by that writer is that the leases are granted for the nominal term of three years, "but," he subjoins, "the receipts given for the rent are very cunningly worded. Some have been shown to me; neither the amount of money paid, nor the extent of the land rented, nor its situation, is mentioned in the document, so that the tenant is constantly at the mercy of the owners." It is to the purpose to point out that Mr. Foreman makes no mention of one specific instance of injustice in this respect, and we are of opinion, from his very particular and minute references to one or two instances of immorality, he would not have spared the friars had he known of cases in which they defrauded tenants who had paid their rents.

As a matter of fact, the gentleman makes inferences utterly unwarranted. The receipt is not the document to look to for the statement of the contract between the parties. In the lease the rent reserved, the acreage, the abutments or boundaries, all the particulars he misses from the receipt, must have been stated. A receipt is not evidence of a contract; it is evidence against the signer of money received by him as payment. Now, clearly, if the receipt is dated, the presumption of law would be, at the highest, that it was for the nearest gale of rent to that date; if not dated, the presumption still would be that it was for the last gale of rent. A lease, say

for three years, reserving rent at ten dollars the half year, would be clearly for some gale of rent, and if the tenant could produce the requisite number of receipts to cover payments during the whole three years, it would be held by any court that he had made the payments. Instead of being proof of fraudulent intention, unbusiness-like receipts such as these would be an indication of the exact contrary. The fact that no definite sum was mentioned would be held to mean a clear receipt as being evidence against interest.

We prefer the tone of Mr. Worcester's book to that of Mr. Foreman if the extract to which we have alluded is at all characteristic of its spirit. There is a flippancy in his manner which possesses neither humor nor cleverness. For instance: "I was in Manila a few years back when a capital crime, committed by a depraved Spanish *Gentleman of the Cloth*," etc.—the italics are Mr. Foreman's; he would not for the world allow us to miss his fun. Again: "I knew a money-grabbing priest." We again quote him in the case of this "money-grabbing priest." He "had the audacity to dictate to a friend of mine, Don L—— L——, the value of the gift he was to make." He also remembers "a certain native Father L——." L seems to be the only walking letter in his alphabet; but we have shown in these examples that he would have given particular instances of fraud, instead of making the general charge founded on the stupid receipts, if any he had to give.

The United States has taken possession of the islands. We hope a great history is to be made in their future. The materials are there, we think; for the virtue of fidelity cannot exist without other noble and engaging qualities, and Mr. Worcester has proved that the native Christians possess it in a remarkable degree. It is not for us to speak of the natural resources and the elements of commercial activity in the command of a large amount of cheap labor. Still less of the policy of the open door now agitating England, or the right of the executive to declare a protectorate. These are high questions, but possibly it will be found that the solution of this task is in the power which at the moment represents the sovereignty of the Union. We hope it may be so, in order that a strong authority, unfettered by the conflicts of parties, their preferences, their prejudices, may protect the interests of the new subjects of America against the banking Christianity of London Jews or the manufacturing morality of Manchester handkerchiefs.

ANNEXATION, "THE OPEN DOOR," AND THE CONSTITUTION.

BY EDMUND BRIGGS, D.C.L.,
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THE termination of a war decreed by the Congress, as clothed by the Constitution with the *majestas* of the American people, the executive, acting within the limitations of the *imperium* to him committed by the same instrument, duly selected his commissioners and negotiated with the enemy a treaty of peace. This treaty, inasmuch as it provides, among other things, for the cession by Spain to the United States of certain colonial dependencies of the former power, coupled with a grant by the latter to the former of the trade policy generically styled that of the "open door," for a limited number of years, in the Philippine Islands, has, in advance of its presentation to the Senate of the United States, been fiercely assailed, on constitutional grounds, as an abandonment of the "Monroe Doctrine," and as a dangerous departure from our time-honored policy of isolation.

NOT BOUND BY POLICIES OF A CENTURY GONE.

This policy of isolation, beyond an expression of belief that a line of foreign policy laid down for the guidance of the infancy of a weak and struggling "Staatenbund," confined to the coast-line of the Atlantic Ocean, and surrounded to the north, south, and west by territories of powerful European monarchies, was never intended by George Washington, or any one else of the *patres*, to curb the aspirations, hamper the energies, or enslave the economic future of the mighty "Bundesstaat" of to-day, with its seventy-five millions of industrious freemen, and its territorial home domain extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. The writer, not being a "statesman," senator, or clergyman, does not propose to settle the problem off-hand, and is content to entrust the solution of it to those to whose patriotism the same has been confided by the Constitution and the laws, to wit: to the executive and the Congress. But to the novel and ex-

NOTE.—It has been asserted frequently of late that the policy of expansion is not only imprudent, but it is in opposition to the organic law of the land. In rebuttal of this we have secured the opinion of Dr. Briggs, one of the legal lights of the Catholic University of America, and present the same herewith.—ED. CATHOLIC WORLD.

traordinary legal theses invoked against the ratification of the treaty of peace proposed by the President of the United States of America, by virtue of the initiative to him committed by the Constitution, we feel impelled, by a sense of duty towards those whose legal education is in part committed to our care, to offer some few words of earnest criticism.

To start with, it is asserted and reiterated that, inasmuch as the joint resolution authorizing and directing the President to intervene by force of arms in Cuba expressed, in terms, the object of that intervention to be the removal of Spanish sovereignty from the Island of Cuba; and, since the act of Congress declaring war was in line with the terms of the intervention resolution, the President, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, had no constitutional power to wage war beyond the point of compelling the evacuation of Cuba, or to so enlarge the scope of the war as to make the cession of any other Spanish territory a condition precedent of peace with Spain. The writer has yet to see a shred of argument advanced, or the citation of a single authority made, in support of this thesis, its entire force lying in dogmatic assertion, *sans* argument, *sans* authority, *sans* anything save *fiat*. What is the law of the case? what the proposition?

THE PRESIDENT'S PLENARY POWER.

In political science the war power, as the treaty-making power, is *executive* and not legislative power; and the Constitution of the land expressly declares, Art. II., sec. 1: "The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America"; and, Art. II., sec. 2: "The President shall be commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States, when called into the actual service of the United States"; and again, in the same section: "He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the senators present concur." True, the executive war power of political science is, by the same instrument, Art. I., sec. 8, partly delegated to Congress, just as the executive treaty-making power is partly delegated to the Senate; but how far? The language is: "The Congress shall have power" . . . "to *declare* war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water." (The italics are the writer's.) Now, if it be true that the war and treaty-making powers are by political science executive and not legislative functions, since the executive power is vested

by the Constitution in the President, whom it also makes commander-in-chief of the army and navy, it follows that the plenitude thereof, save as, and only so far as above limited, rests with the President, not with Congress or the Senate. This upon the well-established rule of constitutional construction laid down by Justice Story in delivering an opinion in the Supreme Court, that a constitution shall not be so construed as to be made ridiculous. In other words, the Constitution leaves the act of waging war with the executive, where political science places it, confining Congress to its *declaration*; and as to treaties, confines the Senate to *advice, consent, concurrence*, leaving the entire initiative of negotiation with the President. If this doctrine be true, and the writer has yet to see anything stronger than bald assertion to refute it, what becomes of the absurd charge that the President has abused his powers by enlarging the "scope" of the war? The *object* of the war was to turn Spain out of Cuba; its *scope* was such as the President, in the application of his judgment and conscience to his constitutional prerogative, saw fit, as equally with Congress clothed with the *majestas* of "we, the People of the United States," to make and wage it. As a matter of international law, the authorities, from Glenn up through the profound and learned list, are practically a unit in laying down the proposition that "the cause for which a war is commenced is not the limit of the objects or ends of the successful belligerent at the close of hostilities. Victory carries with it certain new rights. The expenses of carrying on a war are extremely large, in money, men, and sacrifices in many other ways. The war itself gives rise to changed conditions, so that to limit the victorious state to the accomplishment of the exact purpose named at the commencement of hostilities may not give a sufficient guaranty that peace can be maintained in the future."

It is cheerfully admitted that the principles of our free Republic do not admit of our waging war for purposes of conquest, and thanks be to God that this is so; but this does not inhibit the executive from demanding the cession of territory as the condition of peace, that our citizens may be indemnified for the losses they have sustained, and that our government may be reimbursed for the expenses of the war; and beyond this, we have the same international right as any other sovereign state to acquire territory by conquest, by treaty, and by cession.

THE UTTERANCES OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Prescinding from assertion and argument, and invoking the

potent voice of authority, let us compare certain utterances of the Supreme Court of the United States with the principles above laid down. In the case of *Fleming vs. Page*, 50 U. S. 615, the court says: "A war, therefore, declared by Congress, cannot be presumed to be waged for the purpose of conquest or the acquisition of territory; nor does the law declaring war imply an authority to the President to enlarge the limits of the United States by subjugating the enemy's country. The United States, it is true, may extend its boundaries by conquest or treaty, and may demand the cession of territory as the condition of peace, in order to indemnify its citizens for the injuries they have suffered, or to reimburse the government for the expenses of the war. But this can be done only by the treaty-making power or the legislative authority, and it is not a part of the authority conferred upon the President by the declaration of war. His duty and his powers are purely military. . . . He may invade the hostile country and subject it to the sovereignty and authority of the United States. But his conquests do not enlarge the boundaries of this Union, nor extend the operation of our institutions and laws beyond the limits before assigned to them by the legislative power."

In the case of the *Mormon Church vs. The United States*, 136 U. S. 1, the court says: "The power to acquire territory, other than the territory north-west of the Ohio River (which belonged to the United States at the adoption of the Constitution), is derived from the treaty-making power, and the power to declare and carry on war. The incidents of these powers are those of national sovereignty, and belong to all independent governments. The power to make acquisitions of territory by conquest, by treaty, and by cession is an incident of national sovereignty."

And so, by the voice of supreme authority, the thesis that the President had no constitutional right to wage more war than sufficed to expel Spain from Cuba, or to demand the cession of Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines, as a condition of peace, is rent "from turret to foundation stone."

THE "OPEN DOOR" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

This brings us to the second thesis of the opponents of the treaty, which is: "It is contrary to the supreme law of the land to stipulate in the treaty a guaranty of the 'open door' in the Philippines, because the Constitution says, Art. I., sec. 8: 'All duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States.'"

This thesis we hold to be, if possible, more untenable than the former, involving, as it does, not only a false conception of the terminology of the Constitution itself, but a failure to comprehend the difference between grants of limited and of plenary powers. Here, fortunately for the patience of the reader, the language of the Supreme Court itself more than suffices to exploit the theory advanced.

There is a vast difference underlying the terminology of the Constitution in the use of the words, "United States of America," as applied to our entire geographical dominion, and the words "United States," as referring to a political entity. When the Constitution speaks of the "United States of America," in the territorial sense, it includes all the portions of the earth's surface, land and water, subject to our sovereignty and covered by the flag; when it speaks of the United States as a political entity, it means that *union* of co-equal and interdependent *States* in which alone the larger political unit, the "Bundesstaat," exists; and this totally irrespective of any geographical possessions belonging to the Union, beyond seas or within our home "ring fence" lying outside and beyond the geographical limits of the States comprising the "Bund." In other words, the constitutional provision securing uniformity of duties, imposts, and excises throughout the United States means, and was intended to mean, simply that the same shall always be alike in all the States, and between the States comprised in the Union; and in nowise conflicts with or trenches upon the plenary power granted to Congress, Art. IV., sec. 3, "to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property *belonging to* the United States. (*Italics are the writer's.*) If there were any reasonable doubt of this, the language of the Supreme Court in the case of *Texas vs. White*, 7 Wall. 721, defining the meaning of the political entity "The United States," combined with the subjoined short quotation from Lalor's *Encyclopædia of Political Science*, would solve the difficulty. Lack of space prevents quoting the language of the court in *Texas vs. White*, the policy of the "open door" being amply provided for in another case; but the language of Lalor, showing the conditions existing at the time the Constitution was adopted, against the evils of which the "Articles of Confederation" of the previously existing "Staatenbund" were inefficient, is apposite and instructive. Speaking of the conditions existing subsequent to the peace and prior to the Constitution, Lalor says: "On the return of peace, while still maintaining the form of a confederacy, the States, no longer

united by a common danger, became, to a great extent, independent, and each managed its concerns with little regard to the interests of the others. Massachusetts had a navigation act, and levied impost duties, and other States followed her example. The restrictions and prohibitions imposed on American commerce were vexatious and destructive." To state the case in other words: Massachusetts, followed by other States, had interposed against interstate commerce the "closed door" of a restrictive and prohibitive tariff; and it was to afford a remedy for this "intolerable condition" that the constitutional limitation, "but all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States," was enacted. Again prescinding from assertion and argument, and employing the authoritative language of the Supreme Court, so far from finding anything to inhibit the grant to Spain of equal trade and tariff privileges in the Philippines, or to preclude us from applying there the policy of the "open door" to the fullest extent, we observe the court lay down and establish the following propositions, viz.:

THREE PROPOSITIONS OF CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

(1) That the treaty-making power, the President with the "advice and consent" of the Senate, in providing for the acquisition of territory by cession, may, in its discretion, grant to foreign states and citizens the same tariff and trade privileges within the bounds of such territory as are accorded to our own citizens; that this was actually done on the acquisition of Louisiana from France, Florida from Spain, and California, New Mexico, etc., from Mexico, and that the uniform practice of the political departments of the government in this regard has always been upheld by the courts.

(2) That enemy's country, acquired by conquest, does not become territory of the United States, as to our own internal organization, until its acquisition is confirmed by treaty or by legislative action of Congress; that, in the meantime, and until such action is taken, it remains foreign territory, as to our municipal institutions, but as to foreign states, is territory under the exclusive sovereignty of the United States, to be governed, as to property and the territorial inhabitants, by the President; and in conformity with its former municipal law, together with such regulations as the President may prescribe.

(3) That foreign territory, acquired by conquest or cession, even after it has actually become *territory of the United States of America*, by treaty or by act of Congress, still remains

foreign territory as to the Revenue Laws of the United States, and can only be included within them by an explicit *Lex*, passed by Congress for that purpose, in the exercise of its plenary power over the territory.

Those three propositions of constitutional law are laid down by the Supreme Court in the case of *Fleming vs. Page* above cited; and would *seem*, to say the least, to show the fallacy of the constitutional objection raised against the "open door" clause of the treaty. As to its *policy*, the "statesmen," "senators," and clergymen now have the floor; but the treaty will not fail, for it has behind it the common-sense public opinion of a "strong" if not exactly "turbulent" people.

A COLONIAL POLICY.

The last constitutional thesis urged against the ratification of the treaty is that, under our present Constitution, we cannot acquire territory to be held as a colony, to be governed by Congress at its will and pleasure; but only with a view to its subsequent admission into the Union as a State. Here, at last, there is a *dictum* of the Supreme Court directly in point, to be found in the celebrated case of *Dred Scott vs. Sanford*, 19 How. 393; but that *dictum* was purely *obiter*; not necessary to the decision of the case; not in line with the case of the *American Insurance Company vs. Canter*, 1 Pet. 511, previously decided; and flatly contradicted by the case of the *Mormon Church vs. U. S.*, above cited, decided in 1889, years after the *Dred Scott* case had been overruled by "the legislation of war." It would thus appear that the Supreme Court is not with the constitutional objectors.

As to the last objection, the thesis that, by acquiring territory in the Pacific Ocean, which laves our western border and nowhere touches Europe, it seems brash and trivial. Reduced to a few words, the Monroe Doctrine is that we will neither permit further European acquisitions of American soil, nor European oppression of American states; and that we will abstain from intermeddling in the quarrels of *Europe*.

It nowhere commits us, explicitly or implicitly, to remain shivering upon the shores of the Pacific Ocean, or to surrender *Asiatic* trade to Europe. We were the first power to establish the "open door" of trade in Asia; and, "standing with reluctant feet, where the brook and river meet," we will be the last to abandon it. If, for this, we need to keep the Philippines, the Philippines we *will* keep.

HYMNS TO ST. AGNES.

THE praises of the young Roman maiden and martyr, Agnes, have been a theme for the highest classic poetry. The poems printed herewith are taken from the Paris Breviary, and are from the pen of Charles Coffin, who was born near Rheims in the year 1677. He was elected Rector of the University of Paris in 1718 and died in 1749. The Paris Breviary was published in 1736 and many of the new hymns are of his composition.

The beautiful hymns to St. Agnes are now for the first time done into English. St. Agnes, whose feast the church celebrates on the 21st of the current month, has been honored as a type of character which reflects the highest spiritual purity in the midst of the allurements of wealth and noble birth in a degraded social order. She was a grain of gold shining in the midst of pagan corruption.

The translations have been made by a noted Redemptorist missionary.
EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD.

AD MATUTINUM.

NON stat firma satis tutaque virtus,
Quæ non est variis acta procellis;
Dum sævi quatitur turbine venti,
Hinc discit tumidos vincere fluctus.

Infanti teneræ forma fidesque
Diversi generis suscitât hostes;
Tentat blanditiis ardor amantum;
Terret suppliciis ira Tyranni.

Hostem fortis amor vincet utrumque,
Alter spondet spes, spondet honores;
Sponsi sed placuit cui decor Agni,
Hinc terrena placet nulla voluntas.

Alter sacrilegas trudit ad aras,
Intentatque minas, verbera, mortem;

Sed tormenta tibi quot nova promit,

Tot nectit capiti, Virgo, coronas.

Durat supplicium magus; honori
(Quid non impietas, iraque suadent?)
Probrum virgineo turpe paratur,
Quod toto redimat sanguine virgo.

AT MATINS.

No virtue is or safe or strong,
Unless by various storm-blasts tried;
When fiercely buffeted and long,
It learns o'er swelling waves to ride.

Her features and her faith excite
Against a child of infant years,
Foes many; tyrants in their might
And suitors strive to rouse her fears.

Her strong love both these foes o'ercame;
One raised her hopes; one promised state.
No earthly pleasures can inflame
A heart which Lamb's charms captivate.

On to the sacrilegious shrine
They drive her; threats, blows, death in
vain

Are tried. Fair maid! what crowns they
twine

To deck thy brow, by each new pain!

What will not wicked anger dare?
One punishment is wanting more;
Dishonor, for her, they prepare.
By blood she'll be its conqueror.

Eheu ! quid faceret ? lumina cœlo
Attollitque manus ; flammea victrix
Frangit tela fides ; seque libido
Calcatam propria frendet in arce.

Sit laus Ingenito summa Parenti ;
Sit par Unigenæ gloria Nato ;
Quo sexus fragilis dante triumphat,
Amborum simili laus sit Amori.

AD PRIMAS VESPERAS.

Humana quid non pectora, si faves
O Christe, possunt ? Auspice te, truces
Imbellis iras, atque dulces
Illecebras superat puella.

Infirma mundi scilicet eligis,

Ut conterantur fortia ; nobilis
Hinc venit Agneti cruentas
Mille neces domitura virtus.

Formæ decorem pulchrior aspici,
Vincebat oris virgineus pudor ;
Primisque pectus quæ tenellum
Imbuerat pietas ab annis.

Contenta Sponso, quem sibi destinat,
Placere Christo, se latebris tegit ;
Timetque mortales caduca
Ne species oculos moretur.

Prodit latentem fama tamen ; proci
Arsere plures ; multa sibi nurum
Aptavit, et flagrante mater
Quæsiit ambitiosa voto.

Ast illa, sancti propositi tenax,
Preces amantum respuat ; et Tibi
Se, Christe, totam peretat uni
Perpetuo sociare pacto.

Laus summa Patri, summaque Filio ;
Sit Sancte compar laus Tibi, Spiritus,
Quo flante puras caritatis
Concipiunt pia corda flammæ.

What *can* she ? Eyes and hands as well
She raised, victorious o'er the fire,
By faith ; whilst on its citadel,
Baffled and wild, sat Foul Desire.

Praise to the Unborn Parent High ;
Praise to the One Begotten Son ;
Praise to the Love of each One, by
Whose strength the frail sex crowns
hath won.

AT FIRST VESPERS.

What will not human hearts endure
If thou, O Christ, giv'st help ? A maid
Unarmed o'ercomes whate'er can lure,
And cruel anger, by thine aid.

Earth's weakness thou dost choose, in
truth,

To crush the strong. Hence noble power
To Agnes comes, who scorned, in youth,
A thousand threats to make her cower.

Her feature's virgin modesty
And piety which, in her breast,
Had dwelt from tend'rest infancy,
Surpassed her outward fairness best.

Content her chosen Spouse to please
Herself she hid in secret nook,
Lest perishable beauty seize
In bondage eyes that on her look.

Yet fame the hidden one betrayed
And many wooers ardent glowed ;
Whilst nurse and mother, too, essayed
To hold her back by cares bestowed.

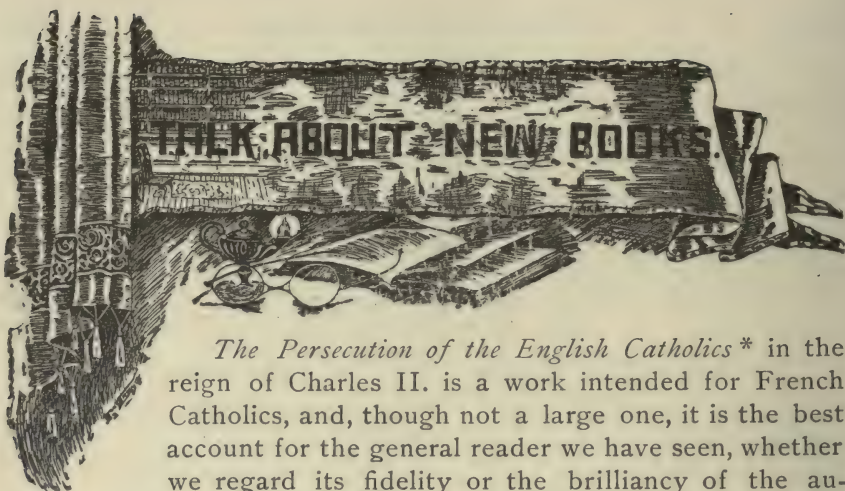
But, firm in holy purpose, she
Rejected lover's pleadings fond ;
Wishing with Christ alone to be
United by perpetual bond.

Praise to the Father and the Son ;
Praise equal to the Holy Ghost,
By whose inspiring breath upon
Men's hearts, love's flames are kindled
most.

September, 1894.

T. S., C.S.S.R.

NOTE.—Hymni sacri auctore Carolo Coffin Ant. Universitatis Parisiensis Rectore Collegii
Dormana-Bellovacii. Gymnasiarcha. 1736.



The Persecution of the English Catholics * in the reign of Charles II. is a work intended for French Catholics, and, though not a large one, it is the best account for the general reader we have seen, whether we regard its fidelity or the brilliancy of the author's manner. The sketches of character are bold and striking, but without any sign of being labored. We notice this particularly in the case of Titus Oates. It is seldom we have seen a picture of his moral qualities separated from one of his personal appearance. We shall give the reader what Madame de Courson says of him: "Shaftesbury wanted an instrument to aid his design of destroying the Catholics by involving them in a plot, and this instrument he found in Titus Oates. Oates' father was at one time an Anabaptist minister, at another time a minister in the English Church. His son followed the same path. At the close of his course in Cambridge he took orders in the Established Church, but his misconduct caused his expulsion from one appointment after another. In the long reaches of history men appear whose baseness is without a single redeeming quality. They are the monsters of the moral world whose existence terrifies us. . . . Such an one was Titus Oates, a hypocrite with an imagination fearfully fertile, who brought to the ruin of his victims hatred served by an untiring will."

Very interesting are her little details of the secret places in manor and farm-house where priests lay concealed, and the sacred vessels and vestments were hidden. One or two words and we enter a *cachette* in the thickness of the walls. At Lydiat Hall in Lancashire, in 1863, one was discovered in which were the remains of a meal. In the same house is preserved a pewter chalice lined with silver gilt—a souvenir of those evil days. In a farm-house of the neighborhood there was another hiding-place. In it were a chair and a Book of the Hours. In the

* *La Persécution des Catholiques en Angleterre.* Par la Comtesse de Courson. Paris: Firmin Didot et Cie.

house of the Throckmortons there were several hiding-places, in one of which the discoverers came upon an altar-stone. Under the roof of Sawston Hall, the seat of the Huddlestons, the hiding-place was large enough to contain a chair and table. This was, however, rare, and the hunted priests must have served a hard penance during days, nights, even months, in such refuges. They were seldom visited by their hosts, lest attention should be attracted; no unlikely thing, for the hunting of priests was carried on with as much vigor in the reign of Charles II. as in that of Elizabeth. Twenty livres (one hundred dollars) for a secular priest's arrest, five hundred dollars for that of a Jesuit, were fairly stimulating prizes to the hunters. We part with this book with regret. Madame de Courson has placed Catholics under a deep obligation in telling so much of the story of their predecessors, and telling it so well. It is with perfect truth she declares that it is impossible to see more clearly than in the events of which she treats the lengths of cruelty and injustice to which religious fanaticism can urge a people. In these acts the grotesque and the horrible are in rivalry. One would know not where to turn were it not that "above the dark abyss shine examples of heroism to sustain and inspire the soul." We hope soon to see an English translation of this admirable book.

Oxford Conferences, by Joseph Rickaby, S.J.*—There are eight conferences in this little volume, delivered by Father Rickaby at Oxford during the Lent term of 1898. One is on the word "proselytism," a sufficiently learned talk about the use and abuse of the word. There is a suggestive conference on witchcraft which we think will repay the reader; not, however, for instances of witchcraft, for there are none given, but because the matter is treated so as to serve as an example of what he calls "the subjective method of proof." The conferences are all directed to impress upon the hearers the principle of dogmatic religion. Prepared for young men who are to take a leading place in Catholic society, they must be useful to American Catholics in close intercourse with non-Catholics, for they will help to preserve clear and well-defined opinions on those questions about which they might become lax from such intercourse. In the two which are named, respectively, "Four London Professors" (the fourth) and "Three most London Professors" (the fifth), there is a good deal of

* London: Burns & Oates; New York: Bengizer Bros.

humor mingled with the wisdom with which he treats the title to be listened to of those who deny that God has spoken to man. He follows out the subject by the aid of what St. Ignatius calls "a composition of place," and the names of the seven professors of an imaginary university suggest their departments in the branches of rationalistic culture. As he himself says, they remind one of the names of the members of the Barebones Parliament. Ridicule is a legitimate weapon when used within the limits of good breeding, and Father Rickaby never passes them. A good specimen of his manner is the report of his conversation with Mr. No-Suspension-of-Critical-Faculties, whose position, as one might infer, is that the critical faculties are paramount; and that a man's inalienable privilege is to judge for himself in all things. It is a little awkward, undoubtedly, that in actual life people are continually called upon for a suspension of their critical faculties, but for the gentlemen of the Higher Criticism this goes for nothing. We suppose men are wrong in consulting lawyers on matters of law, and doctors about their ailments. We fear the fools will do so to the end, in spite of the inalienable privilege to judge for themselves in all things.

Antigone and other Portraits of Women, by Paul Bourget.*—There are in all six sketches of women whom the writer has met in his travels,—the characteristics of the women supposed to be revealed by the circumstances under which he saw them. They are taken from life, he first implies with the force of suggestion which is barely short of direct statement. As a man without saying a word may act in such a manner as to tell you that A is B, so M. Bourget, in his little preface, asks us to believe that as he looks over manuscript volumes of his travels innumerable human silhouettes take life for him across the pages—the faces of women seen for a week, a day, an hour, the romance of whose lives he divined (or perhaps imagined, he adds) from some sudden incident of travel. Then he tells us positively that these sketches, to which he has given the common title of *Voyageuses*, are portraits of women he had met casually; for once they crossed his path, never again to meet him. Except for the setting, there is nothing to recommend the portraits. A circumstance is well presented, a view of sea or land is before us as the scene stood in his imagination, whether it be the island of Corfu or the coast around as the boat goes

* New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

out from Toulon, or the wastes seen from the window of a railway carriage on the line from Dublin to Galway; but we cannot discover in the women spoken of any life, any reality but that of the writer's words. There are incidents in the first sketch, "Antigone," which are really interesting, and better than these are traits of character leading the imagination to the desired point. This is a revelation of character worked out with consummate skill, but the traits are not in the sketch of the "voyageuse," but in those of the deceived Cypriote, the conscienceless Frenchman. Antigone's belief in the clay-footed idol, her brother, has perhaps a thousand counterparts in real life, but it has no more connection with what, for want of a better term, we call the sub-tragic interest of the piece than if she had not appeared at all. It may be the plausible explanation of the old Cypriote's magnanimity in not exposing her brother, but if the conception of the former's character which the writer had formed was dramatically true, there was no necessity to use it as a determining influence. "Two Married Couples" is clever, but if it be a picture of American civilization there is every reason to dread some terrible calamity. From that sketch it would appear as though American society has become rotten while yet unripe. There is what purports to be an experience in Ireland on which we can hardly congratulate the writer for his perception of the qualities of the people. He could have obtained his estimate of them from the *Times*, as he could have taken his view of a first-class Dublin hotel from Thackeray. He was driven to the park "almost the day after" the murder of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke. This it appears was in the month of July, but in that other kind of romance called exact history the murder took place on the 6th of May. In the sketch called "La Pia" M. Bourget displays all his powers, which are undoubtedly of a high order; but we think it would have been in better taste not to use the term Apocrypha for the deuterocanonical books; and indeed somewhat more than better taste, better knowledge. He does not seem to be as well informed as the High-Church Protestants of the seventeenth century in England, who spoke of those books reverentially as the "holy" Apocrypha—sad compromise between their respect for antiquity and their dread of the thorough-going innovators.

In the San Juan, by Rev. J. J. Gibbons.—This little book contains twelve chapters. It is entitled sketches, and each chapter is a sketch of adventures and experiences of a priest

in Colorado whose parish was as large as a dozen German principalities of the days before Prussian hegemony. The author has an energetic style, he tells his personal adventures with animation, and though his descriptions of the scenery in which he experienced them are somewhat marred by a fondness for epithets, they are by no means without effect. It requires exceptional skill when giving a picture of savage mountains, their defiles and torrents, to produce upon the mind the impression of the sublime. There is always the danger of lapsing into the melodramatic; and when this happens the reader only hears the noise of stage machinery, instead of the thunder of the mountain when snow-slides go down. The work of a missionary priest in such regions demands a courage, devotion, and physical strength of no common kind. At a moment's notice he is summoned to attend a dying man fifty miles away, and to reach him must accomplish a journey attended with as much danger as crossing the Alps in ancient times. A false step, the missing a narrow track obscured by a recent fall of snow, and horse and rider go down a couple of thousand feet. Living amid those scenes, it would seem, has for the most part an elevating effect on character. The miners are bold, fair-minded men with a dash of recklessness, but a sense of religion too. This is notably the case with Catholics, but it is not confined to them. The greatness of the works of God and the littleness of man, his powerlessness in the midst of them, cast upon the spirit a certain solidity and seriousness; and these seem largely to be characteristic of the miner and the fixed dweller in the Colorado mountains. It is true when the miners descend to the towns for a short time they behave very much like soldiers on furlough after a campaign in which there had been much plunder, or sailors with leave of absence and pockets filled with prize-money; but there is the difference between the first and the soldier and sailor that there is between the temporary recklessness of subjective compensation and the folly of improvidence, aimless and characterless, which so often mark the soldier and almost always the sailor.

And these miners and mountain-men are frequently so pervaded by the sense of religion, they like to serve the altar, to take care of the vestments, to make things ready for the coming of the priest to celebrate the Holy Mass, to hear confessions, to administer the Holy Sacrament. When he comes they throng to be present, and with them strong, earnest men not of the household, but possibly sooner or later to be.

Some very narrow escapes of himself and others, when passing from place to place, are cleverly described by Father Gibbons; he has to tell of fatal accidents, and he startles you; he gives one or two examples of the kind flippantly called shocking, and you fear there is a too Pelion-on-Ossa-like piling on of the agony. The book is, for all we have said, an interesting and instructive one.

It is good to know that a people's *vade mecum*, as Father Klauder's *Catholic Practice** might well be called, has met with so hearty a reception by the book-buying public. After all, priests and people are keen to recognize a good thing when they see it. There is a kind of medicine which has undoubtedly some curative properties, and is being very extensively advertised nowadays because it is owned by an advertising agency. It combines eight or ten of the staple specifics, and it is a rare malady that some of these will not strike. One might call this "shot-gun doctoring." Aim it anywhere near a disease, it is sure to hit. But the point we want to make is, it is good to have a handy little manual which will contain instructions for one in all his religious duties. We have looked through Father Klauder's book, and find it accurate and ample in detail as well as practical and simple in statement. It is a fault of book-making not to state where a book sells. This book is printed at the Angel Guardian Press, Boston; but who publishes it? We are quite sure that many priests would be glad to use the book in quantities, but it is not evident where it can be obtained. This is one difficulty in attempting to do away with the regular publishers.

In his academic retreat at the Catholic University of Washington Mr. Egan still finds opportunity to gratify old friends by an occasional publication. How thankful we are that his ambitions are not centred exclusively on comparative philology, history of authors, philosophy of style, and kindred topics magnificent enough for the curriculum of a great university.

At present we welcome these two new books† as especially suitable for the new generation that is being drilled in the study of distinctively Catholic literature. The first work mentioned above will afford our lively boys all the excitement and

* *Catholic Practice at Church and at Home*. The Parishioner's Little Rule Book: A guide for Catholics in the external practice of their religion. By Alexander L. A. Klauder.

† *In a Brazilian Forest, and Three Brave Boys. The Leopard of Lancianus, and other Stories*. By Maurice Francis Egan. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

adventure they could ask for. We can smile at their enthusiastic study of camps, and brigands, and rifle-wounds, secure in the consciousness that they will finish their reading uncontaminated by vulgarity or sensational silliness.

The second volume—made up of short stories—likewise is sure to afford safe and instructive recreation for our young readers. We note with joy that reports from Washington tell of efforts on Mr. Egan's part—successful ones, too—toward stirring up love of composition and literary ambition in his disciples. The books before us will give an idea of what is needed, and many a youth's magazine will supply an outlet for aspiring genius.

Mrs. Markham's Nieces is a story particularly suited for converts,* and most particularly for converts—or eligibles—of English birth and sympathies. It is quiet, unexaggerated, not grave enough to be heavy, not light enough to be frivolous. What is good about it is, that it views Calvinism through eyes accustomed to viewing that subject. Shall we be forgiven by the lady if we say there is a little excess in the use of foreign phrases?—the slight attempt at French accent might be omitted without doing any harm. On page 101, line 4, there is a misprint.

The name of the author of *Winchester* † will doubtless attract many a reader who has been charmed by other work of his in magazine and lecture hall. They will find the story a simple tale of thrilling interest, well written, of course, in the quaint old English of the time, but with rather too gruesome an ending. A pleasant story for the reading of old and young, the book would nevertheless have had greater hold upon New-Yorkers had the writer worked more carefully upon topography and local coloring. Like so many of our books, too, this would be more acceptable at a lower price.

It is a pity that the author of *A Corner of Spain* ‡ was not in good health when her book of travel was written. It abounds in the appreciation so necessary to extract from a journey in strange lands the flavor of its people, its scenery, and its enjoyments.

* *Mrs. Markham's Nieces*. By Francis I. Kershaw. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Westchester: A Tale of the Revolution*. By Henry Austin Adams, M.A. St. Louis: B. Herder.

‡ *A Corner of Spain*. By Miriam Coles Harris. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

There is cast over the book, in spite of the bits of humor which the author occasionally displays, a sombreness of impression that without doubt is due to the partially invalid state of the traveller. If these same scenes could have been viewed in a condition of bounding health the descriptions would dance from cover to cover. As it is, there is so much to enjoy, so much to learn, and so much to desire outlined in these pages, that whatever its drawbacks they are small compared to the many charms presented. It is a book especially appropriate to the aftermath period of the war with Spain just concluded, inasmuch as it portrays many aspects of Spanish character highly admirable and not at all credited in the United States at present. It is a book to be loaned to your doubting friend who thinks the Spanish a partly barbarous and wholly unlovable people. In this regard it is a pity that the author falls into the prevailing Anglo-Saxon habit of patronizing and pitying the frugal-living races of whatever creed—which habit of condescending comment partly spoils the general tone of praise which she expresses in nearly every page of the book. Despite this, the sterling virtue and hospitality of the Spaniard shine out finely, and the Catholic Church, wherever the author regards it, has more beauty and love than she can find expressions to convey. This is a good book to circulate, to increase especially the respect which Americans should have, but have not, for the Catholic religion in old Andalusia.

The thread of the story carries the reader through a disagreeable and stormy voyage from New York to Gibraltar; thence into the soft airs of Malaga, where, as the author shows, the famous Malaga grapes are *not* grown—though the destruction of this household tradition is more than compensated for by the knowledge of Malaga's balmy climate, which only varies five degrees in eight months of the year. The writer, who was an Anglican when the volume was written—though since has become a Catholic—gives so sympathetic a description of Spanish convent life in chapter v. that her Catholic tendencies seem already full blown. A coach ride and short sojourn in the Malaga mountains is one of the strongest dramatic touches of the book, and reminds one of frontier sketches in the early days of our own country. In this chapter she describes the rough mountaineers in the following words, which deserve wide circulation in America: "I shall always think our prejudice against the Spanish is based on their physical differences from us. We dislike them for their complexion, which is swarthy,

and for their features, which are forbidding. They are the *kindest* people in the world; and as honest as, *nous autres*. I have never been cheated by a tradesman in Spain, I have never been uncivilly treated by one."

I.—A JESUIT POET.*

Father Barraud possesses a good deal of the poet's art and something of the poet's spirit. The first lay of the book is "Joubert's Banquet," and it opens the ball so well that we gave ourselves up to the anticipation of an hour's revelry in fairy-land. To some extent we were disappointed. The six lays of the Knights are upon the whole good; they are succeeded by four "Lays of Greece." These too are good; and next we have sonnets. There is a temptation to try this species of verse. The restriction of the rules governing the sonnet are favorable to condensation; but, on the other hand, when we see one we look for excellence. We do not get this always in Father Barraud's sonnets; we see how much they are wanting in the sweetness, harmony, and strength of Shakspeare's and Coleridge's. Byron, with a power expressly adapted to this species of composition, seems, from what we have heard, to have avoided it from an experience of the difficulty of satisfying critical demands. His sonnet of Chillon is very fine; but though we cannot call it an accidental hit, its existence is suggestive of the trial expressed by "sufficient for the day."

"Joubert's Banquet," though we admire it, is marred by the length to which actions and incidents are drawn out that ought to be disposed of in a line or so. Take "Chevy Chase" as the model of the ballad, and we see the difference. In the admirable "Lays of Ancient Rome," by Macaulay, there is something of the defect we have pointed out in "Joubert's Banquet," and the other ballads in the book before us. It would seem as if Macaulay and Father Barraud found themselves hard pressed for a rhyme, and to find it they led us into a jungle of words. This was the fault attributed, rather unjustly, to poor Keats by "the savage and tartarly"† that killed him.

We have the attack upon the fortress in which Joubert was

* *Lays of the Knights*. By Clement William Barraud, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† Who killed John Keats?

"I," said the "Quarterly,"

Savage and tartarly—

"I killed John Keats!"

dying of his wounds, the assault on one day similar to that upon another during a fortnight. We are told with propriety that for

“Two long weeks they held the fortress
As a lion holds his lair”;

but the effect is spoiled by the next couplet, which is surplusage when a new incident is not introduced to give vivid perception. It is as follows:

“Sallied thrice on their assailants,
Daring all that men could dare.”

We were already aware they had been “daring all that men could dare,” and the three sallies might be in keeping if it were an historical narrative; but coming in a ballad at a point where the imagination is waiting for a stroke that finishes the matter there and then, or sets it ablaze with some unlooked-for deed of heroism, it seems very weak. The fight goes on, however.

“But the odds were all against them,
And those gaping, tottering walls
Rocked and swayed as if to crush them
‘Neath the shock of ponderous balls.”

What are we to say to this last line? What to the second? Suppose we say, that once upon a time a poet submitted his blank verse for the opinion of a friend. “Can you not turn it into rhyme?” the friend asked. “Certainly,” was the reply; and having done so, showed the rhymed version. “Ha! now,” said the critic, “this is something: it is now rhyme; before it was neither rhyme nor reason.” The defenders were to be crushed by the walls, not “as if,” but really; and the last line is obviously written for the rhyme. “Rocked and swayed ‘neath the shock of ponderous balls” is the uninterrupted thought. Why should not the result have been left to the reader’s fancy? “Germans are honest men,” said mine host of the Garter, but he was mistaken. Does Father Barraud distrust the intelligence of his readers?

Among the miscellaneous poems are some which will entitle the writer to a good place among “the minor poets.” This is no slight praise when we understand that so few are reckoned great poets. “Coventry Bells” has a touch of the grace of Tennyson’s shorter poems, and he handles hexameters successfully in verses dedicated to the memory of Pius IX. There is

a clever turn of humor and a rhythmical readiness of expression in "The Building of Stonyhurst" which reminds us of Mortimer Collins, but we shall not say what the quatrain called "Napoleon" recalls to us. It is forcible, however. "Never" and "Onward," though possessing merit, ought not to have been written until "Break! break! break!" ceases to be sighed over by tame cats of the Protestant divinity species and the girl graduates that affect them—we use "affect" in Shakspeare's sense. We, for all that, recognize in Father Barraud an accomplished scholar, and, if not a dweller in the sacred grove, a hearer of its mysteries.

2.—LEGAL FORMULARIES.*

In our opinion the principal title of the book before us should have been secondary, for the "legal formulary" is the smaller and relatively the least important part of the work.

From what has just been said we do not wish to be understood as underrating the value of precise legal forms, the correct use of which is most pertinent for an exact understanding of the canonical relations of the subject with the superior, and for a clear apprehension of the extent and limitations of canonical jurisdiction and power.

There can be no doubt that much misunderstanding, and consequently the possibility of much litigation, will be removed by a knowledge and use of the "legal formulary."

But Father Baart's work is something more than a compilation of legal forms. It is, in fact, a series of concise treatises on points of canon law. And it is in this—the unannounced and hence the unexpected—that the book pleases us most. It is an addition—and additions in this matter are desirable—to the literature of the subject in its particular application to existing conditions in this country.

The work is divided into three parts, treating respectively of the diocese and of the rights and duties of the officials thereof; of the parish and its administration in things spiritual and temporal; and of justice in the exercise of discipline according to canonical procedure.

It is not our purpose to do more than direct our readers'

* *Legal Formulary; or, A Collection of Forms to be used in the Exercise of Voluntary and Contentious Jurisdiction.* To which is added an epitome of the Laws, Decisions, and Instructions pertaining thereto. By the Rev. Peter A. Baart, A.M., S.T.L., etc. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

attention to the general topics discussed by Father Baart, as we believe that there is enough of importance and of interest in the subject matter existing to make the book well worth reading and studying, particularly in the second part, where the status of the parish in this country is considered.

Father Baart will hardly find a single bishop, however, in agreement with him in his contention that all requisite conditions, save the perpetuity of the cure of souls, are present for the erection of canonical parishes amongst us, and hence, if we understand him correctly, that they exist as a fact.

Even where the legislation of provincial synods seems to confirm his theory—for example, in San Francisco—as a fact the parishes are not there regarded as canonically erected either by the ordinary or by the rectors themselves, who neither assume the duties of parish priests—using the words in a strict sense—nor enjoy the jurisdiction of such. Although the “*tametsi*” has been published there, the presence of any priest of the diocese suffices for the validity of marriage, the bishop being in this respect a parish priest, and his clergy—rectors and assistants—his curates.

Again, with regard to the paschal Communion, the fact is that while a custom prevails, and is insisted upon in virtue of a synodal regulation, that the parish church is the proper church in which the Easter Communion should be received, still this is but a custom and is only a matter of regulation and good order, and nothing more.

We have said enough, we think, to show how interesting a book Father Baart has contributed to the department of canon law in this latest work of his.

3.—A PASSIONIST POET.*

This beautiful azure-and-gold-bound volume, the heart-wreath of a true Knight of Our Lady, is filled with devotional poems that are more easily read than described. Their perfect and polished versification appeals to the intellect. Their heart-chords of love set the human part of one's nature vibrating, and their pure, heavenly, daring aspirations lift the soul to a nearness to heaven, where the Queen of his song dwells. Father

* *Marie Corolla: A Wreath for Our Lady.* By Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C.P. New York: Benziger Bros.

Edmund has told *his* story, too, in the pages of his *Mariæ Corolla*. They are the poems of his early days of conversion and fervor, of his young priesthood and earlier mission-life, and the warmth and glow of youth and chivalrous thought are impressed on every page.

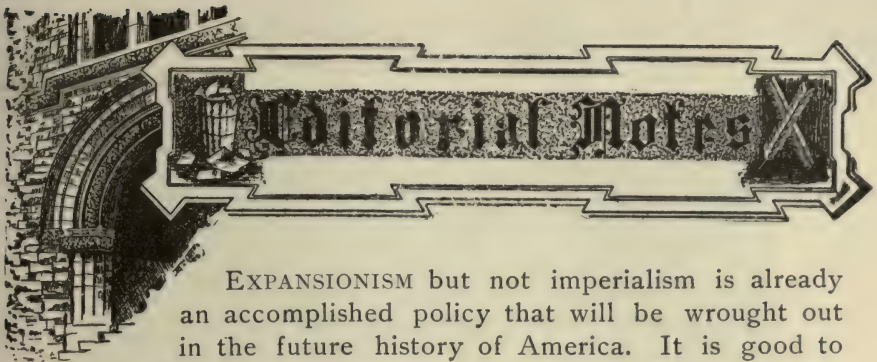
Some of the verses are the cry of the lover to his first love, and when we realize who this radiant Being is, we are stirred in our coldness and drift into the writer's fervor. What could be more beautiful than the lines in "*Super omnes Speciosa*":

"To set the music of thy face
To earthly measure, were to give
Th' informing soul—and make it live
As there—*God's uttermost of grace.*"

Another poem to Our Lady, "*To be Forgiven*," is another and beautiful apostrophe. The same may be said of "*Ideal—Real*" and "*A Lesson*." The word-pictures as well as the melodious songs in "*The Espousals of Our Lady*" have a dramatic ring that is delightful. The latter part of the book is for the most part composed of longer poems which, while finely chiselled and rounded, do not go to the heart as do those contained in the first eighty-four pages. All through, however, there is the one golden thread visible, through the meshes of varied metres—the deep, tender, yet manly heart full of chivalrous, sacred love for the beautiful Mother of God's only Son! We can close our review no better than by quoting Father Edmund's words on page 93, which describe his own thoughts better than could any reader:

"I sing not for the many. Some there are
With ears to hear, and hearts to love the more.
But my ambition's height is, so to sing
That I may one day meet my Lady's smile
And wear a laurel from her own dear hands."

Among the pure of heart, the devout, the gentle, and the lovers of Mary, Father Edmund's new book will be a choice friend.



EXPANSIONISM but not imperialism is already an accomplished policy that will be wrought out in the future history of America. It is good to hear all that the anti-imperialists have to say, for the danger is that "the powers that be," after being gluttoned by success, "may bite off more than they can chew."

There is now a bright future before the church in the Antilles and in the Philippines. The millstone of Spanish domination has been cut away from the neck of the church. She can breathe the free air now, and we may look for a stalwart Catholicity. Given a fair field and no favor, the church will always prosper.

"The baby that has been left on our doorstep" has now been adopted into the family. The papers have been signed and Spanish rights over the Philippines are at an end. The islands need a paternal government until the people are taught self-reliance and self-government. It may take some generations to do so, but as an end to be attained this purpose must be kept steadily in view.

The "open door" is good, but we want a closed door to the marauder, the carpet-bagger, the unscrupulous adventurer, as well as the whisky-seller.

Many of the troubles of France to-day are an inheritance of the days of Gambetta. In spite of his Italian name, Gambetta was partly of Jewish extraction and, as was afterwards demonstrated, he was wholly of Jewish persuasion. Before his death, at a banquet given by the Rothschilds, when heated by wine, it is reported that he said that "The priest is the past, the Jew is the future." At his death it was found that the prefectures of forty-seven out of eighty departments were in the hands of the Jews. Since his death it is impossible to tell how far the army and other branches of the government are dominated by this influence. It does not take a very acute observer to see the long fingers of the money-changers tightening about the throat of the body politic.

CATHOLIC OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

SENIOR LIEUTENANT JOHN F. LUBY, U.S.N.

Lieutenant John F. Luby comes of a family of fighters. He is the second son of Thomas Clarke Luby, of Jersey City, N. J., one of the Fenian exiles and a writer of note on Irish history. Mr. Luby was born in Ireland on July 23, 1859, and came to this country with his parents in 1871. The family resided in New York City for a number of years, and the sons, James and John, entered the College of the City of New York. In 1875 Abram S. Hewitt, then congressman from the Tenth New York District, was given the privilege of filling a vacancy at the Annapolis Naval Academy, and he concluded to have a public competition for the place. The examination was conducted by General Alexander S. Webb, President of the New York College, and Professor Fitzgerald Tisdall. John F. Luby entered into the competition and carried off the prize with high honors. He graduated from the Naval Academy in 1880, and during the following two years he made a cruise with the Asiatic Squadron on board the *Alert*. He was on that vessel when, while off Kobe, she was run into by the Japanese emperor's yacht. Mr. Luby was in his bunk at the time of the collision, and with the rest of the crew instantly ran to his station, not knowing what was the trouble. He found his men already casting loose the guns and shifting them to the sound side of the ship, to "list" her so as to raise the injured side above the water-line. The lieutenant afterwards spoke in the highest terms of commendation of the bravery and promptness with which the American sailors covered their respective posts during the exciting incident, even before their officers could issue the necessary orders. At the end of the Asiatic cruise Mr. Luby was commissioned as ensign and assigned at different times to the European and training squadrons. He was later detailed to hydrographic work and the Coast Survey, and worked for several seasons on the survey of the Gulf coast near New Orleans and in the neighborhood of Newport. He became senior lieutenant



SENIOR LIEUTENANT JOHN F. LUBY, U.S.N.

in 1896. One of his recent assignments to duty was on the battle-ship *Iowa*, then commanded by Captain, now Admiral Sampson. Mr. Luby was one of the original corps of officers of the great ship, assisted in her trial trips, the drilling of her crew, and was in charge of the after turret. He was officer of the deck on the night when her electric steering gear broke down, as told in the newspapers at the time, and it was largely due to his presence of mind that a collision with one of the other ships of the squadron was averted. After he

had been some months on the *Iowa*, Lieutenant Luby was selected to accompany the Nicaragua Canal Commission on its recent visit of exploration. He was chosen for this important duty on account of his hydrographic training and experience in this line of work. The hydrographic party had completed about two-thirds of its work and had nearly completed the delineation of Nicaragua Lake when news was received of the war with Spain. The officers and men of the party at once cabled their request to be recalled for active service. In accord with their request they were ordered home. Upon his arrival, Lieutenant Luby was sent to Norfolk to assist in fitting out the *Yankton*, a steam yacht which is classed as a torpedo-boat destroyer. He was shortly appointed executive officer. The *Yankton* was utilized in maintaining the blockade on the Cuban coast. He has performed the maximum sea duty for a man of his grade, about thirteen years.

At the close of the war Mr. Luby was detached from the *Yankton* and ordered to shore duty in connection with the Training Station at Newport, where he is at present located.



THE LUXURIES OF LIFE IN THE EAST.

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THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY REV. W. A. JONES (AUGUSTINIAN).

 WITH the treaty just concluded at Paris Spain has forfeited the last remnant of that vast colonial empire which for four centuries had extended into two hemispheres. By the irony of fate her disasters have culminated in the loss of the Philippine archipelago, whose conquest was the nation's crowning achievement in the golden era of her renown. When Magellan had roamed over two seas, to plant the banner of Castile and Leon upon these distant shores, the imperialism of Charles V. was at the zenith of its might. His son, Philip II., had effected a permanent settlement in these most remote possessions of the crown twenty-three years before his "Invincible Armada" was shattered by the fury of the English guns and of the Atlantic tides.

It is not too much to say that Spain has in this eastern archipelago accomplished better results than have attended her flag in other colonies. During the three and a half centuries of her sovereignty the native barbarian hordes have been transformed into the most civilized people of the Orient. The great factor in achieving this marvellous transformation has been the Religious Orders, whose labors have of late been so bitterly reviled in the columns of the public press. In the bitterness of the present strife their fair name seems to be the shining mark against which are hurled the shafts of ignorance and prejudice.

The general opprobrium attached to Spain's usual method

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SOCIAL LIFE IN THE LARGER CITIES.

of rule over her colonies prevents men from doing justice to the self-sacrificing labors of these truly apostolic men in civilizing and Christianizing the Filipinos. In the name of justice, we but ask that the services of the Religious Orders in the Philippines be considered apart from whatever verdict may be passed upon Spanish rule in that archipelago.

THE COLONIZATION OF THE PHILIPPINES.

The conquest of the Philippine Islands was pre-eminently a work of the Religious Orders of the Catholic Church. The fatality which attended the two armed expeditions sent thither by the Emperor Charles V. disheartened the Spanish hopes of ever acquiring a permanent hold upon these distant possessions. Besides, the unexplored regions of America, so recently discovered by Columbus, afforded the more suitable territory for Spain to spread her empire. Here, too, the adventurer, in his lust of rule or greed for gold, was lured by the stories of fabulous wealth to be had in the New World.

But while Spain was intent upon pouring her armies over the plains of Mexico and Peru, holy missionaries of that chivalrous country were yearning for an opportunity to carry the Gospel of Christ to the savage tribes inhabiting the Philippines. In their zeal for souls they were not daunted by the perils of

the two seas which separated these benighted people from the shores of Europe. The object appealed powerfully to the religious enthusiasm of the ruling monarch, Philip II., who had ever shown himself an adept in making religion subserve the interests of Spain. He accordingly entered heartily into the plan to provide suitable transport for those who should embark in the enterprise.

Father Andrew de Urdaneta, O.S.A., seemed the providential medium through which to execute this holy undertaking. Before receiving the religious habit he had won distinction in the Sicilian and Italian wars in behalf of his native country, Spain. He was also a cosmographer of national repute, and had accompanied an early expedition to the Molucca Islands during the reign of Charles V. He was at this time in Mexico, laboring with the little band of missionaries sent thither (1533) by St. Thomas of Villanova to evangelize the Red Men. Instinctively the king turned to him as the guiding spirit of this hazardous enterprise. Father Urdaneta was chosen superior of the five



SPAIN ACCOMPLISHED BETTER RESULTS IN THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO.

Augustinians destined for this mission. By royal decree he was also vested with the title of "Protector of the Indians," which accorded him a position in the Philippines similar to that of the venerable Dominican Las Casas in the West Indies.

On the fleet, numbering four vessels and a tender, under the command of the celebrated Legazpe, these intrepid soldiers of the cross sailed (1564) from the port of Natividad, Mexico. Having passed through the Barbadoes and Ladrone Islands, the Philippines were first sighted February 13, 1565. The Spaniards succeeded at length in communicating with the natives of Cebu Island, and finally induced them, April 25, 1565, to open the city of that name to their entrance.

THE CONDITION OF THE PHILIPPINES IN 1564.

When Father Urdaneta, O.S.A., and his four colaborers first planted the cross on these islands the inhabitants were steeped in the worst species of idolatry. The stars, the animals, and various plants were the objects of their adoration. A bird called *tigmamanuquin* was one of their principal divinities. The crow they revered as lord of the earth, and the alligator, the lord of the seas. They believed that the human race sprang from the vegetable kingdom, and that the soul is material. Such delusions, together with a belief in the sorcerers and various superstitions regarding the hooting of the owl and the appearance of the snake, completed the religious ideas of the Filipinos.

In the political order they were divided into various tribes. Their leading pursuit was to wage war among themselves and to reduce the vanquished to slavery, when not diverted from this method of self-destruction by the encroachments of the Moors or of the pirates from China and Japan. Although the islands were only sparsely inhabited, and the soil most fertile by nature, they failed from ignorance and indolence to husband the necessities of life. Twenty-five thousand families are said to have perished from starvation in one year in the Island of Panay.

Slavery among the natives was of the most abject nature; the master possessed the power of life and death over his subjects. Yet this cruel condition of duration was the portion of about half the people of the entire archipelago on the arrival of the Spanish missionaries. Marriage was not held in esteem. The practice of polygamy prevailed, and the natives were wholly insensible to the meaning of purity and morality, as well as of any knowledge beyond their immediate surroundings. Brutal instincts seemed to dominate these people. The various dialects in use among the tribes were devoid of any word to express the universal idea. Idleness, a propensity for amuse-



THE NATIVE FILIPINOS ARE NOTED FOR DOMESTIC VIRTUE.

ment and disregard for the truth, were predominant, together with a proneness to sensuality of a most degrading nature. The natives, long accustomed to be a prey to the maraudings of the pirates who infested the eastern seas, were warlike, treacherous, and suspicious of strangers. The chief obstacle encountered by the Spaniards was the extreme mistrust of the inhabitants toward invaders. Yet, in view of this hostile spirit, Spain accomplished the subjugation of the islands without having recourse to those appalling massacres which so often had been the forerunner of her conquests in South America and Mexico.

THE CONQUEST OF THE PHILIPPINES DUE TO THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

But the triumph was not one of Spanish arms, but rather the result of the religious influence of the Catholic missionaries, who in the early period of Spanish domination were unhampered by that iniquitous legislation in civil affairs which in

after years retarded the progress of their work. The early volunteers for this most remote possession of Spain were priests armed with the Gospel of Christ to win souls to the standard of the Cross; they were not soldiers armed with rapier and spear to conquer subjects to Spain.

Before the end of the sixteenth century, within a period of thirty years from the first arrival of missionaries among the million and a half barbarians, the Augustinians alone had sent two hundred and nineteen priests of that order to the Philippines.

At first this religious body enjoyed exclusive right in ecclesiastical affairs over the whole archipelago. But it was soon apparent to the fathers of the order that this one institute of the church was unequal to the demand of supplying a sufficient number of laborers for the entire district. Accordingly, on the representation of the Augustinians, the Holy See invited other religious bodies to aid in propagating the faith among the natives. In the year 1577 the Franciscan Fathers sent seven-



RAPID TRANSIT IS NOT THOROUGHLY DEVELOPED.

teen priests of their order to share the arduous undertaking. Four years later two Jesuit fathers entered upon the same mission, followed by the Dominicans in 1587, and by the Discalced Augustinians (1606), who are known in the Philippines



THE RICH TROPICAL VEGETATION.

as "Recoletos." These different religious orders were welcomed by the Augustinian pioneers and were made sharers in common of the apostolic faculties. Provinces and islands were assigned to the respective communities, whose numbers were rapidly augmented. And they labored with a holy emulation to advance the kingdom of God among these benighted people. Upon them devolved the giant task of effecting the moral, civil, and religious transformation of degraded savages.

THE RELIGIOUS THE BENEFACTORS OF THE FILIPINOS.

From the first the natives of the Philippines took kindly to the mission of the priests among them. Their fiercer nature seemed tamed by the holy maxims of the Gospel, whose force and influence were accentuated by the zeal and self-sacrifice with which it was preached among them. To the missionary the people turned with confidence and love, as to a father who so often shielded them from the oppression of the mercenaries of the government. From the day that Legazpe entered Cebu, after a slight skirmish with the inhabitants, never, until the present insurrection, were the natives arrayed against their priests. Rather, the influence and example of these apostolic men, who cheerfully forsook European homes of comfort to

labor for the cause of religion and humanity in the Philippines, elicited the unswerving devotion and loyalty of the natives. While Spain sent her armed expeditions roving over Mexico and Peru in search of treasured wealth, leaving in their trail the horrors vividly portrayed by the saintly Las Casas, the friars went fearlessly among the Indians with no protection other than the sacredness of their mission. Yet these ministers of the gospel, whose successors to-day are so grievously maligned because their services have been misunderstood, accomplished results which alone ought to silence their calumniators. Through their agency Spain has done for the Philippines in the work of civilization what England with her boasted school, and France with all her vaunted enlightenment, have failed to do in India under more congenial surroundings.

Jean Réclus, the noted French scholar and living witness, whose avowed liberalism but adds to the testimony he offers in his *Nouvelle Géographie Universelle* on this subject, thus writes :



THEIR SAVAGE INSTINCTS SOMETIMES REASSERT THEMSELVES.

"The Filipinos are the most civilized people of the Orient. The friars have civilized them. If in matters of industry, commerce, and enlightenment they be inferior to the Japanese, they nevertheless occupy in another respect a superior plane.



FILIPINOS TOOK KINDLY TO THE MISSION OF THE PRIESTS.

They are not a mere mass of islanders held by lords in a state of hopeless dependence. While the oriental subjects of Holland regarded their conquerors as men of a different order of being, the Spaniard, in the person of the friars, has identified himself with the Filipinos, and thus elevated their moral standard. Gradually have they become imbued with European culture, without suffering through the process those miseries which so often accompany a too rapid transformation. It is the *cura*—that is, the friar—rather than the soldiers and cannons that secures to Spain the loyal submission of the natives."

THE MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE RELIGIOUS.

The members of the various religious orders laboring in the Philippines, instead of living in large communities, are usually found scattered in small bands throughout the entire archipelago. In each settlement, or *pueblo*, a priest took up his habitation, and cheerfully shared with the natives the hardships consequent on their barbarous mode of life. From the Island of Cebu they have gradually advanced their labors, and have even penetrated districts which never acknowledged Spanish sovereignty. In the year 1892 the aforementioned five bodies of

religious had resident priests located in 652 missions established in the Philippines. The number of Catholics subject to their spiritual care was 5,159,384. For the same year, not including the Jesuit missions, 221,419 had received the sacrament of baptism, 51,025 marriages had been registered, and 191,132 had received Christian burial.

Each of their various missions, to which schools are invariably attached, is a centre of genuine Catholic devotion and enlightenment. At the daily Mass, which is offered in every church, the children attend in a body. Here they join in reciting the Rosary and in singing various hymns of devotion. Afterwards they repair to the school, where they are taught the rudiments of education. Besides, the girls are instructed by an organization of matronly ladies in all that pertains to their sphere of usefulness. Every Saturday is held a special devotion in honor of the Blessed Virgin, on which occasion the goodly attendance of the faithful bespeaks their reverence for the Queen of Heaven. On Sundays the children form in procession at the school, whence they proceed to the church bearing a banner of the Blessed Virgin and chanting devotional hymns and lessons in Christian doctrine arranged in verse. Their appearance in public is the signal for all to assemble at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, during which the congregation join in singing the Gloria and Credo.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN THE WORK OF EDUCATION.

Meantime the religious orders have not failed to embrace every opportunity to elevate the moral and intellectual standard among the Filipinos. They alone have been the organized bodies possessing that influence and means which are so necessary to accomplish the undertaking. Through them have been established and maintained various institutions to administer charity and promote education.

In the year 1595 the Jesuits founded a university and a preparatory school in Manila. They also conduct the normal school (Manila) in which are trained and educated the teachers destined for the schools attached to the various missions throughout the various islands. While the college of San Felipe, under these fathers of the Society of Jesus, is well known, the official university of the Philippines is that of St. Thomas, under the care of the Dominicans. The other orders maintain special institutions for the education of those who enter their ranks, besides superintending numerous orphanages and asylums

for the needy. The members of these religious orders in the Philippine provinces occupy a foremost place in the literary and scientific world. To them, in a particular manner, belongs the credit of having made possible the study of the various dialects



BARBARIAN HORDES TRANSFORMED INTO A MOST CIVILIZED PEOPLE.

spoken among the different tribes. They have been active co-operators in every effort to stimulate the interest which of late years has been manifest in this branch of general knowledge.

THE RELIGIOUS A FACTOR IN THE NATIONAL LIFE OF THE PEOPLE.

The circumstances surrounding the early labors of the missionaries in the Philippines were calculated to arouse both national sentiment and religious enthusiasm. The whole archipelago was in imminent peril of succumbing to the slavery of the Mohammedans, who dwelt in tribes upon the shores and in the low lands of the islands. According to some the disciples of Mohammed in this remote part of the globe were originally immigrants from India, while others claim they were natives of the islands and converted to the Mohammedan belief by traders from the west.

The fact is, the Moorish Malays comprised a fierce and ag-

gressive race. They lived subject to sultans and were expert seamen. They knew no avocation other than war, by means of which they secured captives to man their galleys, and slaves whom they chiefly utilized in diving for coral and pearl in the bed of the sea. The traditional hatred of the Spaniard for the Moor and the memory of the bondage to which Spain had been reduced by the followers of Mohammed inspired the missionaries to wage a crusade against their aggressions. Here in the distant archipelago the Cross and Crescent met in mortal combat, as they met of old on the plains of Granada. The priests went among the different tribes, whom they organized into efficient bands of warriors, under their respective chiefs.

They also advanced to the battle-field with Cross uplifted to inspire the hearts of the natives.

Thus one of the first lessons of practical import taught the Filipinos was the sacredness of dying in defence of their wives and daughters, and of the liberty and independence of the nation. Owing to the well-organized and aggressive crusade thus inaugurated, the Moors were not only stayed in their ravages, but forced to take refuge in the southern portion of the archipelago, where they ceased to be a



THE CHINESE ARE NUMEROUS IN MANILA.

menace to the cause of civilization and Christianity.

In 1574 the pirate Li-wa-Hong attacked Manila with seventy-two ships and a large army. The governor, Don Juan de Salledo, summoned all the Spaniards then in the island, whose

number did not exceed two hundred and fifty, and, entrenching themselves in the cathedral, they prepared to dispute possession with the invaders. But meantime the missionaries amassed an army of fifteen hundred Tagals, and by their assistance drove the Chinese beyond the borders, destroying many of the ships. In 1602 the Chinese inhabitants of Manila, being very numerous, formed an insurrection with the avowed purpose of securing possession of the entire Island of Luzon. Again the missionaries, the natural defenders of the islands, aroused the people to the danger. The Chinese, though having made themselves comparative masters of Manila, were power-



A TYPICAL TAGAL.

less to withstand the onslaught of the natives, gathered from the surrounding district, who, led by the missionaries, caused twenty-three thousand of the enemy to fall by the sword. In succeeding ages the missionaries were the leaders in forming the national defence of the inhabitants against the various invaders. The Dutch were repeatedly routed in the seventeenth century; and in 1762, when England stormed and captured Manila, their most relentless opponents were the missionaries, who marshalled the natives with a spirit of bitter determination.

THE OPPOSITION TO THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

But the spectacle of the Philippines to-day seems like a cruel travesty upon the foregoing facts. The mad populace, in the throes of revolution, now spare neither the life nor the property of the religious. The plot for their destruction, which

was designed less in hatred of Spain than of the Catholic Church, is being executed by an irresponsible rabble of the archipelago, who are led by vandals and assassins.

There are two elements in the conspiracy against the religious orders which deserve a special notice. The one was the party in the Philippines aspiring for national independence, of which the ill-fated Rizal was the avowed leader. In their yearning for freedom and for deliverance from the yoke of Spanish sovereignty they saw the need to strike down the religious orders, who were the one bulwark of Spain.

Side by side with the national patriot the Masons, the Liberals and anti-Catholics of Spain have worked unceasingly to overthrow the religious orders. It is they who have used the Filipinos' love for liberty to gratify their own malignant greed, even though their country has been sacrificed as a result. The two wings of the organization in Spain have for their respective leaders Senor Alas and Senor Ibanez. The former is uncompromising in his demand for the expulsion of the orders from the Philippines. The latter boldly voices the gibbet as the most natural means of disposing of them. These have adopted systematic methods of vilifying the religious orders. Before the peninsula government the friars are represented as disloyal to the interest of the mother country; while abroad, and particularly among the simple natives of the Philippines, they are calumniated and made answerable for the Spanish rule.

The dominant power which these so-called patriots exert in the government of Spain is too well known by the prelates of the Catholic Church. No later than the 21st of April of the present year the superiors of the five religious bodies laboring in the Philippines addressed a memorial to the crown and to the minister of the colonies, lamenting the cover of protection accorded those employed in the propagandism of falsehood and calumny.

But the downfall of the religious in the Philippines is not the ulterior aim of this body. Thrice within the present century has this spirit of irreligion gained the ascendancy in Spain. And in each of the revolutions which swept the unfortunate peninsula the church has been despoiled. After the upheavals of 1839 there were but three religious communities of men in all Spain. These were exempt from the general ban merely because they were needed to maintain the missionaries in the Philippines.

The same spirit of irreligion seeks to gain favor to-day by discrediting the institutions of the church. The fomenters of this evil spirit and those swayed by its influence have availed themselves of the basest methods to undo the religious orders in the Philippines and to vilify their members.

The withdrawal of the Spanish flag from the Philippines cannot be regarded as a catastrophe to the religious orders. The questionable support received by them from that government was poor requital for the odium and suffering it has entailed. Gladly should this be forfeited for the protection which the United States guarantees to property and individuals. And with this safeguard the religious orders, under more favorable auspices than in the past, may still continue their sacred mission among the Filipinos.



THE ART OF HUSBANDRY IS WELL DEVELOPED.

RICHES UNUSED.

BY REV. GEORGE LEE, C.S.Sp.



WELL is the promised Fount
 Whence wells the saving flood
 That makes the waste to bud :
 Only the Word can count
 How Thou bearest wealth, and bringest
 health,
 O Precious Blood !

Yet are there blighted souls
 Who starve in sorest need,
 From thirst are never freed,
 Near though the great tide rolls ;
 Where is lust of earth, there's ceaseless dearth :
 O drink, indeed !

Many still wander far
 In pained pleasure's quest,
 In hungry sin's unrest,
 Wide while that door's ajar
 Where a board is spread, with angels' bread,
 O Chalice blest !

Sad that enfranchised men—
 By penance dropped in fear,
 By passion's slavery drear—
 Sadder than thought or ken !
 Should at last be found in hell-toils bound ;
 O Ransom dear !

Saddest our cruel loss,
 The infant crowds unpriced !
 To whom had well sufficed—
 Strongly so pleads the Cross—
 Of Thy laver pure one touch secure,
 O Blood of Christ !

SHEILA'S PRESENTIMENT.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND,

Author of "A Striking Contrast," "Kathleen Mavourneen."

I AM afraid it meant waiting still longer, Sheila," said Gerald sadly. "The rise I had hoped for has not come, and now that poor uncle's money is not forthcoming, I have nothing to expect from any outside source. It would be worse than folly to marry on my present salary."

"Indeed it would," I answered quickly. "And you must be brave and patient."

"I try to be; but it's dreary work. And you can't imagine how I long to be with you, sweetheart."

"I think I have a good idea," I said, knowing how keenly I felt our separation myself. "I wish we dared risk marrying on your salary and my thirty-five pounds."

"You could not earn it as a married woman, dearest. You would have enough to do then—too much to allow you to work as a daily governess."

"Perhaps. But your uncle's money may soon be found. Since he made a will leaving thousands to you, there must be some somewhere."

"I think not. The old man fancied he had money; but it can only have been a fancy. Beyond a few pounds, the farm, and a few head of cattle, we can find nothing. Bree Farm he has left to my mother. So, I am thankful to say, she has a home."

"Yes; that's a blessing. But to me the whole thing is a mystery. Your uncle must have had money. Remember how he lived. Poor father used to say Mr. O'Riley was inclined to be miserly. He never spent a penny he could help."

"I'm sure he didn't. And every one for miles round thought he had saved a goodly sum. But you see they were wrong."

"So it would seem. But I must say I am surprised, though I used to wonder how any man with money could wear the shabby old garments he did. He never suggested a person of wealth."

"He did not go in for smart dressing," said Gerald, laughing. "It was not his way to spend money on himself."

"Nor on his nephew, I used to think."

Gerald moved a little closer to me, and laid his hand on mine.

"Let's forget poor old Uncle Pat and his supposed but undiscoverable money-bags, and talk about ourselves, Sheila. How are you getting on? Is Mrs. Easton kind to you? Are you fairly comfortable?"

"Yes; Mrs. Easton is very good and the children are sweet. I take all my meals with them now and only go back to my attic to sleep."

"It's a hard life, darling, and oh, Sheila! what a difference even a little money would have made to us."

"Don't think about it, dear one. You'll get a rise in your salary and then we sha'n't care."

"Some day. And then I'll make it all up to you, my sweet girl. We'll be very happy yet. I know we shall."

I looked at him, my eyes full of love and trust, and pressed his hand warmly within my own.

"I'm sure we shall, dear Gerald. And now, don't trouble about me. Your life, drudging away in your gloomy office, is more trying than mine."

"You are a brave little soul and deserve a better fate. Do you never grumble, Sheila?"

Tears sprang to my eyes, and I gazed up silently at the blue sky, remembering how often I had grumbled and complained when I first learned that my father had speculated so unwisely that when he died he left his children penniless. It had been a hard trial to leave home and face the world as a governess in London, and I had borne it with but a small show of patience. In my first situation I was haughty and disagreeable. An ill-tempered governess no one could tolerate, and I was promptly dismissed. In my next place I would have fared no better had not the knowledge that Gerald O'Riley loved me come suddenly to soften my despairing heart, and given me a courage and strength altogether new to me. That he was poor and could not marry me, perhaps, for years, hardly troubled me. The hope that I should one day be his wife, the thought of his love, filled me with happiness, and the whole world was changed. Things that had been wont to annoy me did so no longer. Seeing how patiently Gerald worked, I resolved to do the same. All my bitterness departed. I grew

cheerful, gentle, and forbearing, and every one became kind and obliging to me. Through the interest of a friend I obtained a situation with the Eastons, and my worst days were over. Mrs. Easton, always kind and considerate, did what she could to make things easy for me. In a short time I loved her and her children very dearly, and found working for and with them a pleasure. Thus, I was able to speak encouraging words to Gerald when we met, and bear our long waiting with a certain degree of equanimity. But when he, who had helped me so much by word and example, praised me for my patience, I remembered the past and felt ashamed.

"One thing we must both think of when inclined to grumble during the next few months, Sheila," he said, wondering, doubtless, why I was still silent; "that is our visit to my mother at Bree. Mrs. Easton will give you a fortnight's holiday at Christmas, I am sure."

"Oh, yes!" I turned to him with a radiant smile. "And won't it be delightful to go back to the dear old place?"

"Most delightful. Something to dream about, Sheila."

"Indeed it will."

And then, as evening closed in, we parted. I to go back to the school-room, where the children awaited me; he to the station to catch the train to Liverpool, where he worked as a salaried clerk in a solicitor's office.

Gerald and I had known each other from our childhood. His father and mine had been old friends and neighbors all their lives. They had both died poor men—John O'Riley when his son was a lad of thirteen; Miles Blake only two years before this story begins. Gerald's father had never been rich; mine had inherited a considerable fortune from an uncle in America, but, led on by a desire to make it more, had lost everything in foolish speculation.

John O'Riley's brother Patrick, a quiet, industrious old farmer, gave his widow a home and sent Gerald first to school and then to the office of a friend of his, in Liverpool.

Pat O'Riley was a strange, rather surly character, but was looked up to and respected by all who knew him. He never breathed a word to any one about his money matters. But he was careful and thrifty, and his neighbors believed him to be possessed of considerable wealth.

"Sure, young Gerald will be able to set up as a gentleman by-and-by," people said when told that he had sought me out in

my dreary loneliness and asked me to be his wife, "for sorra one else has the old man to lave his money to. He'll be a fine match for poor Sheila Blake."

Then very suddenly Pat O'Riley died. Struck down by apoplexy late one afternoon, he expired the next, without recovering speech or consciousness. In his will, clearly and legally executed, he stated that he left six thousand pounds to his beloved nephew Gerald O'Riley. But, though diligent search and inquiries had been made, no trace of any such money could be found.

Gerald's disappointment was great, though he would hardly confess it. He had never believed in his uncle's wealth, but he had hoped that he would have had something to leave him, and these hopes were now completely shattered. The only pleasant thing in the whole business was, that as the little farm was left to his mother, she would have a comfortable home till the end of her days.

During the months that followed my parting from Gerald that afternoon, in Regent's Park, I thought of little but my approaching visit to Ireland. Waking and sleeping the idea was constantly before my mind, and I talked and dreamed of nothing else. At last, to my delight, the desired time came round, and, saying good-by to Mrs. Easton and the children, I started on my journey.

Gerald met me at Holyhead and we went on together to Wexford.

Mrs. O'Riley received us with open arms, and I fairly cried with joy as she led me into her cozy parlor, and, seating me in her own arm-chair, kissed and welcomed me as her daughter.

Bree Farm was a small, lone, white-washed house with narrow windows and thatched roof. It was simple and unpretentious, but homelike and full of sweet memories. And as Gerald and Gerald's mother petted and made much of me, my heart was full of happiness and the little place seemed a paradise.

We sat up talking till far into the night. We had so much to discuss that was interesting, after our long separation, that we could not bring ourselves to say good-night. But although we touched upon many topics, the all-absorbing one, the one to which we recurred, over and over again, was that of Uncle Pat's money.

"Pat didn't believe in banks," Mrs. O'Riley said; "they all smashed up sooner or later, he declared, and Miles Blake's

unfortunate losses determined him never to invest money in anything, I know."

"Had he any to invest?" asked Gerald doubtfully.

"I'm sure he had."

"Then what did he do with it, mother? Bury it in a hole?"

"Maybe, dear," she answered quietly. "Sure, I wouldn't put it past him."

"You've looked well, all over the house, I suppose?"

"Well; I've had up every bit of carpet, opened every mattress, turned out every drawer, ripped the seat off every chair—but not a sight of money, gold or notes, could I find. Unless the old man comes back—"

I started and shivered a little.

"And I don't think he's likely to do that—we'll never know what he did with the money. It's a wonder he rests in his grave—"

"Mother, your frightening the child!" cried Gerald.

I laughed. "Indeed, she's not. I'm not such a goose."

"You've a strong head, I know," he answered fairly; "but you must not try it too far. And now it is quite time you went to bed."

"I think it must be," I said with a yawn, as I rose from my chair. "I am sleepy. To-morrow, Gerald, you and I must have another hunt for your fortune. I have a strong presentiment that I shall find it for you."

"That's right; I have immense confidence in you."

As I bade him good-night and entered my little, low-ceilinged bed-room, I straightway began my search for the missing thousands. I opened all the drawers, shook up the bolster and pillows, turned over the mattress, and, going down on my knees, crept in under the bed. Then it suddenly struck me that I was very silly, and I burst out laughing.

"As if after all Mrs. O'Riley's searching the money would be lying there for me," I cried. "You are a born idiot, Sheila Blake. Or, perhaps, the thoughts of this fortune have turned your brain. You'll not find it here, you may be quite sure. So forget all about it and go to bed."

I took off my dress and, throwing on my dressing-gown, went over to the table and began to brush my hair. The one candle seemed dim to me, accustomed to gas-light, and the weird shadows on floor and ceiling, the uncanny and impenetrable gloom of the distant corners, gave me a sudden feeling of nervous terror. I trembled in every limb.

"I must hurry and get my head under the clothes," I said, "or—" I stopped short, paralyzed with fear. For as I stood before the dressing-table I saw the reflection of a man's figure in the glass. He was old and bent, and very odd-looking, and was seated in a straight-backed chair beside the fire. He wore a dark frieze suit, patched and well worn; was pale and ghostly, and had a pair of spectacles stuck on the bridge of his nose. His head was down, and he leant heavily upon a stout stick that he held in his large, broad hands.

"If Pat O'Riley were not dead, I'd say it was he," I stammered, white to the lips. "What shall I do?" Then, my nerves being strong, I was able, after a moment of terror, to pull myself together and laugh at the absurdity of my fancy and my fears.

"Something has disagreed with me at supper," I said; "there is nothing there." And turning round, I looked across at the chair. It was empty.

"Ah, I thought so; but to make assurance doubly sure I'll sit down." And I walked over and seated myself, half expecting to see the mysterious apparition occupying a place by my side. To my intense relief I was alone in the chair. Delighted that I had proved how completely I had been deceived by my distorted imagination, I jumped up and went back to the dressing-table. But there, to my horror, stood the old man gazing at me, one hand uplifted, the other still grasping his stick. I recoiled, the cold perspiration standing in heavy drops upon my forehead, my eyes fixed upon the strange figure—the figure of Gerald's dead uncle, Pat O'Riley. As I stared at him, fascinated, he beckoned to me and moved slowly towards the door. Terrified, I drew back, clinging to the dressing-table lest I should fall. But, still beckoning, he looked at me imploringly.

"Follow me," he said in a low, sepulchral whisper. "For Gerald's sake come—and come quickly! My time has almost run out."

Drawn on by some unknown power, my knees knocking together so that I felt sure every step must be my last, I staggered after him, out of my room, down the long, narrow passage and short stair, lit only by the rays of a somewhat watery moon, hoping, wishing, praying that Gerald might hear me pass his door, and, wondering what was wrong, come out to my assistance. I tried to call to him, raised my hand to knock as I went slowly by; but no sound came from my trembling lips,

my arm, heavy as lead, hung limp and lifeless by my side. Try as I would, I was powerless to resist the strong, indomitable will of my strange guide, and was obliged, in spite of myself, to follow in his footsteps.

In the hall the old man paused and took a large, rusty key from a nail on the wall above his head. Then, opening a door at the far end of a narrow passage, he passed on into a small room, so filled with lumber of every description that I had considerable difficulty in getting along after him.

Having pushed our way through a quantity of rubbish, boxes, old tools, broken baskets, chairs, and rickety tables, he suddenly stopped short, and, raising his stick, pointed upwards.

"When you find what is hidden there my spirit shall be at peace and walk the earth no more," came from the ghastly lips. "Waste no time, Sheila Blake, but search in the corner. There, well hidden in the thatch, you will discover the treasure you seek."

And the weird figure moved slowly away, then vanished from my sight.

I put my foot upon an old table that stood near, and from it clambered up on to a pile of dilapidated hampers, from whence I felt sure I could touch the low, sloping roof. But, as I stretched forth my hand to grope for the promised treasure, the old baskets toppled over, and with a wild shriek I fell headlong to the ground.

When I recovered consciousness I was lying on my bed, Mrs. O'Riley bathing my forehead and Gerald chafing my hands.

"What is wrong?" I asked, looking from one to the other in surprise. "Have I been ill?"

"No, dear, no," Gerald said. "But—"

"Ah!" I cried, sitting up quickly, "your Uncle Pat came to me, Gerald, and told me where the money was. I know—I know—and I must and will find it."

"Hush, dear!" Gerald looked at me in terror. The dear fellow trembled for my reason, and, hoping to soothe and quiet me, laid a cool hand upon my brow. But I flung it aside.

"You found me in the little lumber-room?" I said.

"Yes. You must have been walking in your sleep, dearest. It is a dangerous habit, Sheila. You must not do it again."

"I was not asleep, but wide awake. And I now know where to find Uncle Pat's money."

"Sheila!"

"Yes; and you'll soon see that I do." And I insisted upon telling him the whole story.

"You were dreaming, dear," he said when I had finished. "Knowing that old chair was Uncle Pat's, you sat down in it to think, and fell asleep.

"I did not know it was his chair, and I did not fall asleep. I was wide awake," I cried, and burst into tears.

"Your nerves are unstrung, dearest. You must get into bed and go to sleep."

"My nerves are all right; and if you don't go this moment and look for that money in the thatched roof of the little lumber room, I'll never speak to you again, Gerald O'Riley."

"Won't to-morrow do?"

"No, no; now!" I was in a fever of excitement. "The old man must be allowed to rest. Quick, Gerald! He charged me to waste no time. Go—oh, do go!"

"Very well; but you must promise not to be disappointed, dearest, if—"

"I sha'n't be disappointed. I'm not afraid."

"Go, dear; if it were only to satisfy her," whispered his mother.

And then, sighing heavily, Gerald opened the door and went out.

I sprang from the bed and paced restlessly up and down the room. My head was burning; my heart throbbed tumultuously.

"What if I did dream it all? What if I really walked in my sleep? What if—"

Gerald appeared upon the threshold, a white packet in his hands.

"Sheila!" he gasped in a voice full of excitement, "it—was—there. It was a strange depository, but the money is quite safe."

I turned and staggered towards him.

"Really? Oh, Gerald!"

"Really, mine own. Our weary waiting is at an end. God bless Uncle Pat; may he rest in peace!"

He drew me into his arms, and with a little sob of rapture I hid my face upon his breast.

MUSIC AS AN EDUCATIONAL FACTOR.

BY MARCELLA REILLY.



ARISTOTLE asks, "Is music a recreation, an occupation for cultured leisure, or a gymnastic for the soul? It is all three," he replies, "and would deserve study for any one of them; but its chief merit lies in its third use."

The Greeks made the study of music fundamental. Its function was ethical. It had a dignity and importance in relation to education and the state, as well as a softening influence on the passions, and was the introduction and foundation to moral, intellectual, and physical education. Although their music was of infinite simplicity compared with ours, they believed it possessed supernatural power; its study was regarded as a corrective of evil tendencies, and a preparation of the soul and body for the acquirement of knowledge.

An important part in the education of every Greek youth was writing the poetry of his native land from dictation. Then he recited and sang it. Through music and poetry he was, from early youth, inspired with sentiments of courage and patriotism, and one may imagine the exquisite sense of poetic beauty, the wealth of language constructions, and fine ear for rhythm which the chanting of Homer and Sappho developed.

That well-nigh perfect bodies were the outward expression of this training seems but a rational sequence. They even held spiritual songs as powerful as medical treatment in restoring the human body to a normal condition, and they disapproved of separating the music from the intellectual element contained in the words, which reduced it, they thought, to a merely sensuous pleasure.

Their motive in music teaching, then, was purely ethical. Its first and chief use being to bring the human soul to that state of harmony and perfect balance which, with a sound body, would enable man to sustain all human relations in a most harmonious manner, and to be effective for the accomplishment of this end, it must, to a certain extent, be studied.

The ideas of the great modern educator and teacher, Froebel, seem to follow closely those of Aristotle, for he would place before the little child short poetical selections representing nature and life. He knew that from the first dawn of

creation music has stood closely to the contemplation of nature, and to the earliest thoughts and feelings of the human race, and he believed all phases of child-life, the homely as well as the most beautiful, should have their fitting expression in song. His disciples, recognizing this, have given rhythms and songs a foremost place in the kindergarten, and make their execution an important part of its training.

From the earliest times music has been the expression of grief as well as joy. In none of the arts do we find such capability for the expression of the accents of sorrow, and in this very utterance enabling the grief-stricken one to find consolation and hope.

The most wonderful increase in the means of music-expression came with the advent of the Christian religion. As it spread through the world, the tonal art became capable of expressing those exquisitely fine emotions of the heart which speak to the mind, like the lightning's flash, of a great and good God, and establish belief in him with an intensity which no other language can convey, nor the subtleties of logic prove.

The early Christian painters beautifully and adequately expressed in their art pictures of the life and feeling of their times, but the choruses of Palestrina and Allegri surpassed them by far, even as their strains mounted above the golden cross which architecture had enthroned on the topmost pinnacle of the Gothic cathedral, symbolizing the yearnings of the heart for its heavenly home.

Church history has furnished many instances of the great power of music over the soul, but none more remarkable than its efficacy in sustaining the faith of the early Christians in the bitter persecution and oppression which followed them. It was their solace in loneliness, a sustaining and comforting power in their dying struggles. During the reign of Nero, who mercilessly condemned them to be burned at the stake, or cast into the arena to be torn by wild beasts, their ecstatic enthusiasm was upheld and sustained by chanting songs in praise of their new faith. By St. Augustine's own confession, he was converted by the divine power of music.

A recent magazine article on Favorite Hymns relates the following incident: On the day following the battle of Sedan a large company of German soldiers, weary and footsore, were quartered in a French church. Overwrought and nervous from the strain of the preceding day, they found it impossible to sleep, notwithstanding their fatigue. One of their number stole to the organ loft, played that strong old hymn, "Now Thank

we all Our God." As its familiar strains floated through the church officers and men took it up and sang with all their hearts. One hymn succeeded another until, after half an hour of music, sleep, so ardently but fruitlessly sought before, stole sweetly over their weary bodies.

At the present time I believe educators and teachers commonly agree upon the importance of training, during the first years of life, the senses, the imagination, and the feelings. The mental impressions furnished by the senses are one of the essential elements of the human intelligence. They are the origin of most of our knowledge. Through their avenues the mind is enriched with a wonderful wealth of ideas. Deprive the human being of any one of them and his power of life suffers. That they should be kept clean, strong, and normal, and their imperfections corrected as far as possible, is of the utmost importance.

If exercise is the great secret of the development and training of them, by constant practice the musician must hear with a degree of accuracy which an untaught person would never attain. Hearing is surely one of the higher senses, because by it we enter into communication with our fellow-beings. Through the ear we learn to know, appreciate, and sympathize with them. It is also a highly artistic sense, and the study of music realizes its most exquisite possibilities.

"Children live in a land of dreams, the young in imagination." This faculty, which they possess in such a wonderful degree, when rightly trained, is a most valuable instrument in developing originality and the creative power. Music is not only a stimulus to individuality, but as a mode of expression is invaluable in fixing and intensifying ideas. Thoughts and feelings are never wholly our own until they are crystallized in expression of some form.

Then the little child not only knows and understands, but he also feels and loves. The first step in moral training is the guiding of the feelings. The emotions are fundamental in education. They determine character. Emotion once aroused, must find an outlet. The necessity for expression is imperative. No great work in art, music, or good for others was ever done except under the pressure of necessity for expression. We call it inspiration. It is simply feeling and seeing so strongly that it must take form.

I think we all feel and know that music is not only language of the emotions, but it is also capable of arousing them, and through expression these emotions become permanent. It

should be the sacred duty of the parent and teacher to direct them, when once aroused, into safe channels, to let them find expression in love, sympathy, active doing of good for others.

The sympathy and good feeling of a class are never greater than when side-by-side its members are singing high and beautiful sentiments. Here is the most complete state of socialization. Natural antipathies and antagonisms melt away and barriers of caste are forgotten. The children go to the next duty rested in body and spiritually regenerated, with higher, stronger purpose, kindlier hearts, and much more keenly alive to true values.

There are many feelings which are the foundation of the greatest virtues, such as love for one's religion, home, country. All these receive a healthful stimulus through music. "A man of feeling has no less value than the man of intellect," says Compayrè, and although it is generally believed that some are born with cold, unsympathetic natures, there should be a great effort made to give them the environment most favorable for the best development of natural possibilities.

It seems to me that music is here very valuable, inasmuch as there is a possibility of stirring such natures indirectly, giving stories and songs which may touch the heart through the mind.

There is also a value in correlating with other subjects of the curriculum. The changing of seasons, birds, insects, leaves, flowers, the stars, the moon, the sky, morning, evening, patriotic anniversaries, home, friendship, love, everything the child knows and which bears on his life, as well as things he has never seen, may become clearer and even glorified by the images formed in singing.

In the Catholic school the scope of music is broader and still more beautiful, for it may be made the most perfect expression of all the church holds sacred and dear. It is inseparably linked with the celebration of solemn, divine service, and here in these schools are being educated the priests of the future. In order that he may sing understandingly and correctly the melodies of the church ritual, a priest must obtain the foundation of music principles, and a love for the best and truest in early youth. This advantage the Catholic school should afford. Here, too, among the girls are the future nuns and mothers. Bishop Spalding says, in his latest book: "It seems doubtful whether a woman who cannot sing and who does not love poetry has the right to marry. If she has no music in herself, how shall she learn to be a mother? How shall she touch the hidden springs of harmony which lie within the souls of children? She should sing to them old songs, full

of aspiration and yearning, of faith in what is high and true, and she will read short poems to them, but only the best. Let her, then, be a good reader as well as a sweet singer."

Commemorating in song and story the recurring feasts of the saints, the Holy Mother, and the life of our Lord Himself, the school year affords a constant opportunity to give children a wealth of valuable religious inspiration and feeling through music,—beginning with September, when, amidst the gorgeous change of the leaves, occurs the birthday of the Blessed Virgin; October for songs of the angels; November for a beautiful setting of the *De Profundis* or *Miserere* of some old master; December, the Nativity; Lent for the study of a *Stabat Mater*, and so on down through the year until we come to May, the queen of the months, dedicated to the honor of Heaven's Queen—which always reminds me of happy years spent in a Western convent, where each May evening the white-veiled girls and gentle nuns met in a little chapel radiant with lights and fragrant with sweet-scented flowers. There, in the soft spring twilight, mingled fresh young voices in litany and hymn, honoring the virtues of the most perfect of women. Is not the memory of such scenes of great value amid the strife and temptation of after-life?

There is an admirable opportunity for culture in the revival of true and pure forms of Catholic hymns and masses. A perfect treasure-house of such music must be lying unused on the book-shelves of Europe, while all too frequently inferior compositions are tolerated in most of our schools, churches, and cathedrals. How seldom is a bit of Palestrina used, not to speak of other great masters, whose names, even, are not known except to a few lovers of true music.

The remedy for this state of affairs lies in training the taste of children in the right direction. Teach them, by the actual singing of good music, that church music has not for its object the giving of sensuous pleasure, but must be of a character to elevate the heart and mind far above mere earthly enjoyment, leading them by its spirituality and truth to reverent contemplation of the Divine Sacrifice commemorated at the altar.

The value of music in school education is just the value of music to the entire life. It should give to the class-room an uplifting, purifying influence, dispel its inevitable worries and cares, enhance the harmony of community of life, improve and gladden leisure hours; in a word, it should make a more receptive, responsive, sympathetic, religious human being.

ADRIENNE, THE WIFE OF LAFAYETTE.

BY L. W. REILLY.



MAGNIFICENT monument to the memory of the celebrated Marquis de Lafayette is about to be erected in Paris. It is to cost \$250,000 and is to be paid for with funds collected from little offerings made by school children in the United States. It is to be unveiled in 1900 during the great Exposition that is to be inaugurated that year in the chief city of France.

While the historical records of two continents are being ransacked for details of the career and for anecdotes illustrative of the character of that renowned champion of popular rights, a biographical sketch of his far nobler wife will be both timely and of use.

Adrienne de Lafayette was a daughter of the Duke d'Ayen, eldest son of the Duke de Noailles, the proudest family in France next to royalty. She was one of five girls, of whom she was the second. She had two brothers, but they both died in infancy.

BEAUTY OF HER FAMILY LIFE.

The mother of the family, the Duchess d'Ayen, was a *grande dame*, worthy of her rank in society and noted for her clear intellect, strong will, high principles, and enlightened piety. She did not leave to others the training of her children. Although they had nurses and governesses, she was their best teacher. She kissed them good morning, she visited them again on her way to Mass, she dined with them at three o'clock, and then for an hour or two she had them with her in her own room. The apartment was large and well lighted, it was hung with crimson damask brocaded with gold, its furniture was rich. "The duchess sat in a rocking-chair near the mantel-piece, with her snuff-box, her books, her needles close at hand; her five daughters grouped themselves round her—the bigger ones on chairs, the smaller on foot-stools—and disputed gently which should be nearest the rocking-chair." Whilst they sewed or embroidered, they chatted gaily about the persons and events that came within their childish orbit, and the mother took pains

to draw moral lessons from the text of their innocent gossip. She read to them; she listened to their reports of their studies; she taught them beautiful prayers and exquisite poems. They gave her their unclouded confidence and vied with one another to please her. All too quickly for them passed the time spent with her.

As the little girls grew somewhat older the duchess exerted more and more influence over the formation of their character. She would never coerce them if she could possibly convince them. She would lend attentive ear to their protests and would reason with them. Once she complained that they were not so prompt to obey her as other children were to mind their parents.

"Small wonder, mamma," replied Adrienne, "because you always let us argue and object; but you will see that at fifteen we shall be much more docile than other girls."

This was a wise answer, that shows the shrewdness of Adrienne's mind; for if the D'Ayen children grew up with the conviction that their mother's commands were reasonable and for their good, their will would become trained to yield promptly to hers.

The mother took special pains with Adrienne. "She always led my over-strong imagination back to the true and simple," the daughter wrote in after years, "and though I must confess that in childhood she had perhaps let me perceive her pride in me too plainly, yet she knew how to correct my conceit about this by a delineation of my faults so vivid, true, and vigorous that it constantly occurred to me, and every time it pierced my heart like an arrow!"

A friend who knew Adrienne, Pauline, and Rosalie in their maturity made the happy saying: "Their mother must have been a blessed woman to have hatched such a brood of angels beneath her wings!"

Louise married her cousin, the Vicomte de Noailles, and was guillotined in 1794. Adrienne became Madame de Lafayette, and died at Paris in 1807. The third daughter was twice married, and died Madame de Thesan in child-birth in 1788. Pauline married M. de Montagu, and died in 1837. Rosalie became Madame de Grammont, and survived until 1853.

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY MARRIAGE.

In a home of the highest refinement, under a fostering mother's care, Adrienne's childhood was passed. When she was

twelve years old she had her first great trouble. She was preparing for her First Communion, having already been confirmed, when spiritual darkness settled on her mind. She could not believe in the Real Presence. She was tortured with doubts and scruples. Long afterwards she declared that never in all the other trials of her life had she suffered so grievously. The ceremony was indefinitely postponed, and not until three years later, after the birth of her first child, did she receive that blessed Sacrament.

Before Adrienne was thirteen a suitor for her hand appeared in the person of the Marquis de Lafayette, then a lad who had lately passed his fourteenth birthday. Her mother did not at first favor the match, nor finally consent to it until the young nobleman had agreed to finish his own education and wait two years for the marriage. The wedding took place in June, 1773.

The next two years Adrienne spent with her mother, sometimes in Paris, sometimes at Versailles. She saw a great deal of society in high life, and for her sake and the sake of Louise, who had been married a few months before her, the duchess went to many balls and gave a number of entertainments. The young bride was, of course, presented at court. Then, in 1775, her husband and she set up house for themselves. They spent their winters in Paris and their summers in Auvergne at Chavaniac, the ancestral home of the Lafayettes.

The young marquis, who had been graduated from the Military Academy at Versailles, now joined the army as an officer of the *Noir Mousquetaires*. He was stationed at Metz. There he heard the heroic details of the struggle for independence of England's American colonies. His impulsive heart was set on fire with a flame of love for popular rights and he forthwith resolved to go help those struggling people to achieve their freedom. Almost all his relatives opposed him in what they considered his quixotic project, and some of them even went to the extremity of trying to have him arrested on a warrant from the king; but his magnanimous wife, who was with one infant in arms and was expecting the birth of another one, put down her own feelings and strongly encouraged him to carry out his chivalric purpose.

When Lafayette returned to France in 1779, 1783, and 1785, Adrienne gave him his most rapturous welcome. The people acclaimed him a hero, but to her he was far more than a war-crowned celebrity. He was the light of her life. When he was

with her she was radiant with happiness; when he left her presence she would nearly faint. "One would have called her sentiment a passion," wrote one of her daughters long afterwards, "if this expression were in harmony with the exquisite delicacy which banished every idea of jealousy or, perhaps I should say, all the evil impulses which usually result from it. Nor was she ever exacting, even for a moment. It was not only that she kept from my father every wish that did not suit him—she really had no bitter thought to conceal."

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The terrible French Revolution began in 1789 with the meeting of the Notables that was subsequently named the National Assembly. Lafayette was present as a deputy from Auvergne. His family accompanied him from his estate at Chavaniac to Paris. He had then three children—his first daughter, Henriette, having died—namely, George, called after Washington, born in 1779; Anastasie, born in 1783; and Virginie, born in 1785. He took a leading part in the popular movement for a new constitution. His wife was his most intimate confidante and most trusted adviser. She believed in his Declaration of Rights. She shared his dream of a government of the people, by the people, for the people, somewhat like that of the American Republic, but with the king for its permanent president. When, however, order commenced to yield to anarchy, she had forebodings of the extent of the upheaval. "She saw my father," wrote their daughter later on, "at the head of a revolt of which it was impossible to foresee the end; every disorder was judged by her without the faintest illusion; yet she was always supported by his principles, and convinced of the good he could do and the evil he could avert."

As religion became unpopular, Madame Lafayette took pains to show publicly her attachment to it. Just before the Feast of Pikes, in 1790, she led Anastasie to church for First Communion, and when her pastor refused in his pulpit to take the abhorrent "Constitutional oath," she was present to display her sympathy with him. As the persecution progressed her house became a refuge for persecuted priests. She provided a number of them with the means to leave the country. She went so persistently and to such lengths in the manifestation of her devotedness to her faith that she attracted accusing eyes and jeopardized her husband's popularity.

Notwithstanding her own fervent piety, Adrienne gave all

due respect to Lafayette's convictions, or, rather, lack of convictions, concerning the Christian revelation. She did not obtrude her devotions on him. She entertained all his guests with queenly courtesy, even so-called "Constitutional" ecclesiastics as well as free-thinkers of all degrees. She made only one exception. When the Archbishop of Paris took the un-Christian oath, and later called officially as pastor on the Lafayette family, she would not welcome him, but left the house that day and dined out at a friend's.

VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

After the king swore to uphold the new Constitution on September 21, 1791, Lafayette, thinking his work finished, resigned the office of commander of the National Guard and retired to Chavaniac. His wife was delighted to quit turbulent Paris, and she looked forward to a life of tranquillity far from the turmoil of politics. But her joy was short. In the spring of the next year France was at war with the allied princes and the general was summoned from his plough to command the army protecting the frontier. Adrienne's dream of halcyon days was over. She followed him in spirit to the scene of duty. She heard with apprehension of the battles in which he had engaged. In August her heart was dismayed when she learned that he had been declared a traitor to the government, had fled to escape arrest, had been caught by the Allies, and had been imprisoned by Prussia.

As soon as Madame Lafayette—her husband had before this dropped the aristocratic "de"—received the sad news of her husband's incarceration, she had to endure not only the distress that his misfortune caused her, but also a seizure of spiritual misery, during the continuance of which the light so faded from her soul that she gave up receiving Holy Communion. One letter from the marquis, that had been written just after his capture, reached her in September; she heard from him twice in 1793, and then she got no message from him until the summer of 1795. This dearth of tidings from him was a source of unspeakable anxiety to her.

The social chaos grew more confounded after the king had been guillotined and Robespierre was advancing towards the chief power in the government. During this period Madame Lafayette burned all the papers in her home that might be misconstrued against her husband, sent her only son with his tutor to a place of concealment in the mountains, boldly re-

quested the Jacobin authorities to put their seal of loyalty upon her doors, and, when she visited the neighboring town of Brioude, refused to receive any social attentions from "patriot" ladies, declaring: "I regard as an insult every tribute that I cannot share with my husband, every word that tries to separate my cause from his."

IMPRISONMENT AT CHAVANIAC.

On September 10 the château of Chavaniac was surrounded by soldiers of the National Convention, who produced a warrant for the arrest of Madame Lafayette and her conveyance to Paris. Hurriedly she set off with her rude escort for Puy, the capital of the Department of Auvergne, where a legal examination of her was first to be held. Anastasie, then a child of seven, insisted on accompanying her. As they entered the city stones were thrown at them by a rabble of anti-aristocrats. The little girl showed no fear, but tried to shield her mother. "If your father knew that you were here," said Adrienne to her daughter, "he would be worried, but he would be very proud of you." When she was led before the municipal court madame pleaded her husband's cause and her own so calmly, reasonably, and persuasively—recalling his Declaration of Rights and his zeal for republican institutions—that the on-lookers broke out into applause and the officials were won over to her side. She then entreated the judges not to send her to Paris, but if she must be restrained of her liberty, to let her prison be Chavaniac, where she could care for her children, and whence she promised not to stir without permission. So moved was the court by her convincing argument that her request was provisionally granted. The judge wrote to the ministry in Paris, especially to M. Roland, to point out the difficulties in the way of taking a woman to that city, and asking permission to let her stay at home on parole. To this arrangement the ministry consented.

So madame went back from Puy to Chavaniac. But some soldiers were sent to her residence to keep her under espionage. She objected to their presence. She had given her pledge of honor not to leave her estate without permission, and she thought that that should suffice. Accordingly she addressed the authorities: "I declare, messieurs, that if you put a guard at my door I retract my word. I am not shocked at your not believing me an honest woman, for my husband proved much more effectually that he was a good patriot; but I must beg you to

allow me my faith in my own integrity and not to cumber my word with bayonets."

It took a lion's heart for a woman whose husband was under ban as a traitor, and who was herself virtually a prisoner, to speak to the lawless officials like that. But they took her audacious frankness in good part and she gained her point.

PLANS FOR LIBERATING HER HUSBAND.

Now Adrienne set herself the task of liberating her husband. She wrote to Washington begging him to intercede for his former companion-in-arms, and she pleaded so pathetically that the President broke his rule not to meddle in European affairs. She entreated M. Roland to give her a passport to leave France. She implored the same grace from M. Brissot. She addressed a petition to King Frederick of Prussia. She sought assistance in a hundred other quarters. But all her efforts were in vain and most of her letters were even left unanswered.

In the following spring M. Roland sent word to her that she was no longer in detention. But other troubles beset her. She was notified that Lafayette's possessions were sequestered on the ground that he was an *émigré*—that is, a person who had abandoned his country. In June she heard from him from his Magdeburg prison, receiving two letters that described the indignities and hardships to which he was being subjected. Debts pressed upon her for the very necessities of life. She had no income and could get no loan. Her multiplied miseries brought her back to God and to the practice of religion. Then, when she again went to Holy Communion, the American minister to France, Gouverneur Morris, loaned her a large sum of money and refused any security.

Adrienne had new courage by this, of which she gave repeated proofs, for when many ladies, in order to save themselves from danger of the guillotine and their property from risk of confiscation, sought divorces from their husbands, who had fled to other lands, she signed all her letters and documents "La femme Lafayette."

Chavaniac was put up for sale in September by the authorities, but Lafayette's old aunt and his wife made a protest and obtained a postponement of the spoliation.

INCREASING MISFORTUNES.

At last, on November 13, 1793, after repeated domiciliary visits and examinations, Madame Lafayette was arrested in

accordance with the atrocious Decree of the Suspected that ordered the apprehension of all relatives of *émigrés*. She was taken in a cart to the prison of Brioude. Her fortitude rose to meet the magnitude of her misfortune. At once her strong will, her affectionate disposition, and her active temperament made her the visible guardian angel of the crowded pen. She comforted the sorrowful, gave hope to the downcast, and rallied the faint-hearted. In the fetid conditions of the jail, in which sanitary requirements were disregarded, a fever soon broke out. Then the high-born marquise became nurse of the afflicted prisoners. Moreover, she had tribulations of her own to bear, for now she was unnerved by the sad news that her grandmother, her mother, and her favorite sister, Louise, "la céleste vicomtesse," had been arrested and imprisoned in Paris, and shortly afterwards, on May 8, an order was received for her own removal to that city.

Adrienne reached Paris on May 19. She was stunned by the changes in the town—the disorder, the license of the mob, the deaths of persons known to her of which she then heard for the first time, and the daily execution of two to three score persons after a summary and farcical trial. She was incarcerated in the prison of La Petite Force. After a fortnight's stay there she was taken to Le Plessis, which was formerly a college and in which her husband had at one time been a student. There were already about nineteen hundred persons huddled into its rooms. Among these unfortunates Adrienne found her cousin, Madame de Duras, the sister-in-law of Louise.

To add to Madame Lafayette's miseries, her husband's estate of Chavaniac was now sold by the republic, but the old aunt and the children were allowed to stay there for a while.

Horrors of Prison Life.

The prison of Le Plessis was like a hell upon earth. It was overcrowded with a motley multitude of men and women, among whom were some of the most vicious and some of the coarsest from the criminal classes, as well as aristocrats, nuns, and other ladies. The jailers were brutes. They starved, abused, insulted, and struck their prisoners. They liked to torment persons of refinement like Madame Lafayette. They made sport of them with indecent jokes, they put them into cells with lewd and blasphemous harridans, they stole their belongings, they taunted them with their reverses, and they constantly reminded them of their probable fate. They were like fiends incarnate.

Following the example of other property-owners, Adrienne drew up her own will. In it she wrote: "I forgive my enemies—if I have any—with all my heart, and my persecutors, whoever they be—even the persecutors of those I love."

Daily the tumbril rolled away from the prison with its load of victims for the guillotine. The marquise became, as it were, used to its call. Once, after she had calmly listened as the names of the condemned for that day were called out, she was complimented on her nerve. She replied: "The idea that one will soon be of their number makes me strong enough to endure such a sight!" But often her heart failed her, and then only faith kept her from collapse and insanity. After hearing of some fresh horror or witnessing some more than ordinarily atrocious outrage in the jail, she would raise her eyes towards heaven and revive her drooping spirit with the whisper: "I believe in God the Father Almighty." And trusting in him she took new courage to face what lay before her.

Small-pox invaded the filthy prison and gave Adrienne and her cousin opportunities for the practice of heroic charity in the care of the patients, which they were zealous and brave to utilize.

On July 22 the Duchess d'Ayen, her husband's mother, and her daughter Louise de Noailles, who had been imprisoned in the Luxembourg, were guillotined. Adrienne heard the next morning of their execution. She was plunged into grief. For days and days she moaned and brooded and wept. Later she wrote to her children: "Thank God for having preserved my life, my mind, my health; do not regret having been far from me. God kept me from revolting against him, but I should not have been able for a long time to endure even the semblance of human consolation."

It was months before the other D'Ayen sisters heard of their great loss. Then Madame de Grammont wrote to Madame de Montagu: "Your own heart will make you judge of mine, which, nevertheless, is less horror-stricken than you might suppose. For the third time since our sorrows, our Lord has visited me and upheld me in my human agony. But Adrienne! the strength of Adrienne! It must be the same Arm that sustains her in her dungeon, for where else could she get her courage!"

END OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

At last the Reign of Terror wore itself out. The people tired of slaughter and of the pandemonium. The leaders of the

wild tyranny that was called a government were turning their fury against one another. Robespierre, who had sent a multitude to their doom, had his own head cut off on July 28, 1794. Then, slowly, order and justice and peace were restored. The prison doors were opened by commissioners from the Committee of Safety and some of the surviving prisoners of the Revolution were set free. Madame de Duras was liberated on October 19. Mr. James Monroe, who was then American minister to France, accompanied by his wife, visited Madame Lafayette in her prison, and also helped to save her life as well as to secure her freedom. His predecessor, Gouverneur Morris, had successfully intervened in her behalf before, for he had warned the government that if it killed the wife of Lafayette all the enemies of popular institutions would rejoice and the opposition to the Republic would receive fresh reinforcements. The Commissioners Legendre and Bourdon de l'Oise called to examine her on October 18, 1794. The former treated her with contumely. "I have old scores against you," he said; "I detest yourself, your husband, and your name." "I will always defend my husband," was the instant reply, "and a name is not a wrong." With equal spirit she answered all his inquiries. He grew more harsh and threatening. When he intimated that he would not release her, she requested him to show her papers to the Committee of Safety. "Ha!" he snorted, "you did not talk so meekly in the old days; you are an insolent!" He would not take the documents and ordered her to be taken back to her cell.

Finally, however, the intercession of the American minister prevailed. Madame Lafayette was transferred, first to the prison in the Rue des Amandiers and then to Notre Dame des Champs. A little later, on January 22, 1795, she was set at liberty.

Like a ghost arisen from a tomb after a dark period of horrors, Adrienne went to thank Mr. Monroe. Next she fled from the city and took refuge with the De Ségurs, Lafayette's cousins, who lived a few miles from town.

GATHERING THE FAMILY TOGETHER.

Free herself, Madame Lafayette's first thought was for the freedom of her husband. She made up her mind to risk all perils and go to him. She decided to send her only son to the United States to the care of Washington, so as to insure his safety and thus get rid of one great embarrassment in the

prosecution of her marital enterprise. She had him brought to her, embraced him, gave him many loving admonitions, and, with a serene countenance but a troubled heart, she bade him good-by, as he and his tutor, M. Frestel, set out for a port from which to sail for America. Then she went in search of her girls and met them in a mountain village near Clermont. The next day was Sunday, and the three assisted at Mass in a chapel among the hills. A day or two later Virginie made her First Communion. Then the party journeyed towards Chavaniac, where the old aunt survived and held on to the ancestral estate, which she had managed to repurchase. At Brioude, Adrienne's sister Rosalie, who during the Revolution had remained safely hidden, with her husband and three children, in the depths of the country, met her and accompanied her home. While waiting for a passport for herself and her daughters, Madame Lafayette, always courageous and business-like, used her time in an endeavor to recover her husband's confiscated property and to secure for herself the farm of Lagrange, forty miles from Paris, which her mother, the Duchess d'Ayen, had bequeathed to her. To accomplish her purpose she made several journeys on foot to Paris. She took great hazards and overcame every obstacle. What would she not dare—was she not working for the one she loved best in all the world and for his children?

Early in September, 1795, the coveted passport was received. But it was made out to give her permission to go to America. Instantly she determined to use it to get out of France and after that to take her chances. So, on September 5, she, her two daughters, and the five De Grammonts sailed from Dunkerque. As soon as the vessel reached Hamburg, they left it and made their way to Altona on the Baltic, where an aunt of the two ladies, Madame de Tessé, had bought a farm and where the whole Montagu family had already found a refuge.

The three sisters had much to say to one another; but Adrienne could neither talk nor listen with a quiet heart—the vision of her husband in a dungeon was always before her mind, as was also her purpose to go to him. He was then at Olmütz, having been turned over by Prussia to the charge of Austria. Accordingly, taking her two little girls with her, she started for Vienna. She went as Mrs. Motiers, a traveller from Connecticut in the United States. Arrived at the Austrian capital, she visited the grand chamberlain, the old Prince of Rosemberg, who formerly had relations with the De Noailles.

He consented, at her sorrowful entreaty, to smuggle her into the presence of the emperor without the knowledge of the ministers. He did obtain for her the desired audience. The monarch received her with courtesy and listened attentively to her long and impassioned plea. She struggled to keep down her feelings, while her very heart trembled with emotion, in order that she might be the more free to speak. But some tears would come. In conclusion she asked that, if the liberation of her husband could not be accorded her, she might be permitted to share his imprisonment.

"I grant your request," was the imperial answer; "his liberty I cannot give, for my hands are tied; but you may go to him and remain with him."

VISITS LAFAYETTE IN PRISON.

As soon as the official permit was signed, Madame Lafayette, with her little girls, set out for Olmütz. On the evening before her arrival she wrote: "I do not know how people bear what we are going to bear to-morrow!" As they neared the town and the driver of the coach pointed out its spires in the distance, Adrienne shed tears of exaltation—of gratitude to God for bringing her so far safe, and of joy at the prospect of again embracing her best beloved. Then, with quavering voice, she broke out in the Song of Tobias—the song that he sung as his son, with a bride, returned to his home—his home in Babylonian captivity: "Thou art great, O Lord, for ever, and thy kingdom is unto all ages. For thou scourgest, and thou savest; thou leadest down to hell, and bringest up again; and there is none that can escape thy hand. Give glory to the Lord, ye children of Israel, and praise him in sight of the Gentiles."

Unannounced, the wife and the daughters of the captive were thrust into his cell. He was so changed by privations, illness, and anxieties that Adrienne for an instant hardly knew him. The sight of him so altered was a great shock to her. But her momentary set-back was forgotten in the flood of joy when she was again locked in his arms.

Lafayette's own health began to improve in the company of his dear ones, especially as some of the wanton rigors of his incarceration were relaxed shortly after the advent of his wife. But she and the children suffered from the confinement. There was an open sewer below their window, the air of the dungeon was foul, the food served was coarse and meagre.

At last one of the girls fell sick with an infectious fever. No privileges were allowed, and not even a separate bed was provided for the other child. Next, Madame Lafayette broke down with blood-poisoning. After all pleadings with the prison officials had failed, she wrote to the emperor imploring him to allow her to see a physician in Vienna. The heartless reply was that she might make the journey to the capital, but that she would not be permitted to return to Olmütz. Life itself was worthless to her on that condition, so she promptly decided to suffer the disease to take its course and to put an end to her existence if it would; better death than further separation from her husband.

Lafayette bore these new troubles with his characteristic equanimity. "He has lost none of his gentleness," Adrienne wrote to her aunt, "and is pushing to excess what you call the weakness of a great passion. You will not be surprised to hear that he makes his friends swear not to plead for him on any occasion except in a way that is compatible with his principles."

RELEASED BY NAPOLEON.

At length, when Napoleon, who had crossed the Alps with his victorious legions from Italy into Austria, demanded as the first condition of peace that Lafayette should be released, the Father of the French Revolution, his wife and daughters, and his two aids-de-camp, De Maubourg and De Pusy, emerged in September, 1797, from their jail.

The Lafayettes went to Dresden, then to Hamburg, and next to Wittmold, near Altona, where they remained for a year, when they moved to Holland and took up their residence at Vianen, near Utrecht. They could not return to France, for the marquis was still under sentence there as a traitor, and the Directoire refused to remove the ban because he would not thank them as in any way accountable for his liberation. He despised them for their divergence from the Constitution which he had sworn to support and for their lawless tyrannies.

Meanwhile Washington had sent a gift of money to Adrienne, an eccentric Englishwoman had settled five thousand dollars a year on Lafayette, George had returned from America, and Anastasie had been married to young De Maubourg.

To attend to the care of their property in France, Adrienne returned to Paris, and thence made trips to Lagrange and Chavaniac. Her health was feeble, but her spirit was still

high. She quickly set in order her business affairs, and then she went back to the metropolis to watch the course of events, to keep her husband posted on the shifting scenes of the kaleidoscope of politics, and to plan for his return. When Napoleon hurried back from Egypt in October, 1799, she felt that the days of the Directoire were numbered, and shortly after the future emperor had obliterated the *de facto* government and proclaimed himself first consul of the Republic she wrote to Lafayette that his exile might as well be brought to an end. He needed no second invitation, and was soon at her side.

RELATIONS WITH THE FIRST CONSUL.

Napoleon was furious at Lafayette's audacity in coming back without his knowledge or consent. He feared the hero of '89. He threatened to put him out of the way. Talleyrand and others who heard these menaces advised the marquis to return to Holland. Then the latter's wife took it upon herself to visit the consul. She made a masterly statement of her husband's devotion to the welfare of the French people and of his freedom from intrigues against the Bonaparte régime. The tyrant was persuaded by it as well as fascinated with her forceful personality.

"I am charmed," he said, "to make your acquaintance, madame, and you have a great deal of mind; but you do not understand me. General Lafayette, however, will understand; and as he has not been in the midst of affairs, he will feel that I can judge better than he. I therefore conjure him to avoid all publicity; I leave it to his patriotism."

When the consul saw that Lafayette had apparently no intention to thrust himself again into politics or to contend with him for the first place in the government, he put aside his own jealousy, restored him to citizenship, and even sought to win his friendship and his support.

The Lafayettes retired to Lagrange and thenceforward made that château their chosen home. The marquis devoted himself to agriculture and his wife gave her time to domestic cares and to works of charity.

In 1802, when the Peace of Amiens took the British statesman Charles Fox to Paris, he paid a long-promised visit to the Lafayettes. He was charmed with the whole family, but he was most captivated by Adrienne—"the woman," he said, "who flew to Olmütz on the wings of love and duty."

George married a daughter of Tracy, who was formerly a

member of the Constituent Assembly, and Virginie was married to Louis de Lasteyrie, an officer in the French army. The whole family lived at Lagrange in patriarchal simplicity and happiness.

Adrienne and Pauline made a sad pilgrimage to Paris to discover the burial-place of their grandmother, mother, and sister. They found in a garret a poor lace-mender who had followed the cart that had carried her father's and brother's corpses, and the bodies of others guillotined that day, from the square of execution to the pit where dust was dumped to dust. She led them to the spot of interment. It was a wild region outside the *Barrière du Trône*, and belonged to a ruined Augustinian monastery. It was known as the Cemetery of Picpus. They determined to buy it. Then they ascertained that the Princess Hohenzollern, whose brother had been guillotined, had purchased the small piece of ground where the victims had actually been buried. But they resolved to get possession of the rest of the land. They raised a large sum of money from their aristocratic acquaintances, secured the property, and restored the chapel. Next they put up a marble tablet behind the altar with the names of sixteen hundred persons, copied from the lists in the Concierge, who had been executed in the last six weeks of the Terror, and whose remains had been thrown indiscriminately into immense trenches dug in that graveyard to receive them and then filled up. Most of the dead were, strange to say, men and women of the humbler classes. The sisters gave the chapel to the Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration, and made provision for the celebration every morning of a Mass of Requiem.

LAST DAYS.

Now came the last days of Madame Lafayette. The blood-poisoning that had been contracted at Olmütz was never thoroughly cured. It had made her a semi-invalid for years. In the fall of 1807 it broke out again with redoubled virulence. On October 11 she heard Mass for the last time. A few days later she was moved to Madame de Tessé's country-place at Aulnay, and thence, as the malady increased, to that lady's residence in Paris. Her pain was excruciating, her body was covered with open sores, and the virus strangely affected her mind; but her serenity of soul remained unclouded, and her piety shone even in the eclipse of her intellect and the perturbations of her will.

One day Lafayette complimented her on her patience.

"It is true," she answered, "God made me gentle; but it is not like *your* gentleness—I have no such high pretension. You are as strong as you are gentle; you see things on such a big scale. But it is true that I am gentle and you are very good to me."

"It is you who are good and generous," her husband replied, "above all other women. Do you remember my first departure for America—how all the world was in arms against me and you managed to hide your tears at M. de Ségur's wedding? You did not want to look unhappy for fear that I should be blamed for it."

"You are right," she said, "and it was pretty good for a child. But how nice of you to remember things that happened so long ago!"

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

In a long letter to his old friend De Maubourg, the father of the husband of Anastasie, Lafayette wrote full details of Adrienne's sufferings, her fortitude, her piety, her zeal for his conversion, and her peaceful end. These interesting extracts are taken from it:

"Her confessor came to see her. In the evening she said to me: 'If I go into the other world, you will know that I shall be very busy about you. The sacrifice of my life would be nothing, whatever it cost me to part with you, if it assured your eternal happiness.' The day on which she received the last Sacraments (which she did so that her daughters might not feel troubled at the last moment) she set great store on my being present. After this she fell into a state of chronic wandering that lasted till her death. . . . Yet I never saw her mistaken about *me*, excepting once or twice for a moment when she imagined that I was a fervent Christian. . . .

"Her disordered imagination was never invariably fixed, except in regard to me. It seemed as if this impression was too deep to be affected—stronger than disease, stronger than death itself. For this angelic creature already no longer existed here—everything in her was frozen; and feeling as well as vitality had found their last refuge in the hand that pressed mine. Perhaps she abandoned herself more freely to the expression of her tenderness than if she had had all her reason. . . . She would have felt obliged to distract herself more severely from the sentiment which, as she said, gave life

to every fibre of her body. . . . 'How fervently I ought to thank God,' she exclaimed during her illness, 'that my strongest passion has been also my duty!' And on the day of her death, 'How happy I have been!' she whispered; 'what a destiny to have been your wife!' Then when I spoke to her of my love, 'True,' she answered in the most touching voice; 'yes, it is true. How kind you are! Say it once again—it gives me much pleasure to hear it. If you think I do not love you enough, you must blame God for it. He has not given me more faculty than that. I love you,' she cried, 'I love you, Christianly, mundanely, passionately!' . . .

"In spite of the entanglement of her ideas, she had a presentiment of death. On her last night but one I heard her say to her nurse: 'Do not leave me; tell me when the moment for death comes.' I approached her and she grew calm immediately; but when I spoke to her of returning to Lagrange, 'Oh, no,' she exclaimed, 'I shall die! Have you any grudge against me?' 'Why should I, my darling?' I replied; 'you have always been so good and tender.' 'So I have been a pleasant companion to you?' she asked. 'You have indeed.' 'Well then, bless me!' All these last evenings, when I left her or she thought that I was doing so, she begged me to bless her. . . .

"Sometimes she was heard to pray in her bed, . . . and once she improvised a beautiful prayer which lasted an hour. She made her daughters read aloud to her the prayers of the Mass and noticed whatever was left out for fear of fatiguing her. There was something heavenly about the way in which, on one of her last nights, in a strong, emphatic voice she twice repeated the canticle of Tobias, the same that she had chanted to her daughters when she first caught sight of the towers of Olmütz. I went to her. 'It is by Tobias,' she said; 'I sing badly now; that is why I recited it!' Her doctor declared that never in the whole course of his long practice had he seen anything approaching her adorable character and her strange delirium. 'No,' he exclaimed, 'I have never seen anything which could give me an idea that human perfection could go so far! . . ."

"The next day was an anniversary very dear to our hearts—the day on which twenty-eight years before she had given me George. It seemed this time as if she were inebriated with bliss. This day of rejoicing between her and me was that of her death."

It was Christmas eve in the year 1807.

On the following Monday, after the religious rites, her remains were borne with great simplicity, as she had desired, to a place close by the ditch where her grandmother, mother, and sister had been buried, and were there piously interred.

DEVOTION TO HER MEMORY.

"I shall never rise again," continued Lafayette to his bosom friend. "During the thirty-four years of a union in which the love and the high-mindedness, the delicacy and the generosity of her soul, charmed, adorned, and honored my days, I was so much accustomed to all that she was to me that I did not distinguish her from my own existence. Her heart wedded all that interested me. I thought that I loved her, needed her; but it is only in losing her that I can at last clearly see the wreck of me that remains for the rest of my life—a life which was to have been given up to many diversions, but for which neither joy nor care is any longer possible."

Faithful to his wife's memory Lafayette remained during the twenty-seven years that he survived her. He wore her portrait fixed to a chain around his neck. On the gold medallion that contained it were inscribed the words: "So I have been a pleasant companion to you? Well then, bless me!" Every morning, before he left his bed-room, he spent a quarter of an hour looking at her face, kissing it, and recalling all that she had been to him. "On the rare occasions," wrote one of his daughters, "when something prevented him from doing this, he was perturbed for the rest of the day." Her room at Lagrange was kept precisely as she had left it, and the anniversary of her death he spent there alone—with her. He read the religious books that she had recommended to him in the hope of convincing him of the Divinity of Christ; he went to church every morning to be present at the celebration of Mass; he studied the Gospels over and over; and when finally his own death was at hand he so drew near her in faith that the Church could let him be placed by her side in the Picpus Cemetery.

Adrienne d'Ayen Lafayette was a valiant woman and her memory is held in benediction!

THE MUSIC OF THE MART.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

I.



HAVE listened to the music of the waters flowing free
With a merry rhythmic ripple thro' the forest and the lea,
Dancing down the rocky passes to the noble-hearted
valley,

Scolding, leaping, laughing, sleeping—now a pause and
now a rally—

And beside the booming ocean in the stillness of the night
I have hearkened, spirit-humbled, to the harmony of might.
All the golden stars were singing, Sun was calling unto Sun,
And the discord of the planets into harmony was spun;
Still my fancy wandered backward to the throbbing city street,
Ringing, ringing, ringing ever with the rush of many feet,
While I heard an old strain knocking, beating, beating at my
heart,

And I hailed the dear intruder as the music of the mart.

II.

Beside the mighty organ with its marvel, thunder voice,
Calling "Welcome" to the bridegroom and the maiden of his
choice,

I have listened, I have listened and have heard the fickle tones
Leap from merriment and laughter unto grim funereal moans;
In the strident strains of battle, in the braying bugle peal
There are cries of mothers' anguish, there are sounds of clash-
ing steel,

And the victor's song of triumph for a glory all fulfilled
Bears an echo of the sadness of the voices that are stilled!
Tho' a hundred chords are rising in a grand orchestral tide
Sweeping through the ravished senses in a current broad and
wide,

I may hear a friendlier cadence than the symphony of art
If I hearken to the pulsing of the music of the mart.

III.

There is something dearly human in the ceaseless ebb and flow,
In the hum of greeting voices, in the passing to and fro,
Something in the vast endeavor, in the world-embracing plan,
Telling us we all are brothers in the brotherhood of man ;
Flashing from the golden rainbow, speaking from the fruitful
sod,

Of the marvel of all marvels, of the Fatherhood of God !
Darkest eyes may see the vision, dumbest ears may hear the
strain

Ringing thro' the city highway, breathing in the country lane.
If we see not, if we hear not, ours the darkness and the blight—
Bid it so, and lo ! the Cosmos swings in harmony and light :
And the strains of spherical music that within the soul upstart
Find an echo in the rolling of the music of the mart !



THE OLD CHURCHES OF ROUEN.

BY EMMA ENDRES.



HERE is something indefinably impressive and fascinating about an old church. Beautiful buildings of all descriptions have a pleasing effect on the mind, but the hoary temple of faith has a charm which is sublime and supreme. It is not altogether the pervading atmosphere of sanctity that so impresses us, for other minds than those of believers are similarly affected.

Can it be that we unwittingly recognize in these cemented stones the physical expression of the one great institution that knows no age, no nationality—that is almost as old as civilization and as broad as the human race itself? Can it be that while dynasties fall and palaces are turned into parliaments, the church alone, among the wreck of human institutions strewing the pages of history, remains true to its original purpose—the temple of God? And can it be that while contemplating an old church—one time-worn and gray, whose beauty is of that pathetic, endearing kind seen only in something that has made a valiant struggle against fate and has succumbed to that gentle decay inevitable in all things earthly—we intuitively realize we are gazing on the beauty-ideals of an age long dead and otherwise unknown? Impressed thus, do the hoary stones assume an expression of something beyond mere material loveliness, as if the builders had been inspired otherwise than toward worldly display? Do we, in fact, seem to look upon the soul of the race when it was young and ardent? It must be so; else, what other interpretation?

Nowhere in the world is the old ecclesiastical architecture seen in all its varied perfections as in the ancient French city of Rouen. Whether we single out the grand cathedral of Notre D  me, with its marvellous fa  ade of elaborate lace-like tracery on a prodigious scale; the chaste and colossal edifice of St. Ouen, or any other of the old and beautiful churches still standing, we have in each the perfection of its kind. And it is strange that we should find this unique cluster of sacred buildings in so battle-torn a city as Rouen. It would seem as

if the stones were only cemented more strongly under assault, and the beauty of their chiselling intensified by the scars of mutilation. Certainly none of the old churches of France have endured more or shown it less!

Rouen is one of the most ancient and storied cities in Europe, and its history in so many respects touches upon our subject that it becomes necessary to briefly sketch it. As the capital of the Gallic tribe of Velocasses, it was a flourishing city in the second century, having the name of Rothomagus. The old Roman walls that, in part, still exist

attest its occupation at some remote period by the great conquerors from the south, but its bishops seem to have been its only historians in those early days. St. Mellon, consecrated in 260, was its first prelate and under him appeared the first church dedicated to the Virgin. Under St. Victrix, his successor, numerous churches were erected, the saintly man himself assisting in the laborious manual labor. In the time of St. Godard, who died in 529, Rouen was seized from the Romans by Clovis and made a French town. We find its first great church, the Abbey of St. Peter (now St. Ouen), founded about this time by Clotaire I.



"THE CATHEDRAL, WITH ITS FAÇADE OF ELABORATE LACE-LIKE TRACERY."

The town suffered invasion by the Northmen in 841, and for a period of nearly fifty years remained in a state of anarchy and devastation. With the final enthronement of Rollo as Duke of Normandy, early in the tenth century, peace and order once more prevailed and an era of prosperity set in. The town was made the capital of Normandy and rechristened to its present name. Philip Augustus besieged and took the city in 1204 and annexed it to the French domains. He built the massive old stronghold, the Château de Bonvreuil, of which only the Tour Jeanne d'Arc—where the heroic soldier-maid was put to torture—now remains. In the old market-place, now called the Place de la Pucelle, this devout and intrepid woman was burned alive at the stake in 1431.

Of the wanton depredations that the old town suffered under the Huguenot invasions, and the still more vicious ravages that marked the Revolution—when the church tombs were despoiled of their dead and the bells and the lead of the roofs were melted into bullets—mention is here unnecessary, the outrage not having been forgotten to this day.

Suffice it to say that Christianity was not annihilated, and Rouen lost little if any of the ecclesiastical grandeur that for ages has been its pride and fame. And so long as she retains these grand old edifices she must ever be a city of interest to mankind in general, a Mecca of pilgrimage to those who love the beautiful and inspired in art and feel reverence toward all that is noble and good in the character of the past.

Naturally, our first impulse leads us to the far-famed cathedral of Notre D  me. Coming suddenly upon it from the narrow, irregular street, the effect upon one is that of stupefaction. We stand dazed at the prodigious spectacle looming up loftily out of its own dense shadows and broad beyond the capacity of one single view. We marvel at the vast display of statues and ornamental carvings adorning almost every inch of the western fa  ade, and are enraptured at the rich traceries that divide the three great portals, stretching up into fairy-like pinnacles. Higher up are some sharp gables and screens of open tracery, which might well be called poetry in stone. We somehow seem relieved to know that all this gorgeous magnificence is not the conception of any one mind nor the work of any one generation. Were it so, we should feel that a hopeless retrogradation in human capability had since taken place. The central portal and all the upper part date from as late as the sixteenth century and were the work of Cardinal d'Amboise,

while the two side porches date from the thirteenth century. Over the central door is carved the genealogy of the Blessed Virgin, on the left is the martyrdom of St. John the Baptist, and on the right the Virgin surrounded by saints. Two massive square towers flank the lateral walls and give this front its enormous width of nearly 200 feet. The one on the right is 230 feet high, girt with pinnacled buttresses and surmounted by an octagonal turret. It was begun in 1485 by Robert de Croixmare, Archbishop of Rouen, and finished in 1507. It is called the Butter Tower, from the fact that it was built with the donations of those who received dispensation to eat butter during Lent. This tower formerly contained the famous bell Georges d'Amboise, named after the great cardinal; it weighed thirty-six thousand pounds, and was ten feet high by thirty feet in circumference. On the occasion of the visit of Louis XVI. to Rouen in 1786 the bell was rung so loudly that it cracked. At the Revolution it was melted down into cannon, but a fragment is still to be seen in the Rouen museum of antiquities. The companion tower, called St. Romain, is of lesser height, but is much older, dating from the twelfth century. It is of a severer style than the rest of the building, being of the massive, early pointed order, adorned with arcades, surmounted by a lofty belfry and a steep, cone-shaped roof. At the time of the Revolution the belfry had a grand peal of eleven bells.

The north front, though less elaborate, is equally beautiful, with a deeply recessed portal lined with statues and surmounted by a lofty gable, a traceried arcade, and a superb rose window. There are two magnificent open towers on either side. This entrance, called the *Portail des Librairies*, from the number of booksellers' stalls formerly opposite it, was begun in 1280, but did not reach completion until 1478. The southern front, much on the same plan, has an ornamental bas-relief representing scenes in the life of St. Joseph. From the centre of the edifice rises a lofty modern spire, whose sole claim to distinction is its great height—nearly five hundred feet.

The interior is beautiful and vast, measuring 435 feet in length and almost 180 feet across the transepts, while the nave stretches up in lofty sublimity to a height of 90 feet. It will thus be seen that the plan of the church is cruciform. One is enchanted with the massive clusters of beautifully carved columns that support the heavy, moulded arches of the nave, and words fail to describe the gorgeous effect of light and

shade and color made by the three high rose windows, and the ancient stained glass of the apse and choir aisles. On the right side of the choir is a lovely old thirteenth century window, representing the Passion of our Lord, and the left aisle of the nave also contains a remarkable piece of art in glass, depicting incidents in the life of St. John the Baptist.

The choir is one of the oldest parts of the existing edifice, dating from the thirteenth century. It is partitioned off from the nave by a Grecian screen, and contains eighty-five quaintly carved stalls that are extremely interesting. Small marble tablets in the pavement mark the places where many noted rulers were originally interred; among them we notice the spot where the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion (now in the museum) was deposited. Near by is the monument to this famous warrior with his long-lost effigy. It is a life-size recumbent statue in limestone; the head is crowned and supported by a pillow, the left hand holds a sceptre, and at the feet is a lion couchant. This effigy, which bears evidence of being thirteenth century work, was buried in 1562 to preserve it from the Huguenots, who in that year ravaged Rouen, and was not recovered until 1838. On the opposite side of the choir is the tomb of Henry Plantagenet, son of Henry II., and behind the altar is the tomb of John, Duke of Bedford.

The twenty-five chapels that line the aisles of the cathedral contain a number of most interesting monuments, too numerous, however, to mention in detail. But there is one we would fain pause before, that of the great Duke Rollo, situated in the chapel of St. Romain. The inscription on the marble tablet tells us that he was the first duke, founder and father of Normandy, "of which he was at first the terror and scourge, but afterwards the restorer." He was baptized in 912 by Franco, Archbishop of Rouen, and died in 917. Of his beauty of person, nobility of mind, and greatness of character, and of the inestimable benefit of his life to the cause of civilization, nothing is said; but happily we have history. In the chapel of St. Ann, on the opposite side of the nave, is the tomb of his son, William Longsword, who was assassinated by Arnulf, Count of Flanders.

But the finest monuments are in the beautiful Lady Chapel. Most interesting and at the same time most splendid among them is the tomb of Cardinal Georges d'Amboise, Archbishop of Rouen, and his brother. It is constructed of black and white marble in the Renaissance style, and dates from 1525. The



"THE STately CHURCH OF ST. OUVEN IS ROUVEN'S CHIEF ARCHITECTURAL GLORY" (WEST FRONT).

high base is adorned with exquisitely carved pilasters and six statues representing the virtues Faith, Charity, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance. The two cardinals are kneeling beneath a richly ornamented canopy, their hands joined and their faces expressive of a lofty benignity. Statues of saints surround them on either side, and as a background there is a bas-relief of St. George and the Dragon. In pinnacled niches above are statues of the twelve apostles arranged two by two. The designer of this marvellous work of art was

Roullant Leraux, who also planned the western façade of the cathedral. During the Revolution of 1793 the bodies of the Cardinals d'Amboise were exhumed from their grave and, after being submitted to every indignity, were thrown into the common trench, the lead of the coffins being melted down to make bullets.

Scarcely less imposing in appearance is the elaborately decorated monument of Louis de Brézé, grand seneschal of Normandy, and celebrated in history as the husband of Diana of Poitiers. Four black marblé Corinthian columns, with capitals of white alabaster, support a highly ornamented entablature bearing in a recessed arch an equestrian statue of the duke in full armor.

However reluctant, we must leave the grand old cathedral, for there are other sacred buildings equally as important that demand a share of our space. The stately church of St. Ouen, although not as historically interesting as the cathedral, is Rouen's chief architectural glory. Not only larger than its famed rival, it also excels in purity of style and beauty of proportion; for although the work of no one century, it follows the original design throughout. It richly deserves its distinction of being "one of the noblest and most perfect Gothic edifices in the world." St. Ouen, whose name it now bears, was probably the greatest benefactor of the old church, then known as the Abbey of St. Peter. He gave up his patrimony to it, and as chancellor and minister of state to Dagobert he influenced its welfare in other ways. He was still young when he renounced the world and took to preaching the gospel. Rouen selected him for its bishop in 646, succeeding St. Romain, and soon after he became archbishop. He died in 689 and was interred in this church in accordance with his oft-expressed wish.

When the Normans invaded Rouen they almost entirely destroyed the abbey by fire, but the relics were carried off to a place of safety by the monks. When Rollo, who was now a Christian, became the sovereign-duke he rebuilt the monastery and caused its relics to be restored, the new edifice being dedicated to St. Ouen. This in turn was demolished in 1046 and a new structure completed on its site in 1126, Archbishop Geoffrey rededicating it on the 17th of October. Ten years later fire razed it to the ground. It was again rebuilt by the aid of Empress Matilda and Henry II., but in 1248 conflagration once more destroyed it. Finally, on May 25, 1318, the

first stone of the existing edifice was laid by the famous Abbé Jean Roussel. The main portion was built in twenty-one years, but the work of completion was carried on through six generations, the English during their occupancy of the city continuing the construction. It was finished early in the sixteenth century, except the two west towers, which date from comparatively recent times.

As though the old church had not struggled through troubles and reverses enough, it must needs be the subject of a vicious assault by the Huguenots in 1562. They sadly devastated the interior, making bonfires of organ and stalls. And scarcely was this cruel damage repaired when down swept the revolutionists, turning its sacred precincts into a blacksmith's shop, the smoke of the forge rendering the beautiful windows black and opaque. But the grand old temple has lived through it all, has triumphed over every enemy, and is to-day lovely and chaste beyond what it ever was. What an object-lesson these ancient stones hold, if one chooses to pause and reflect!

The plan of the church takes the form of a Latin cross and from the centre rises a magnificent lantern tower, 285 feet high. Nothing more graceful can be conceived than this tower, which is the prominent feature of the exterior church. Massive and gigantic in its entirety, it is of the most delicate lightness in its elaborate details, being composed of open arches and thin screen-work, built square below, with richly carved pinnacles at the angles, and octagonal in the upper story, with delicate traceries and a crown of fleur-de-lis. Clustering about the roof of the lofty choir are the fairy-like pinnacles of the flying buttresses, and nestling in between them are the numerous cone-shaped chapel roofs, looking like tents in a forest of spires. The lower walls are almost entirely taken up with huge ornamental windows. The transepts are faced above the portals with exquisite rose windows and beautifully carved gables with statues, flanked by corner turrets.

The western front is grand beyond description with its three great projecting portals deeply arched and its lofty gables of open traceries. Above the huge rose window is a beautiful arcade of slender columns containing statues, and above this again is the central gable. There are two flanking towers of marvelous beauty on either side of this west front, but time has not mellowed them into conformity with the general appearance of the church. The lower story—pierced by the side portals—is square, above this they are octagonal and finally



"AN OLD CHURCH, TIME-WORN AND GRAY" (ST. OUVEN, SIDE VIEW).

sharp, cross-surmounted steeples, girt with numerous open windows.

Once within the ever-open doors, we are charmed by the bright, almost brilliant appearance of the spacious interior. There is a cheerful, inviting aspect about it that literally draws one inside. This effect is partly accounted for in the fact that there are 125 large, upright colored windows in the church, exclusive of the "roses," and that the clusters of slender columns stretch up uninterruptedly to the very roof—a height of over one hundred feet. The few arches are light and airy, and it would be a difficult task to find a dark nook or sombre object in this radiant church.

Near the entrance, on the right, is the large black marble *bénitier*, probably the most remarkable holy-water basin in the world. Looking upon its calm surface we see reflected a perfect image of the church in all its manifold parts and richness of coloring. Not a detail or tint is lost; and seen thus in miniature the gentle, almost ethereal loveliness of the place is so intensified as to become enthralling. The secret of this phenomenon, for such it may be called, has never been satisfactorily explained, nor has it ever been duplicated with the same perfect success. The angle in which the *bénitier* is situated

has, of course, something to do with it, but the cause more probably lies in the effect of conflicting lights and a consequent radiation peculiar only to these conditions.

It is difficult to describe the interior of St. Ouen, for it is notably devoid of the usual embellishments of grand altars and famous monuments. In fact, its charm is in the absence of these; in its chaste simplicity, its superb loftiness and lightness, and in "the breathing music" of its unbroken harmony.

The architect of this wonderful edifice, Alexandre Berneval, is interred in one of the eleven chapels of the church. According to tradition, he killed his apprentice in a fit of envy. The youth executed the beautiful rose window in the north transept, and it so far surpassed the one constructed by his master in the south transept that the latter could not endure the humiliation. He suffered for his crime, and out of gratitude for his many noble works the monks buried him in consecrated ground. Master and pupil lie side by side. Over Berneval's tomb is written :

"Here lies Master Alexandre Berneval, master of the mason works of the king our lord, of the bailliage of Rouen and of this church, who died in the year of grace 1440, the 5th day of January. Pray God for his soul."

An unequalled view of Rouen, with its picturesque old houses, quaint, narrow streets and background of green hills, is had from the roof, and it is from this vantage-point only that the wondrous central tower and the higher adornments of the exterior are seen in all their beauty of detail.

St. Ouen stands partly in a public garden, which was originally the ground of the monastery. Seemingly attached to the east side of the north transept is a round, two-storied tower in the Norman style, said to date from the eleventh century. It is called the "Chambre aux Clercs," and is an interesting relic of one of the earlier edifices. A statue of the great Duke Rollo also adorns this garden.

Third in interest and celebrity among the old churches of Rouen is St. Maclou, which used to be called the eldest daughter of Monseigneur l'Archevêque. This lovely little jewel of a church was built in the fifteenth century and is famous for its curious triple porch, for its elaborate and exquisite sculpture and its ancient stained glass. Pierre Robin, its architect, lavished upon it such a wealth of skilled chiselling that to this day it is an unparalleled wonder. Even the wooden doors are beautifully carved with bas-reliefs of biblical subjects.

The execution of the "Last Judgment" on the tympanum caused so great a critic as Ruskin to write: "And the sculpture of the Inferno is carried out with a degree of power whose fearful grotesqueness I can only describe as a mingling of the minds of Orcagna and Hogarth."

Another church deeply interesting by reason of its antiquity and historic associations is that of St. Gervais. The main edifice is mostly modern, but it reposes on a crypt dating back to the Gallo-Roman period. Reliable authorities maintain it was constructed in the fourth century, and some go so far as to give it the distinction of being the oldest Christian church in France. Certainly it is one of the oldest structures in Rouen. The accepted history is that it was built by St. Victrix, Archbishop of Rouen in the fourth century, who, having received a number of relics of St. Gervais from St. Ambrose of Milan, set to work to build a church to contain the treasures, himself engaging in the labor, even carrying stones on his shoulder. The crypt is weirdly dark and is reached by a flight of steps connected with the upper church by a trap-door. By the dim candle-light we make out a plain, unadorned chamber of rough stone and Roman tiles, with an apse and a rude altar marked with crosses. In arched recesses on either side are the tombs of St. Mellon and St. Avitien, the two first Archbishops of Rouen.

St. Gervais calls to mind the melancholy end of William the Conqueror, and incidentally conveys a powerful sermon on the vanity of worldly glory. Wounded by a fall from his horse at the sacking of Nantes, he repaired to the priory of this church in his distress. Deserted by his own sons, who rushed away in haste to seize on his domains, and plundered of his belongings by his servants, the great warrior who had conquered England lay utterly alone and forsaken in his dying moments, and without so much as a single friend to offer him decent burial. William's last address to his sons is worth repeating:

"By the aid of God, through my ancestors and myself, Normandy is filled with spiritual fortresses, in which mortals learn to combat the demons and the lusts of the flesh. By the inspiration of God, I have been the founder of these fortresses—their protector and their friend. Such have been my cares from my youth upwards. Such the obligations I impose on my successors. Do you, my sons, imitate me in this point, that you may be honored before God and man."

Early on the morning of the 9th of September, 1087, the

old king heard the cathedral bells, and the voices of the monks singing the hymn of Prime in the outer cloisters. He asked what it meant, and on being told it was the hour of Matins at St. Mary's, he lifted his hands to heaven and exclaimed: "I commend myself to the Holy Mary, Mother of God, my sovereign, that by her prayers I may be reconciled with her dearly loved Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ"; and his soul fled to judgment. Truly a fitting end to so great a man, whatever may be said of his life.

Rouen has numerous other grand old churches, which although partially restored and somewhat modernized, still retain sufficient of their original features to make them objects of



"ST. MACLOU IS FAMOUS FOR ITS TRIPLE PORCH."

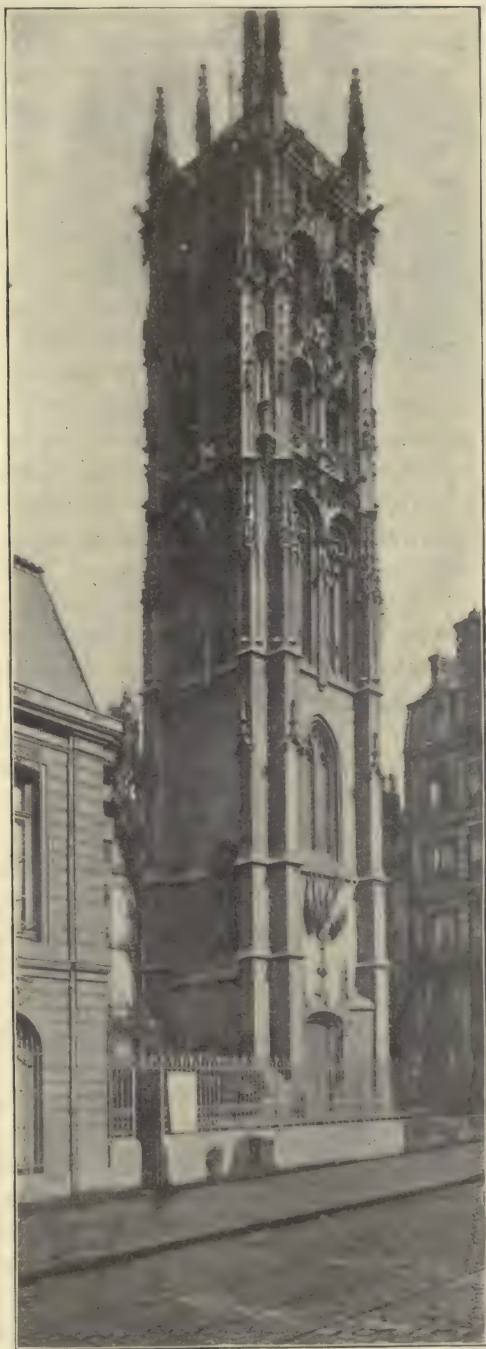
profound interest. Space will not permit of more than a brief mention of them. The Church of St. Vincent still shows a magnificent Gothic porch, exquisitely sculptured. The remains of a bas-relief after Michael Angelo is to be seen above the main door and the interior contains some fine specimens of painted glass. St. Godard is of interest in that its ancient crypt, now destroyed, originally held the remains of St. Godard and St. Romain. It also held the finest stained glass window in France prior to the Revolution. St. Patrice's has some beautiful sixteenth century windows, several of them being of wide renown. The church of St. Romain was an ancient chapel of the barefooted friars; most of the present edifice, however, dates from the seventeenth century. The ashes of the saint to whom it is dedicated repose under the high altar, and the dome is frescoed with scenes from his life. St. Romain was Archbishop of Rouen early in the seventeenth century, and in many ways was one of the most remarkable men of his age, withal a zealous champion of the faith. The Church of St. Vivien still shows some traces of the original twelfth century edifice, and St. Nicaise is of interest in that it stands on the site of a chapel similarly dedicated, founded by St. Ouen in the seventh century.

Many of the old churches suppressed at the Revolution are now devastated and in ruins, while not a few have been perverted to secular use. Scattered about the city one may see beautifully chiselled walls now serving to enclose some manufacturing plant, and solitary towers looming up grand and alone in the open spaces or wedged in between the modern buildings. Too formidable for the ruthless hands of the frenzied mob—or perhaps spared as treasures of beauty—they stand as mournful monuments to a popular spirit of sacrilege. The tower of St. Laurent mingles proudly in the sky with the fairest of the city's spires, but its church is now used as a warehouse. Another beautiful tower is that of St. André, standing quite alone in a railed enclosure. The fifteenth century tower of the demolished church of St. Pierre-du-Châtel is also in this vicinity.

The suppressed convent of St. Marie now serves as a Museum of Antiquities, and is of profound interest in that it contains numerous relics of the ancient churches—bas-reliefs, statues, mosaics, and monuments. The fifteen windows are filled with the finest of painted glass from the old convents and churches that came under the ban of the Revolution,

and comprise a unique and superb collection. Here also is the splendid shrine of St. Sever, in the shape of a Gothic chapel, done in oak and gilded, and containing silver statues of saints. It dates from the twelfth century and was brought hither from its former place in the cathedral.

Among Rouen's ecclesiastical objects of interest the monument of St. Romain deserves a place. It was built in 1562, and although uninteresting in itself, commemorates the spot where a condemned criminal was released every year on Ascension Day. The custom, called the "Levée de la Fierté de St. Romain," originated under King Dagobert, and was continued, with some modifications, down to the time of the Revolution. It was intended to commemorate the fact that the only person who volunteered to aid St. Romain in his perilous task of ridding the neighborhood of Rouen of the menacing presence of a wild beast was a malefactor under sentence of death.



"THE TOWER OF ST. ANDREW STANDS WITHIN
A RAILED ENCLOSURE."

JOHN MITCHEL'S DAUGHTER.

BY MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN.



JOHN MITCHEL, patriot, scholar, exile, and above all rebel, is one of the gallant figures of modern times. Like a number of others who heroically fought in that losing cause of Ireland's freedom, he was not of the faith that St. Patrick planted, and that in its ardor and its enthusiasm has merited for this wee island babe of the salt sea brine the title "Isle of Saints."

But when Irish blood is in the veins the ardent Irish faith is liable at any moment to spring forth like seed of the sham-rock wafted to alien shore and peeping forth timidly but dauntlessly amidst strange vegetation.

Therefore, in spite of the protest of a few North of Ireland friends, it could have been matter of little astonishment to any one when, in the winter of 1860, the eldest daughter of John Mitchel, Henrietta, announced her intention of becoming a Catholic. The Mitchel family were then living in Paris, although in a loneliness which practically amounted to isolation and was both galling and depressing to Mitchel's energetic soul.

Literal solitary confinement had been borne, but to live in that seething French capital, in a house half of whose inmates were aged women, reminding one of the morgue and the cemeteries; to receive in four months but a single invitation, and that to attend a funeral—this was, as Mitchel himself said, "ghastly." No wonder his wife and daughters found the convent of the *Sacré Cœur* a delightful refreshment in their loneliness.

Henrietta, the eldest girl, had when in Washington become intimate with two young ladies of about her own age who were devout Catholics. She seems even then to have expressed some desire to become of their faith, but her father thought she was too young for her judgment to be trusted in so important a matter. He told her that if, after a few years, she still desired to become a Catholic he would offer no opposition.

The matter therefore was still in abeyance when, in the fall of 1860, Henrietta presented her letters of introduction to the ladies of the Sacred Heart in Paris. She was received with

that charm and courtesy for which the Sacred Heart Order all over the world is famous, and received frequent instructions at the convent in Catholic doctrine.

The family had other Catholic friends too, whose zealous efforts to bring back these sheep not of the fold were expended not only on the younger but reached out also to the older members of the household, to Mitchel's sister—even, as he shrewdly but laughingly suspected, to himself.

"Ah, lady!" he writes to Mrs. John Dillon in acknowledgment of a Catholic book which she had sent to his sister Mary with the request that he first look into it himself to judge of its fitness for his sister's reading, "I know the wickedness of your thoughts. You wish to save Mary's soul and have no objection to give—*chemin faisant*—a lift to mine also. You want to undermine our great right of private stupor through the seductive philosophy of this Catholic author. The truth is, that there is a kind of hankering in all our family after the 'errors of Romanism.' Well, perhaps I may read the book and mark the objectionable passages for Mary's avoidance."

But the "right of private stupor" was one which he still clung to, not so much because he prized it—the verbiage forbids that—but because he could not bring himself to believe in anything else.

When it became generally known that Mitchel's daughter was contemplating becoming a Catholic, certain friends and relatives began to remonstrate against the proceeding, asking the father to assert his parental authority in order to prevent so obnoxious a step. And, as if the entreaties of the living might not be of sufficient weight, the influence of the dead was also brought to bear upon him to move him to coerce his daughter into obedience. For a young girl to publicly renounce the religion of her forefathers—it was preposterous, they said. But coercion was not a popular word with John Mitchel. It was not a wise argument to use with one before whose eyes ever shone the glorious mirage of freedom. Mitchel did not find it preposterous, and in writing to his mother, probably in answer to some remonstrance of hers, protested warmly against these unfair arguments, which sought to hamper the liberty of conscience of any individual, and especially of his own daughter.

"As to Henrietta's religious proceedings, you are aware that it is no new thing. The matter is put off for the present; but if hereafter she should be bent upon it, I don't know

with what conscience I can interpose parental authority to prevent it. I have never taught my children any religion, nor even spoken to them on the subject. If I had any system of my own to inculcate, I might endeavor to hold them to it; but would really feel that I could not be justified in merely prohibiting their profession of any particular faith which they may be inclined to, without directing them to any better or any other. As to my own position, on that matter you need have no apprehension. There is not the least chance of my being a Catholic, and *so much the worse*. But it is not very kind of you to intimate that respect for my father's memory is in any way concerned in the matter. He vindicated the right of private judgment above all things. If one's private judgment leads him into the Catholic Church, it is private judgment still."

This is just the sort of manly tone one would expect from the patriot and exile. There is not merely the upholding of the rights of others, vindication of freedom of conscience, but there is also that undertone of sadness, of regret, that his own life was still unilluminated by a settled religious faith. This same regret is visible in his Jail Journal, in those six reasons for not committing suicide, especially in that pathetic sixth, where there is more than regret—the glimmering of wistful hope. For Mitchel was too much of a Celt not to have Faith sometimes struggle forth from the ashes of scepticism and doubt.

There is no record, however, that his interest in the Catholic Church was ever of any but the haziest and most general kind. His daughter was baptized in the chapel of the Sacred Heart Convent of Paris on December 31, 1861, and the same day made her First Communion; but in the meagre account given by a French abbé and in the numerous lives of John Mitchel, notably that able and delightful one by Mr. William Dillon, there is not the slightest hint that the father was even present at the ceremony.

Writing about this time to his sister Matilda, he says: "Henrietta has been for two years a devout Catholic. She has become extremely intimate with the ladies of the *Sacré Cœur*—a splendid convent here—and I believe she is to make abjuration of something one of these days, with the accompaniment of a religious service, to all which I offer not the least opposition."

As this letter was dated December 28 and Henrietta was only baptized on the 31st of the same month, Mr. Mitchel prob-

ably meant that she had been a Catholic in belief for two years. Or else—sad hypothesis!—he did not know that baptism was absolutely necessary before one could claim explicit membership in the Church of Christ.

The “abjuration of something” possibly refers to her baptism.

A pity indeed that religion should have become to that splendid soul a mere bundle of meaningless forms and ceremonies!

The after-history of Henrietta Mitchel presents few points even for a cherry-stone biography. Her life had been varied as to clime and country. She had as a child made the journey, with four other children and her mother, from Ireland to Van Diemen's Land. Her girlhood had passed from Washington and other American cities to the capital of the French Republic, and maturity she was not long to enjoy.

When on the outbreak of the American Civil War the family returned to America, where two sons were already enrolled under the Southern flag, Henrietta asked permission to remain at the *Sacré Cœur* and to keep her younger sister with her. She had already been pursuing her studies there for some time, although beyond the usual age of the *pensionnat*.

Mitchel consented to her request. There seems to have been even a flickering notion in her mind of entering the order, but, being advised that she had no vocation, she contented herself with calling the convent her home and living under its roof. From the time of her conversion she was noted for her extreme piety and was much beloved by all the religious in the community. She died in the early spring of 1863, April 18, regarded by many as a saint, so great had been her virtues and holiness.

Mitchel was then in the very vortex of the struggle in America, but while the father fought with tongue and pen, the soul of the daughter had taken flight to that other world of whose existence and whose justice he always strove, at least, to be so indomitably sure. There at last may be answered that pathetic “Because” of the Jail Journal; there the Lord who welcomes the eleventh hour vine-dressers as the first may welcome that dauntless patriot too. For nearly the whole Celtic galaxy would be unhappy, there would be sedition in heaven itself, if the daughter did not win a place for the father, and John Mitchel did not find freedom at last in that other world who fought for it so gallantly in this.

INEXCUSABLE MISTAKES OF A NOVELIST.

BY REV. GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.



SOME time ago we had occasion to notice one or two of the egregious blunders of Mr. Marion Crawford in his otherwise fine novel, *Corleone*. At that time we had not read a story of his called *Taquisara*; also a good story, though hardly equal to the one just named. But the blundering in it is so enormous and monumental; the author wallows and tangles himself up in such a mass of ridiculous and preposterous mistakes as to the law of the Church, that in this respect it is probably unsurpassed by anything hitherto written by Mr. Crawford or any one else, and it is not likely that, even in his happiest vein, he himself can ever excel it. As a curiosity of literature, therefore, it seems worthy of a somewhat detailed description in this respect.

The principal interest of the story is supposed to attach to the Princess Veronica Serra and her love affairs, if we may call them so, though there seems to be no real love on her part except one rapidly developing toward the end of the book for the hero, Taquisara, a most magnificent and magnanimous fellow, by the way, for whom any one, man or woman, might well feel a most enthusiastic admiration and affection. But, as far as the lady is concerned, he keeps very much in the background, being principally occupied in urging the claims of his friend, Gianluca della Spina, to Veronica's hand. Gianluca himself is, all through the story, desperately smitten with her; but though a very nice, lovely, and interesting creature, he is weak in character and will, and still more so in body, being a confirmed and seemingly hopeless invalid with a spinal trouble, which gets constantly worse and worse. Veronica is not at all in love with him; but she has a woman's pity for his infirmities and sufferings, and moreover an appreciation of his mental qualities, particularly as they are displayed in a sort of platonic correspondence which becomes established between the two. Taquisara is indignant with her for thus encouraging the poor fellow, if she does not mean to accept his suit; and he really wants her to accept him, as he himself is not, till toward the end, in love with her.

Gianluca, under the joint influence of his illness and his

unrequited affection, gets, as we have said, constantly worse and worse, and finally Veronica invites him, with his father and mother, to stay with her at her castle of Muro, to which a village is attached, in the hope that the mountain air may help him. But though he improves somewhat, it becomes plain that nothing will much prolong his life unless she returns his love, or pretends to do so. She, being candid and truthful, and also naturally not wanting to be tied for life to a cripple, does not feel like doing the latter, and cannot do the former; at the same time she feels herself to blame for encouraging him, and finally screws up courage to tell him that she cannot precisely return his love. This, as may be expected, nearly kills him, though he does not blame her; and fearing his immediate death, she feels as if she would be guilty of it, and in a fit of remorse does pretend love, and consents to the marriage. The priest of the village, Don Teodoro, is then hurriedly called in, and the fun—from a professional point of view—begins.

In the first place, there are present, for the contemplated ceremony, only the priest, the two parties, Gianluca and Veronica, and their mutual friend Taquisara, who went for the priest and brought him in. Now, it happens that according to the decree of the Council of Trent, which of course is understood to have been applied to the place in question, *two* witnesses, besides the parish priest, are necessary for the validity of a marriage. So from the very start, of course, there is no Catholic marriage at all in the case. Here is the first blunder; we cannot number them all, for there are too many.

This is perhaps a somewhat fine point for the ordinary novelist; but Mr. Crawford is a Catholic, and undoubtedly has some priests among his acquaintance; and any one of them could have posted him on this as well as on the other matters which are to follow. Let us proceed to them.

Neither the decree of the Council of Trent nor any other law of the church requires a *ceremony* of any kind to be performed by the priest, that a marriage may be valid. Of course there should be such a ceremony; it would be a sin not to have it; but it is not needed for *validity*, which is all the point here. The presence of the priest and of the witnesses in such a way as to know what is going on is all that the council requires for this. Now, Mr. Crawford may not be to blame for not reading up the law of the church, and perhaps not for neglecting to consult his clerical friends on the point; but as a novelist, he certainly is to blame if he has not read Manzoni's *I Promessi Sposi*, in which the action turns just on this point.

In that classical work, the two parties rush in, with their witnesses, on the parish priest unexpectedly, and make him aware of the contract of marriage which they enter on at the moment. They resort to this expedient because he does not want them to get married, and cannot be induced willingly to assist. They know their business, you see.

But of course Mr. Crawford, who does not, represents Veronica as frantically begging for the priest to do his part, before Gianluca, who has been just able to say, "I will," breathes his last. Of course, if she had thought he was going to die any way, she would have let things remain as they were; but she still hopes, it would seem, that the priest's blessing may snatch him from the jaws of death. But he does die, apparently, before the somewhat bewildered priest can pronounce the *Ego conjungo vos*.

And now Mr. Crawford gets a new horror. For Taquisara, it seems, in sympathy, and also in no small distress on his own account, since he now loves Veronica, has taken her hand so that the priest seems to be marrying them. Of course Taquisara never expressed anything which could be supposed to mean marriage with anybody; and when Veronica said her words, she held Gianluca's hand, not Taquisara's; and to make the matter still worse, there is not even one witness now, for Gianluca is in a dead faint. So there is no case at all for the marriage with either one or the other.

However, Mr. Crawford thinks there is, and does not know what in the world his people are going to do; for Gianluca comes to life, and there is Veronica, half married to both of the gentlemen. Taquisara, with great generosity, thinks of going to the war in Abyssinia, and getting killed.

But now come more absurdities. Mr. Crawford finds his way out of his supposed scrape by the discovery that Don Teodoro is not a priest at all, but only a deacon. He was on a mission, it seems, in Africa, and the priests there all died; and he thought the people would lose the faith unless he said Mass for them; so he made up his mind to do that. One can conceive of such a sacrilege, great as it was, being committed for charitable motives; but when other priests came to the mission, he went on with it, and even when he got back to Europe he still continued. He said Mass, assisted the dying, etc., and of course married lots of people.

And note here, by the way, that this last he might have had a right to do validly, even though not a priest. For to be a "parochus," that is, to have ecclesiastical or canonical charge of

a parish, it is not necessary to be a priest; a deacon, as Don Teodoro was, can be placed in such an office; and can validly assist at its marriages, according to the law of the Council of Trent. It is true that Don Teodoro, by his false pretence of being a priest, hardly obtained his parish legitimately; but still, he had what is called a *titulus coloratus* (that is, an apparently good title or right), to his charge; and when this is the case, and there is also an *error communis* (or common though mistaken belief that all is right), the principle of the church is to supply the jurisdiction needed. And even if this were not admitted, the defect in the validity of the marriages he had performed could have been removed by a dispensation *in radice*, as it is called.

Of course this is really a fine point, which could hardly be expected to occur to the non-professional; but still it shows the fatality likely to attend a man who in professional matters neglects professional advice.

As to hearing confessions and attending the dying, the faculties for which functions cannot be given by the church to deacons, inasmuch as the Divine law restricts them to the priestly order, this was a much more serious matter; but it does not seem to have worried the good Don Teodoro very much, though it directly and most seriously endangered the salvation of his parishioners; nor did the marriages, till it came to the case of his distinguished friends, now concerned.

But now he was driven to desperation. So he makes up his mind that he must now go to confession, and let his real want of the sacerdotal order be made known to some one who can pronounce authoritatively that the marriage of Veronica is invalid. So he goes to a friend, Don Matteo, who is a priest, and tells him that he has a reserved case to confess, and wants him to see the archbishop about it. And he tells him his sad story.

Don Matteo goes to the archbishop, as Teodoro had requested, and without mentioning names explains the case to him. This is all right, of course; about the only thing that is, in this dreadful jumble. And he tells him what a good and worthy priest Teodoro would have been, if he had only been a priest at all. That was a big "if," of course; still the cardinal archbishop thinks that Teodoro ought to be a priest, as he is so eminently fit for the office, and has such a true vocation. So he says that they must make him a priest as soon as possible.

Now, of course there was no difficulty about this, except that arising from Mr. Crawford's absurd ideas about confession. He seems to think that not even the penitent himself can

divulge anything he has said in confession, or let his identity be known to any one but his confessor. "I would ordain him," says the Cardinal, "if he came to me." "But then," says Matteo, "your Eminence would know him, and the secret of confession would have been betrayed." "That is true," replies the Cardinal. "Let him go to another bishop and tell his story." He could not tell it, forsooth, out of confession, to the cardinal himself, because the cardinal has heard it in the way described. Of course Teodoro could, if he pleased, have allowed or could now allow Matteo to mention his name, which would save time and be the simplest way.

The plan of going to another bishop is dismissed, for fear the other bishop might not see things in the proper light. And now the terrible puzzle comes what to do, which is solved, in a singularly ingenious way, by his eminence. He tells Matteo that he will consecrate him a bishop, without bulls from Rome, or even the observance of the form prescribed in the Pontifical. These, of course, are quite trifling matters. Matteo has to say the "Confiteor"; such is the cardinal's only rubric. "Kneel down," he says; "I take this upon myself."

And why in the world does he make Matteo a bishop? Why, in order that Mr. Crawford's idea of the seal of confession may be maintained. Matteo, you see, is to ordain his friend Teodoro.

But how about the reserved case? Obviously there was nothing to prevent the cardinal from giving the faculties to Matteo to absolve it, or at any rate obtaining them for him if the case was supposed to be a Papal one. But such is not Mr. Crawford's idea. He thinks that the faculty to absolve reserved cases is part of the episcopal order; that what is meant by a reserved case is a case of an unusual degree of guilt, only to be absolved by an absolving power of a specially high grade, which is not given to the mere priest at his ordination.

Poor Matteo, as may be supposed, is not allowed to disport himself as a bishop. For his consolation, however, he wears a pectoral cross under his cassock, hiding it, it is to be presumed, when he goes to bed. Teodoro, of course, is now all right; only he does not seem to bother much about the matters of his past spiritual administration which need to be rectified. He settles the special case by telling the parties that the authority has decided that there has been no marriage at all (as he could have told them before, if Mr. Crawford had known his business), only that Gianluca being supposed to be Veronica's husband, he must really be made so by a solemn ceremony of some

kind; and as Gianluca is still very ill, this ceremony is apparently deferred till he can get about. In fact, of course, it is just the case in which a revalidation of marriage would be done quietly; let them bring in the two witnesses and do the thing right this time, as they did it wrong before. But there must needs be a blunder here as everywhere else.

Gianluca, as in duty bound, soon dies, and thus ceases to interfere with the real love affair, which an accident reveals to him. So Taquisara and Veronica are married, we may suppose soon after, and thus everything is satisfactorily arranged.

Now, all the farrago of absurdities which we have incompletely, but perhaps sufficiently, described is confined to the conclusion, not more than about the eighth part of the book. What a pity that a story otherwise so well worked up, particularly in the first part, which we have had no occasion to mention, should be spoiled by such insufferable nonsense; and that the author of such a splendid work as *Ave Roma Immortalis* and of so many brilliant and powerful works of fiction, showing so much knowledge on other points, should, without the least necessity, disgrace himself by a display of such fatuous ignorance on matters which one hour's reference of his manuscript to any priest could have cleared up for him fully!

The whole business, as it stands, is simply inexcusable. There is absolutely no excuse for any one, even had he not the easy access to reliable sources of information that Mr. Crawford necessarily has, when he attempts to write about professional matters without professional information. His conduct is exactly the same in the case as if he should undertake to write a novel involving nice points of state law without taking the least trouble to consult a lawyer as to what the law of the state concerned actually might be, or a sea-story without asking or in any way finding out the name of a single stick or rope on the vessels he had to describe, or the evolutions of which these vessels were capable. Every Catholic, to say the least, ought to know that the legislation of the church, especially on the subject of marriage, is full of intricacies and accurate distinctions, which cannot be understood in all their details without long and painstaking study, such as lawyers and physicians give to their respective professions; and if, as may well be presumed, he has not time or taste for such study, he ought to present his case, whether it be one of fact or fiction, to some one who is by such study qualified to know what he is talking about.

THE PROBLEM OF PERSONALITY.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

"La vie normale compte des actes intelligents qui ne proviennent point d'un *moi* nouveau, mais d'une subconscience du *moi* normal. Et ces actes sont nombreux, peut-être les plus nombreux" * (*Abbé C. Piat*, "*La Personne Humaine*," p. 126).

"The subconscious self must not be conceived as any distinct being; it is rather a diffused consciousness of any strength of intensity with a content rich and varied. The subconscious . . . is impersonal. Occasionally, however, it reaches the plane of self-consciousness, but then soon subsides again into its former impersonal obscurity" (*Dr. Boris Sidis*, "*Psychology of Suggestion*," p. 282).



AMONG the questions which to-day are being forced to the front is that of human personality. Until recently this question was studied only by metaphysical methods. But since the hypnotic state, through the labors of the late Dr. Charcot, has been recognized by science, the study of personality may be said to have turned over a new leaf. There are psychologists of repute who would have us believe that the traditional view of the unity and identity of the Ego must be given up; they would have us believe that there are two distinct selves, a waking and a subwaking, two streams of consciousness within each human being; while differing widely with this school is the Abbé C. Piat, professor at the *Institut Catholique*, Paris, whose recent work, *La Personne Humaine*, deserves to be widely read. On page 74 of this work the abbé quotes the case of a young woman healthy and well instructed who suddenly fell into a deep sleep. On awaking she had forgotten all she had known. Her memory had retained neither words nor things. It was necessary to teach her everything *de novo*—to read, write, count. Objects were to her as if seen for the first time. But she made rapid progress. After the lapse of several months she suddenly fell again into another deep sleep, and on awaking found herself what she had been before her first sleep. But she had no recollection of what had taken place in the interval. In a word, during the *old state* she knew nothing of the *new state*. This changing about from one state to another lasted more than four years. In her old state

* Normal life embraces intelligent acts which do not proceed from a new Ego, but from a subconscience of the normal Ego. And these acts are numerous, perhaps the most numerous.

she writes a beautiful hand; in her new state her handwriting is that of a beginner. Professor William James, in his *Psychology*, vol. i., p. 391, cites another interesting case of alternate Personality: "The Rev. Ansel Bourne, of Greene, R. I., was brought up to the trade of a carpenter. . . . He has been subject to headaches and temporary fits of depression of spirits during most of his life, and has had a few fits of unconsciousness lasting an hour or less. . . . Otherwise his health is good. . . . On January 17, 1887, he drew 551 dollars from a bank in Providence with which to pay for a certain lot of land in Greene, paid certain bills, and got into the Pawtucket horse-car. This is the last incident he remembers. He did not return home that day, and nothing was heard of him for two months. He was published in the papers as missing, and foul play being suspected, the police sought in vain his whereabouts. On the morning of March 14, however, at Norristown, Pa., a man calling himself A. J. Brown, who had rented a small shop six weeks previously, stocked it with stationery, confectionery, fruit, and small articles, and carried on his quiet trade without seeming to any one unnatural or eccentric, woke up in a fright and called to the people of the house to tell him where he was. He said that his name was Ansel Bourne, that he was entirely ignorant of Norristown, that he knew nothing of shop-keeping, and that the last thing he remembered—it seemed only yesterday—was drawing the money from the bank in Providence. He would not believe that two months had elapsed. The people of the house thought him insane; and so, at first, did Dr. Louis H. Read, whom they called in to see him. But on telegraphing to Providence, confirmatory messages came, and presently his nephew, Mr. Andrew Harris, arrived upon the scene, made everything straight, and took him home. He was very weak, having lost apparently over twenty pounds of flesh. . . . The first two weeks of the period remained unaccounted for, as he had no memory, after he had once resumed his normal personality, of any part of the time, and no one who knew him seems to have seen him after he left home. The remarkable part of the change is, of course, the peculiar occupation which the so-called Brown indulged in. Mr. Bourne has never in his life had the slightest contact with trade. 'Brown' was described by his neighbors as taciturn, orderly in his habits, and in no way queer. . . . (He) cooked for himself in the back shop, where he also slept; went regularly to church, and once at a prayer-meeting made what

was considered by the hearers a good address, in the course of which he related an incident which he had witnessed in his natural state of Bourne. This was all that was known of the case up to June, 1890, when I induced Mr. Bourne to submit to hypnotism, so as to see whether in the hypnotic trance his 'Brown' memory would not come back. It did so with surprising readiness; so much so indeed that it proved quite impossible to make him whilst in hypnosis remember any of the facts of his normal life. He had heard of Ansel Bourne, but 'didn't know as he had ever met the man.' . . . On the other hand, he told of his peregrinations during the lost fortnight, and gave all sorts of details about the Norristown episode. The whole thing was prosaic enough; and the Brown personality seems to be nothing but a rather shrunken, dejected, and amnesic extract of Mr. Bourne himself. . . .

His eyes are practically normal, and all his sensibilities—save for tardier response—about the same in hypnosis as in waking. I had hoped by suggestion, etc., to run the two personalities into one and to make the memories continuous, but no artifice would avail to accomplish this, and Mr. Bourne's skull to-day still covers two distinct personal selves. The case (whether it contain an epileptic element or not) should apparently be classed as one of spontaneous hypnotic trance persisting for two months. . . .” * In vol. i., pp. 393-399, of the same work, Professor James goes on to say: “Mediumistic possession in all its grades seems to form a perfectly natural special type of alternate personality, and the susceptibility to it in some form is by no means an uncommon gift in persons who have no other obvious nervous anomaly. The phenomena are very intricate, and are only just beginning to be studied in a proper scientific way. The lowest phase of mediumship is automatic writing. . . . Then comes writing unconsciously even whilst engaged in reading or talk.” And while the distinguished Harvard professor advances no theory of his own to explain what he terms perversions of personality, he would conceive the brain condition throughout these various changes of self to be capable of successively changing all its modes of action; “and abandoning the use for the time being of whole sets of well-organized association paths. In no other way can we explain the loss of memory in passing from one alternating condition to another. . . . Each of the selves is due to a

* For an unusually interesting case of triple personality see *Journal of the American Medical Association*, January 7, 1899.

system of cerebral paths acting by itself. . . . Some peculiarities in the lower automatic performances suggest that the systems thrown out of gear with each other are contained one in the right, the other in the left hemisphere."

The existence of a secondary self—a hidden will—is thought by some psychologists to be revealed by the curious fact that if we put a pair of scissors into an hysterical subject's hand which is anæsthetic, viz., a hand deprived of all sensibility, while at the same we carefully blindfold the person or place a screen before his eyes, so that he cannot see what we are doing, the insensible hand will at once take hold of the scissors in the proper way as if to cut. And these psychologists maintain that the adaptive movements of the hand that has lost all feeling must obtain from the subwaking self a recognition of the scissors. Binet, in *Revue Philosophique*, 1884, says: "We put a pen into the insensible hand"—the person of course not seeing what is done—"and make it write a word; left to itself, the hand preserves its attitude, and at the end of a short space of time repeats the word often five or ten times. Having arrived at this fact, we again seize the anæsthetic hand and cause it to write some well-known word—for example, the patient's own name—but in so doing we intentionally commit an error in spelling. In its turn the insensible hand repeats the word, but strange to say, betrays a momentary hesitation when it gets to the letter where the error in orthography was committed. If a superfluous letter happens to have been added, sometimes the hand will hesitatingly rewrite the name along with the supplementary letter in question, and again finally entirely suppress it."

It is in post-hypnotic suggestion* (and no competent observer doubts the fact of post-hypnotic suggestion) that Professor James and others find good evidence of a split-off consciousness. If a person is told in the hypnotic trance to perform a certain act at a certain time, the person, who has no recollection of the order after he awakens, will perform the act when the proper time comes. Here what is termed the upper consciousness—which knows nothing of the command—yields when the time arrives to an unaccountable impulse: a split-off, a buried consciousness would seem to rise to the surface, rule the primary self, and carry out the suggestion given during the hypnotic state. And Dr. Boris Sidis believes that in post-hypnotic suggestion we hold the key to impulsive insanity.

* A post-hypnotic suggestion is a command given during hypnosis and carried out after waking from the trance.

In *Psychology of Suggestion*, p. 272, he says that he hypnotized a certain gentleman, and when in a deep hypnosis and his secondary self was laid bare, he suggested that when he awoke and heard a knock he should drive his brother and another person away from a sofa on which they were seated and then place himself there. When Mr. A. F—— awoke and heard the knock he flew to the sofa and pushed his brother and the friend to the opposite side of the room with a good deal of violence, after which he took possession of the sofa. And Dr. Boris Sidis adds: "As in the case of impulsive insanity, the suggested impulse set on suddenly and was enacted with a like emotional automatism." Here let us say that Moll in his well-known work on hypnotism, page 245, believes that the two consciousnesses are not completely separated, and that post-hypnotic suggestions are only seemingly forgotten between waking and carrying them out. The post-hypnotic suggestion is retained by the secondary consciousness; and he maintains that in planchette the intelligence which guides the pencil is the secondary self. It is possible that the singular phenomenon of post-hypnotic suggestion and the common use of the words primary consciousness and secondary consciousness, the waking self and the subwaking self, may lead some persons to believe that there are indeed two distinct, normal personalities in every human being. But this would be a mistake.

Wundt, in *Human and Animal Psychology*, p. 331, tells us: "It is wholly unnecessary to assume the existence of a mysterious mental double, the 'other self' or secondary personality, or to set up any of the fanciful hypotheses so plentiful in this field." And Binet, in an article entitled "The Mechanism of Thought" (*Fortnightly Review*, June, 1894), says: "We should not forget that the human being is a single unit by reason of his physical constitution, and, despite the spectacle of disintegration presented by mental phenomena in certain circumstances, there exists a psychological unity in the individual."

The truth is we are only beginning to scientifically study ourselves. Old-time psychologists—albeit well versed in metaphysics—made no serious attempt to analyze what man is. They did not know that what rises up to the height of consciousness is far from being all that is contained within the organism. They did not know that there are higher and lower levels within the nervous system, and that there is scarcely a doubt that normal consciousness depends upon the integrity of action of the various neural pathways in the highest brain

levels—the cortical areas. But, thanks to experiments in the psychological laboratory in the past few years, we are able at last to throw a glimmering of light on the mysterious regions of the mind.

Nobody would now deny that the organic elements of consciousness may be profoundly modified through pathological conditions; a secondary self may seemingly be established within the normal self; a parasitic personality, so to speak, may appear to obtrude itself within the normal personality. But this is wholly a pathological condition; and it is now believed that all mental diseases have their origin in a disaggregation of the elements which go to make up the physical basis of mind. Nor can we be too grateful to the students of the nervous system for having rescued the subject of mental disorders from the region of mystery and superstition, and for convincing the world that insane persons are neither demoniacs nor witches. We know that crime may be committed in the somnambulistic and epileptic state where the normal consciousness of the individual has been suspended, and it is asked whether strange, untoward acts, attended by loss of memory, may not be performed under conditions other than epileptic. May not physiological and toxic conditions within the brain—instability of the brain cells so characteristic of chronic alcoholic indulgence—obscure the normal consciousness?

Not a few cases recorded in the medical journals would seem to answer this in the affirmative. As we have said, experiments in the psychological laboratory are beginning to throw a little light upon what mind is. The wide gap which was once thought to divide psychical activity from the chemical or physical changes in the brain and nerves is not so wide as it used to be; and hypnotism has been a guide-post in our psychophysiological explorations. Already we are able to bring about artificially a splitting-off of the organic elements of consciousness. In the hypnotic trance what are known as the controlling, inhibitory centres may be disaggregated from the rest of the nervous system; the controlling, waking consciousness becomes partially split off from the inferior reflex consciousness; and it is now held by good authorities that at least half the secret of hypnotism lies in this dissociation of the controlling consciousness from the reflex organic consciousness. In a word, we bring about an abnormal condition of the brain through artificial methods; and Dr. Hack Tuke has described the hypnotic trance as an artificially induced madness.

May we not, then, reasonably hold that outside of hypnotism a splitting-up of the physical elements of consciousness may occur as a result of some physiological disturbance in the higher levels of an unstable brain—a brain rendered unstable through the poison of alcohol or drugs or through nervous shock? The degenerated brain elements form a pathological substratum whereby normal consciousness may be disaggregated; for consciousness surely has a physiological basis in the central nervous system. Now, when this abnormal condition is brought about through disease—the disease may be ancestral—unrestrained, reflex automatic activity may take the place of intelligent thought, and lo! there may appear upon the scene what is termed the subwaking self. This subwaking self is devoid of common sense; the normal judgment of the individual is wanting and he may be viewed as an automaton. He is now in a state characteristic of the hypnotic trance, and one morbid idea through uninhibited auto-suggestion may force itself irresistibly to the front, and the unfortunate person may wander away under another name and become a case of mysterious disappearance. And there are cases on record where the normal self has, after fading away, never returned; the so-called secondary self has remained in control with not only a different name, but with a different character.

We conclude by saying again, that what is known as double personality does not occur in healthy life; it is wholly a pathological condition. The so-called subwaking self does not obtrude itself and assume command of the individual except through morbid conditions—unless he be neurotically predisposed; unless his higher cerebral centres are liable—it may be through heredity—to lose their controlling influence, their inhibitory power. The Abbé C. Piat is in line with all the best authorities when he says:* “Il existe une continuité de conscience . . . dans les dédoublements simultanés. Le *moi* normal y vit dans un commerce incessant bien que parresseux avec le *moi* second; il en suit d’un regard nonchalant les pensées, les émotions, et les entretiens. . . . Il est donc encore cet autre, et le second *moi* ne peut être considéré que comme une distraction grossie par un état pathologique.”

**La Personne Humaine*, p. 384.

A CHEERFUL VIEW OF A HARD PROBLEM.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.



DO not know that charity is ever looked upon as a pleasant pastime. It usually is taken with a large amount of seasoning, such as fairs, sewing-bees, church suppers, and all that sort of thing; and even then the real work is done by persons at the seat of war, so to speak. When the idea is suggested, to people who do not even attend sewing-bees or affairs in aid of the poor, that one should diligently labor for the destitute in the worst condition of disease and want known, the response is usually one of genuine horror. It is said that there is no such condition of things, just as I fancy some of us would be very apt to say there were not certain conditions of sin which a long life sometimes brings to notice.

The subject about which I write, and which I would gladly make interesting to the general public, is one that can hardly be made agreeable; but nevertheless I can testify that such a life as I lead with a few companions in a poor district, among the sick, has many agreeable points. As it is my earnest desire to get women to join me who have a natural talent for nursing, and a natural inclination to nurse those who need it most, I think it might be well for me to present the bright side of the care of the cancerous poor.

I suppose any one thinking of half a dozen women working on the East Side of New York, living in a tenement and working in tenements, would think first of all of the suffocation of bad air, the unpleasant aspect of things generally, to say nothing of the frightful dangers from footpads and drunken creatures. Now, the first thing that strikes me when I emerge from the house, early in the morning, is the fresh air from the East River, rushing towards me over a large park which could not be better regulated as to neatness and good taste in arrangement. Then I become conscious of some beautiful effects of sky and cloud, the charming outlines of Brooklyn across the water, with its lovely tints under the rising sun; and I see the Navy-yard shining with its white cruisers, that frequently boom out their salutes to incoming or outgoing companions. Often

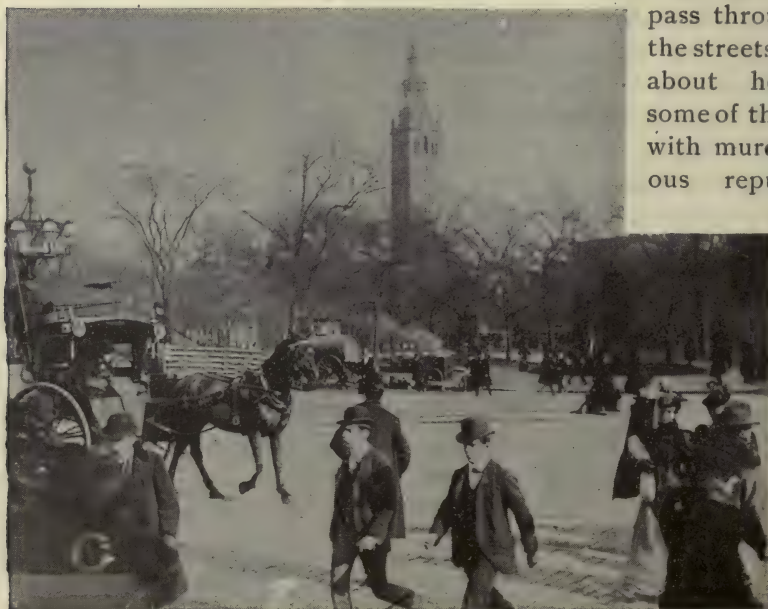


A BIT OF FRESH AIR FROM THE RIVER.

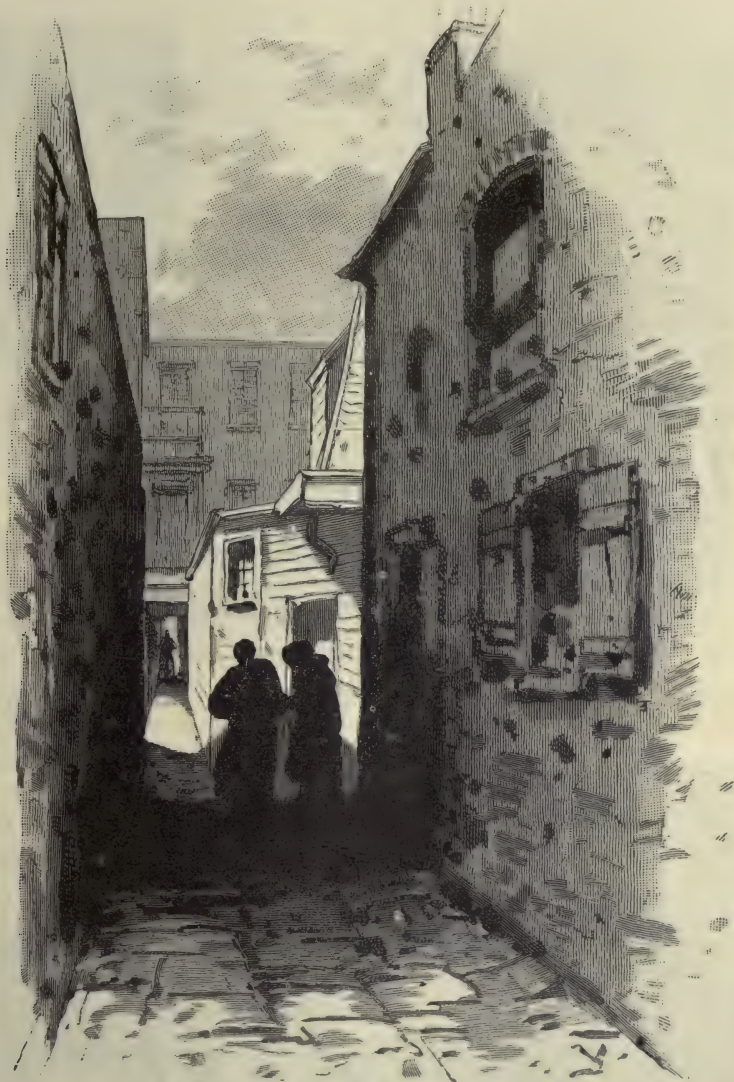
dangerous place where people can live; and though I have spent a life often terrified in imagination at the memory of what our ancestors suffered from the Indians, and what we might suffer from them if we went far enough West, I am beginning to believe that the stories of Indian ferocity would dwindle down to inoffensive fellowship if I threw myself upon Indian mercy. I

a sail boat, and sometimes a craft as large as a four-masted schooner, trips rapidly over the water at the foot of the square, past the other shipping, making a vigorous and delightful scene. There is absolutely no stifled air or loss of all particularly fine outlooks in going to work for the poor in Water Street. The melancholy notion that in living among the poor one is in constant danger as to life and property, has given place in our minds to considerable doubt as

to whether there is any really dangerous place where people can live; and though I have spent a life often terrified in imagination at the memory of what our ancestors suffered from the Indians, and what we might suffer from them if we went far enough West, I am beginning to believe that the stories of Indian ferocity would dwindle down to inoffensive fellowship if I threw myself upon Indian mercy. I pass through the streets all about here, some of them with murderous reputa-



THE CITY PARK OFFERS A PLEASING CONTRAST TO CROWDED STREETS.



A STREET WITH A MURDEROUS REPUTATION.

tions, and were I not alone I would laughingly discuss the wonderful neatness and quiet, and sufficiently patrolled condition, of these alarming streets. The house in which I live, a tumble-down tenement, has its front door always ajar, and the windows of our rooms on the first floor were not locked until a nervous patient came to us.

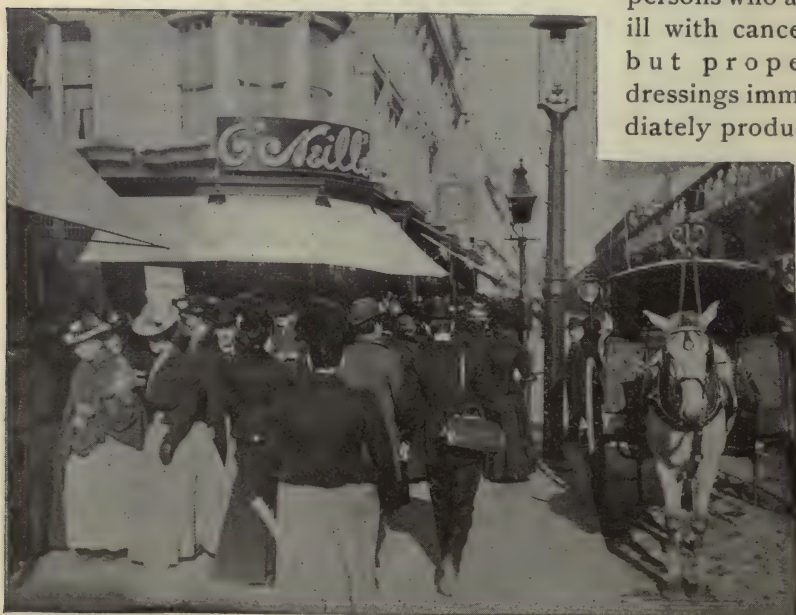
Of course a hospital-home, such as I hope to induce the public to obtain for us, will be pleasant and neat as any structure can be when it is simple and adequate. Women know how

easy it is to produce pretty effects without confusion, overcrowding, or over-expense. I do not think that the free cancer hospital I have in prospect will have many unpleasant features, but I am not surprised to find that persons, calling upon me to investigate our little tenement home for incurables, step in hesitatingly with a shocked expression already adjusted; and if they do venture upstairs—where they see not only the outside patients, who come to have ulcers dressed, but the real cancer cases, mostly in an advanced condition—feel very keenly the sudden revelation of suffering, because there is no way of shutting off this state of things, my home at present being as informal and crowded as a private house into which have been brought the wounded from a skirmish in war-time. It is wonderful, however, to find how soon the nurse loses her horror of a peculiar case, and takes intelligent interest in attending to and amusing a person so much afflicted. I hear a great deal in my visits to cases to which I am called about the outcries and general agony of



THE "WHITE WINGS"
CONTRIBUTES TO THE
GENERAL COMFORT
OF PEDESTRIANS.

persons who are ill with cancer, but proper dressings immediately produce



BUSY BUT CHEERFUL SHOPPERS ON ONE OF THE CITY'S CROWDED AVENUES.



ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF GREEN.

some ease, and proper medicines quiet the nerves; so that it is a matter of comment among ourselves from day to day how little the patients seem to suffer who, we would suppose, would be in a state of active torture every hour. There is really very little torture even in this horrible disease when the treatments recommended at the New York Cancer Hospital are adopted. Perhaps several times a day there may be great suffering, but the sick have a great deal of comfort, if any one tries to give it to them.

There is, of course, some difficulty to the nurses in exchanging a style of living which is orderly and comparatively quiet for the turmoil of a pauper district. I rank my sufferings in regard to noises with the other two trials of sleepiness not indulged in and weariness not rested. I really thought at one time that I should not be able to bear the constant uproar of the children and the midnight revels of the drunkards, but



EVEN THE POOR SHARE IN THE DELIGHTS OF SHOPPING SOMETIMES.

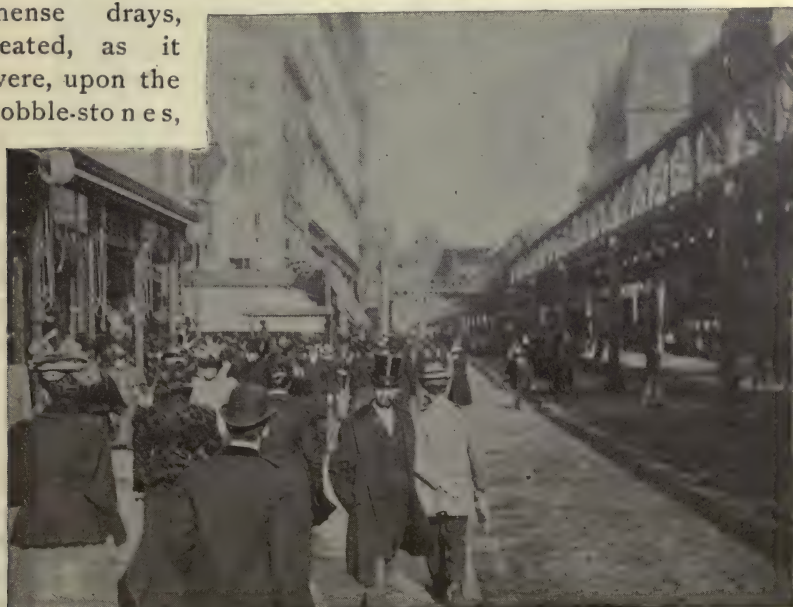


"PILGRIMAGES OVER UNFAMILIAR STREETS."

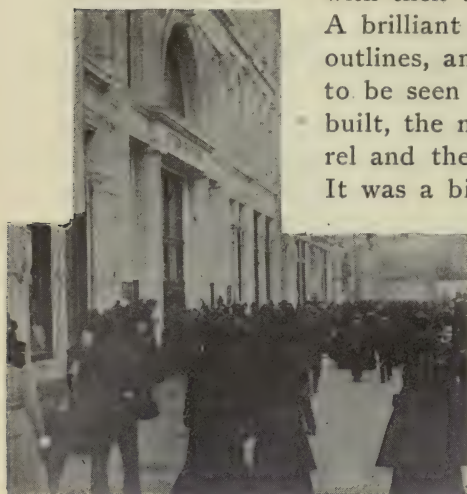
I must confess that I scarcely perceive now, after four months of what is called the noisiest street in New York, the rollicking or brawling racket always going on. It would seem that the human frame is really a slave whom it is possible to subject at every point, and that the strength of the slave is herculean when once the creature is fully conquered. It is impossible to get entirely away from the amenities of life! Into the turmoil of which I have hinted there constantly come, to people who have had connection with a more fortunate existence, messages and visitors from the old social circle, and these sweeten life very much. Little mementos and ornaments creep in, to win our hearts over again to the joys of existence; and it soon becomes an affectionate warfare with the people we love who remain in the world, in order that the nurses who have given their lives up to hard work may not be kidnapped, to be kept in durance within the confines of luxury at frequent intervals during the year. But somehow the determination to carry the work of charity on with completeness and adequate help to the poor is the dearest aim for any one who has once tasted the nectar of a self-denial which does not limit itself in idea, however weakly human nature cringes at some steps to be taken. I doubt if any district nurse, or

nurse in a hospital in a poor district, who has laid out for herself a plan at all in keeping with the commands of the New Testament, would feel so much at ease in her old surroundings of rest and amusement as under the yoke of charitable labor. Nevertheless, the glimpses of friends which she gets, through their generous pilgrimages over unfamiliar streets in order to see her and cheer her, are like refreshing draughts on a long journey afoot. The postman's budget of letters is beautiful with handwriting that is precious, and the words of encouragement brought by mail or spoken during a rapid call are found simply indispensable to her courage. It must also be noted that the humble appreciation and cordiality of the poor, sometimes awkward, sometimes refined and beautiful because of the naturally gentle natures of many of the poor, are a very sweet daily element in district work.

Often there is a great deal of picturesqueness about the pauper life itself, to say nothing of figures and tints among children and laborers which might be painted with a great satisfaction to the best art-critics. There are the startlingly effective groups of young folks around a huge bonfire, of which there is a brilliant series during the winter-time. One night, as I walked home in the moonlight by the water, I saw a row of four immense drays, seated, as it were, upon the cobblestones,



CITY LIFE HAS A PICTURESQUENESS ALL ITS OWN.



A PEDESTRIAN IN NEW YORK CATCHES PICTURE
AFTER PICTURE DOWN CROSS-STREETS OF
RIVER AND SUNSET VIEWS.

with their shafts drawn up towards the sky. A brilliant ruddy light touched off all the outlines, and close to one of the carts was to be seen the great bonfire some boys had built, the nucleus of the blaze being a barrel and the moving spirit a can of kerosene. It was a bitterly cold night, and the boys had all an air of conscious wisdom as they grouped themselves about this delightful centre. These bonfires may be found at all points roaring and dancing away to the satisfaction of the entire populace. No box or basket or old sofa, or any inflammable material, is quite safe in winter days, and no one seems to think of interrupting the boys in their ecstatic play with fire.

To wait for a car on some of the outlying streets of the city is to give one's self five minutes, very likely, of a brisk Italian scene, where a cheap tenement-house is being run up in short order. Handsome creatures in artistic garb, prettily varied in colors of shirt and scarf, slide down and up the ladders with graceful motions of unburdened steps, or the equally graceful motions of struggling muscles weighted with a heavy load. Everywhere on the East Side one is likely to happen upon the never-wearying effects of the shipping and blue, windy water or misty shores; and here in New York the pedestrian always has a chance, at the right hour, to catch picture after picture of the western heavens down cross-streets, which are all the more soul-stirring from their contrast to the scene which has been looked at all day long, within tenement walls.

In regard to starting a new charity, there is an opinion prevalent that nothing will be met with but discouragement from those who are expected to be charitable. A very rich man has not only his city and country house, perhaps somewhat multiplied also, but he will be sure to tell you that he has two hospitals on his hands. In short, an Egyptian hieroglyphic of one of the Pharaohs is the only thing that could illustrate his hampered condition. You are told that the well-

to-do have spent their pin-money upon the foreign missions, and that in a year's time you will cease to exist as a new charity. The fact is, that a new charity which is as much needed as that dealing with orphans, a charity dealing with women destitute of care and unable to support themselves, yet in the grasp of a terrible disease, is responded to with the depth of cordiality which greets a call to arms if one's country is in danger, supposing the responder to be capable of nobility. The methods of securing aid and manipulating resources in charity are by no means as exquisitely finished and effective as those used in national defence, but let me prophesy that they will be one of these days.

The first thing to do, in my opinion, is for those who can best afford the time to give themselves to the labor of so perfecting the science of charity that it may become adequate, instead of being as it is at present, often ridiculously defective. Who are these members of the race who have the most time to give, and who will least be missed in withdrawing themselves from "the world," so called? They are women who have no indissoluble ties, and who have the good sense to realize that the life of an earnest woman, wherever she is, is



BROADWAY WHERE IT IS NARROW.

one of suffering. They are the women who choose to do with less of the ameliorations of life to this good end of nursing destitute women, which I have stated to be, in my opinion, of equal importance with patriotism.



THE CROWDED QUARTERS AT WATER STREET.

I was informed about a French charity which takes care in a number of hospitals, both in France and England, of incurable cancer cases. I was told that in America these incurable cases, when destitute, are terribly neglected; and, if attended to at all, are dismissed from hospitals after six months, whether death steps in as a relief or years of suffering must ensue. I felt that, as I had time to give to charity, this was the charity I would take up, in the hope of assisting to repeat here the success of the charity in France. Doctors told me there was great need of the work, as a large number of cases existed among the poor and were increasing constantly. Most of my friends begged me not to enter into such a loathsome occupation. I persisted; took a few rooms in the poorest district; immediately found myself appealed to by persons afflicted with the disease; soon had several patients living with me in my little rooms, and was joined by a few women as interested as myself in the scheme. At the end of two years and a half I find myself more strenuously encouraged by the sympathy of others than at the beginning of my work. Once in a while I

fortify my finances by appeals in the daily press for money, clothing, and medicines for the poor sick I care for, and immediately there is a moderate response from charitable persons, sufficient to keep me at my post.

It is the hope of the Servants of Relief, as we call ourselves, that a permanent home, accommodating at least fifteen patients, may be secured by methods for obtaining public interest; and we believe that this house will in itself strike the public, in future, as an argument that carries its point well. Our peculiar trait will be, that we dwell closely among the poor, sharing as much as possible, if the expression can be permitted, their deprivations, and also their cold and heat, their laborious effort to exist, and their old-fashioned harshness of conveniences, in order that these things may be remembered and done away with. We trust that our own laborious effort will help to elucidate the difficult question of how a charity-hospital may be a kindly home.

As soon as a woman is incapacitated for self-support, she should be given a home by those who are capable of giving it to her; and that home should not be a travesty, but worthy of the sacred name.

We have no object in life but to supply this need, in one line of its outreaching growth from the central root of destitution; and as women never turn aside from misery without assisting it, and as we have hundreds of letters from men and women which express entire enthusiasm for our budding endeavor, we believe that both women's work and men's money will enrich this charity for the immediate help of destitute souls.

*Free Home for Incurable Cancer,
668 Water Street, New York.*

CHIQUITA.

BY JOHN J. A BECKET.



TOM HAVEN was not a success by virtue of endeavor, and good luck had not been thrust upon him. He had made a college course, been a newspaper man, cow-boy, prospector, a business man whose partner had decamped with all the money in the firm, and now he was a miner. He was also the father of Chiquita. He felt himself that this meant the greatest success of his life. When Haven had hope and strength and youth as his capital, he had married a handsome Mexican girl. Now he was forty, working as a miner in this wild mountain range in California, and Carmen, his wife, stricken by some strange malady, was confined to her bed most of the time, body and heart wasting away alike.

A change, this, from the days when the strong, square-shouldered, easy-going *gringo* had won the dark-eyed girl who danced his heart away with her grace and abandon. Tom's shoulders were rounded a little now under the burden of life, and his blue eyes, which once flashed with a merry twinkle, though steady and clear, would never know again that gay sparkle. Youth, the lamp-lighter of the eyes, had parted from him years ago.

Yet life was not all a failure while he had Chiquita and Tommy. The father and mother seemed to see themselves beginning life again in these two. Chiquita was a miniature edition of her mother. Carmen had taught her little daughter the sprightly steps of the cachuca, fandango, and other graceful measures. It was Chiquita's one accomplishment.

But although she was only twelve she was a womanly little creature and full of resources. When poor Carmen was stricken down, the child forthwith blossomed into grave, foreseeing, protecting ways. She was a ministering angel to her mother, a tireless guardian to her small five-year-old brother, and the light of life to Tom Haven. The sight of the bright child warmed the tired blue eyes into a tender glow. His big heart clung to Chiquita as it did to nothing else on earth. Carmen Haven was more wrapped up in the sturdy boy whose brilliant color-

ing recalled the handsome fellow who had given her life its richest happiness.

The family mansion was the most modest structure in the whole mining camp. It was tucked in against a ledge which reached out in a friendly way over part of the slanting roof. The tiny home with its two rooms and the attic (if that is not too fine a name for the space between the wooden ceiling and the roof) clung to the hard gray rock like a periwinkle. But this absurd little house was full of love, as the chalice of a flower is of perfume. No devotee cherished a protecting saint more than big, serious Tom Haven did his sweet little Chiquita. She, fragrant blossom of humanity, loved them all with a passion of affection—her poor stricken mother, her strong, grave father, and the darling, rosy play-boy Tom. What a wholesome ardor there was in her protecting care of the romping, golden-haired youngster! He was the one merry soul in the household, and played the livelong day as happy as if he were a king's son and lived in a palace. There was no service Chiquita did not think of for this small lord of her heart.

She did everything there was to do about the diminutive home. Her body was so strong, her great heart so willing and eager, and her activity so prudent and sweetly untiring. She rose with the lark, made the fire, got breakfast, and prepared the lunch for her father to take with him to the distant shaft, where he went early in the morning and stayed till sundown. Through the day the little housewife busied herself with a hundred matronly things, lightened the weary hours of her stricken mother and kissed and fondled and played with Tom, her idol.

The camp had no greater personage than Chiquita. The rough miners and their hardy wives cherished her mightily. Once a week Tom Haven took his little girl to the "store." There, in the dusky effulgence of two kerosene lamps, Chiquita, clad in a cheap pink cambric gown and with a rose in her jet-black hair, danced with smiling dignity for the rough men who sat around, their legs crossed and their horny hands clasped over their knees, as they watched her airy grace with solemn intensity. There was never a loose word, a careless oath, not even a rough movement in that hard audience when Chiquita mellowed it to refinement by her untutored, womanly yet child-like dignity. The charm of the pure, dainty little girl chastened them into gentle-folk.

At the end she made a slow curtsy to them, said "Good-

evening, gentlemen," in her soft voice, put her tiny hand, that had clicked the castanets so rhythmically, into her father's stout fingers and walked back to the miserable shanty snuggled in under the frowning ledge, happy and innocent.

One night Tom Haven had to stay at the mine. He kissed Chiquita "good-by" more tenderly than ever because it was to be longer than usual before he would return to her solacing tenderness. He bade her with all seriousness take good care of her mother and her baby brother till he came back, and to think of papa while he was away. Her soft, sweet kiss on his lips was a dagger of memory to pierce his heart with cruel sweetness in the after years. He looked back at the turn of the rough path that wound up the mountain and she waved her brown hand in encouragement. Then after one look out on the wide-stretching world, so bright and wild and lonely, Chiquita joyously went into the small hut.

That night a strong wind came roaring through the gully like a demon. It rushed shrieking at the mining camp and flouted it with buffeting gusts. It made Tom Haven's house under the ledge wail and whistle like a tortured æolian harp. It blew fiercely down the adobe chimney and whipped the great log Chiquita had put on the stone hearth into singing flames.

The healthy, tired children heeded the boisterous clamor of the gale no more than the sea-gull minds the hissing wind that tosses it about. It was a lullaby that drowned the soft breathings of slumber into which it sung them. Poor Carmen Haven was the last of the three to sink into the blessed refreshment of sleep. There was a melancholy undertone in the wildly shrieking wind to which her soul vibrated forlornly. She felt her helpless condition keenly. It was hard on poor Tom Haven to have her such a cripple. At last, with a long, quivering sigh she too sank into slumber.

The wind tore and raved and ramped about them as if the simple house clinging to the protecting rock infuriated its savage mood. But the trio slept on, breathing lightly, like small birds in a nest.

Suddenly Chiquita was roused from her sleep by a stinging bite on her smooth cheek. She awoke at once to full consciousness. Then she sat up with a sudden, soft little cry.

Sparks like a frenzied cloud of red fire-flies were whirling around in the room. Through the cracks in the wooden ceiling spirals of drab smoke were curling like gray snakes roused to a

sluggish activity. Now and then a bright glow flushed them with rose color.

Tom Haven's home was on fire and a friendly spark had awakened its guardian angel.

Instantly Chiquita's thoughts flew to the wooden box in the corner of the room. A shower of sparks was falling on it. In it, after the fashion of miners, the child knew that her father kept a store of giant powder wrapped in a coarse bag.

Like a startled fawn she sprang up, a cry like a swift prayer breaking from her. In her haste to get out her feet became entangled in the bed-clothes and the agile little dancer was thrown violently to the floor. She felt an excruciating pain in her leg. When she strove to stand it hurt her so she could not. With dauntless resolution she crawled to her mother's cot and tugged at the clothes, calling aloud to her. Tommy in fright at the roar and smoke and flying sparks buried his curly, golden head under the bed-clothes.

"Mamma, the house is on fire!" gasped Chiquita. "Get out with Tommy as fast as you can," she screamed in an agony of apprehension lest delay might be fatal. Then, as Carmen wildly raised herself up and, clutching the boy in her arms, fled through the fiery shower to the door, Chiquita dragged herself along toward the box as fast as she could. The pain in her leg made her moan at every motion. Her dark hair streaming down over her back, she at last crawled to the box, hastily dashed off the hot particles that had fallen on top of it, heedless of her hands; then, by a last convulsive effort, raised her body and flung herself out over the perilous case, covering it with her supple young frame from the fiery downfall.

Carmen, when she found herself out of the house with Tommy and saw that Chiquita had not followed her, uttered piercing screams of despair which soon brought some of the miners to the spot.

"Chiquita! In there, O Dio Santo!" she gasped wildly, and sank fainting on the ground.

Two or three of the rough men rushed in and found the child clinging to the box, the sparks falling in a shower on her white night-gown and eating their way through to her little body. But she clung to the box dauntlessly, her frame quivering, and low, pitiful moans escaping from her despite herself. The men grasped the situation at a glance, and gathering the child and the box into their arms bore them swiftly out of the smoke-filled room.

Then they tenderly lifted the child and brushed the sparks

from off her. They bore the small sufferer to a neighboring shanty, and there did all that their simple knowledge suggested with heartfelt earnestness. The brave young spirit tried to suppress any indication of the agony she was put to by her injuries. But the dark, sweet face was drawn into a tortured look. She felt strength failing her. Her round, bright eyes looked forth with indomitable courage, and the dainty lips made a pitiful effort to smile that those around might be reassured. She begged them to bring Tommy to her, after she had learned that her mother and the boy were safe. The rosy youngster, unharmed but ruffled like a downy bird, and with a scared look on his face, was brought to her bedside by one of the miners. Carmen was unable to leave the bed where they had placed her, and in the intervals of semi-consciousness did nothing but moan "*Chiquita!*" with an accent of terrified anguish.

As the beautiful, troubled boy was held toward her the dark face of *Chiquita* lit up with the sweetest wistfulness and gratitude. She stretched out her poor burned arms and said joyously: "Kiss me, Tommy; kiss *Chiquita*. Oh! how happy I am that I saved you and mamma."

Frightened, and with his bright face still troubled, the boy put his plump arms about his sister and clung to her closely. Though his embrace made *Chiquita* wince, she gave no sign of this as she kissed him with trembling eagerness. But after a moment through sheer exhaustion her arms fell from him and she lay panting while they bore him away, crying tumultuously as if his heart would break.

She had saved them, but the ebbing of her forces told her she had not saved herself for long. With the sense that her life was waning her whole great heart turned to her father.

"Oh! when will papa be here?" she moaned. "I cannot go without seeing him. Oh! do bring him to me."

Some one had gone for Tom Haven as soon as *Chiquita's* condition was realized. But the shaft was a mile and a quarter higher up the gully. *Chiquita*, her breath getting fainter and fainter while the pain made a furrow in her smooth forehead, kept glancing toward the door with her dark, glittering eyes. "Papa! O papa! I must see you," she moaned again and again.

There was a quick, crunching step outside. The next moment Tom Haven, white as a sheet, his hair clinging damply to his brow, burst panting into the room.

"O papa!" cried *Chiquita*, stretching her arms toward him as he sank upon his knees at the side of the bed and gently

enfolded her in his strong arms, "I saved mamma and Tommy. They are not hurt. I love you so dearly. I am so—"

What it was that Chiquita would have told him his heart had to gather, for with the pressure of his lips on hers the last atom of strength deserted her. Her tired little head sank against his shoulder, and the brave young arms fell limply over his. Tom Haven held in his straining embrace the pretty form of Chiquita, but the white soul which had stirred it to dainty dance-steps in Cogan's "store" had gone to God.

After seeing his wife and Tommy and making every provision for their comfort, they could not keep him from the quiet burnt body which had been so full of gracious activity when he left her in the morning, after consigning her mother and brother to her care. She had kept the trust well.

There was one more pang of sorrow in store for Tom Haven, something that pierced his very heart whenever he recalled it in the dreary after years. While the miners' wives were preparing his little girl for her simple burial, one of them, who was moving the still body, suddenly exclaimed with a thoughtless surprise and sympathy: "Why, her leg's broke!"

She was terrified at the storm of sobs which shook the big frame of Tom Haven as he heard her words. A strong man convulsed with weeping is an awesome sight. He fell upon his knees as if he were at some holy shrine, and with trembling lips reverently kissed the shattered body of his child, broken in its labor of love—broken for her dear ones. And they had not even known it until she was dead!

Silently they tiptoed out and left him alone with his little Chiquita, that his stormy grief might spend itself over those hallowed remains.

They buried her in a shady corner of the gully, with a stream singing merrily below, and the solemn pines whispering in tranquil sympathy above her head. Every morning Tom Haven passes the spot on his way to the mine, and he pauses invariably for a brief communion with his slumbering little girl. Many a blade of tender young grass that has sprung up over the small hillock has had its thread of root watered by a warm tear from his worn blue eyes. Every day he grows more gaunt and his eyes seem to be more introspective. The miners rub their rough chins as they see him waste away. But they do not mention Chiquita.

Carmen did not survive the shock of that bitter night many days. The old Tom and the young Tom live alone. Every

Sunday the father and the growing golden boy go to the small grave in the valley, and the father tells the boy anew that his little sister loved him enough to die for him, and that greater love than this no one hath. He does not tell him that he lives for him, but the miners feel that this is true.

Tom is growing daily into strength, and he looks ever more wistfully out over the stretch of wild mountain region with desire to get to the great city far below, where there is larger life. Chiquita is becoming an impersonal memory for him. He chafes for the fiercer, more engrossing work and rewards that lie in the town.

Tom Haven does not blame the boy. He, his father, recalls the adventurous changes of his own boyhood and youth. When the fierce edge of impatient desire and presumptuous hope have been slowly filed away by the hard rebuffs of life, Tom feels that the little, cheery, strong sister, the child-martyr of love, will be revived as a chastening memory in her brother's soul. But he shrinks from what may befall the ardent youth who will have no Chiquita to watch over and assist him in his struggles.

Then there came rumors to the small camp in the mountains. The woes of the oppressed Cubans at our very threshold demanded neighborly interference and nothing short of the heavy hand of war could coerce those who misused them into justice. The government called for volunteers. The slender, wiry stripling heard these stirring reports. He was nearly twenty now. The romance, the glory, the rush and conflict, the journeying, pricked his imagination and stirred his desire.

He told his father he must go. The fever was in his blood. Tom Haven knew that if he refused his consent, his boy would go without it. He had no wish to refuse. Had his own broken strength permitted, he would have gone himself.

It was a glorious Sunday when the boy told his father his wish. He had accompanied Tom on his pilgrimage to the small grave up in the cañon, something he had not done for a long time. There, at the grave of the little sister who had risked her life quite as a soldier might, for the interests entrusted to her, he said he wished to go to the war.

"*She* would want me to go, dad, if she was alive," he said ingenuously.

Tom Haven looked at him with glistening eyes, for he felt that this was true.

"Go, Tom," he replied in a low voice. "And when you have to fight or face danger for your country, remember Chiquita, who had a soldier's soul."

THE END OF THE CENTURY AND THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



WE are in the last year of the century of most vaunted progress. Almost in every point of view it differs from preceding ones. It is called the century of science and the century of political advancement. It is the century of new cults and the century of criticism. At other times men revered the past; they do so no longer. Pessimism used to be an amiable sort of weakness. It said, We are not as good as our fathers; we are going down hill. It is now a malignity. Everything is a blunder, and it is well it should be so. Let the blind influences go on, smiting the fool who calls himself lord of the creation—he whose greatest and least act is fixed for him and had been fixed in protoplasmic times.

Old ideas are dethroned. They ruled men and nations, but they were a superstition. They were in the way of progress. They were monarchical, oligarchical, conservative. Man should be free—free to think and to tell his thought. When the mass was not a slave to one man it was a slave to a few. The latter was as the hundred-fold tyranny of the former, whether it was a Thirty in Athens or a Senate in Rome. All should share in government. Learning was the privilege and vindication of a few. Philosophy, art, religion were expositions of authority. The first had its saws to sustain power, the second its rules to kill humble merit, the third was the practice of imitation to perpetuate a monopoly, and religion the chain flung by priests over intelligence in order that they might eat of the fat and drink of the strong. What is called democratic criticism flies at art, Biblical criticism at priestcraft, the science of the nineteenth century at philosophy, all at government as the instrument of order.

THE EXPLICIT WILL OF THE GOVERNED.

Is order in a state necessary for the enjoyment of social life? It would seem not, if certain theories put forward are carried to their legitimate conclusion. Take the unrestrained

freedom of Rousseau's savage as resting on one wing of the social contract, the theory that government must be the will of the governed explicitly declared as resting on the other. With but these principles it is impossible to calculate the future of existing nations. It is impossible, because no solid principle of right is behind and beneath the political theories in vogue and the experiments made in pursuance of them. Rousseau and Voltaire were both indebted to Locke for any appearance of philosophic thought in their views of government; but Locke's principles were *ex post facto*, opinions framed to vindicate the Revolution. Consequently they are a philosophy of concrete vindication, the speculative conclusions of a theorist on his trial.

The will of the governed explicitly declared is tacitly assumed to be the only foundation of just government. This habit of thought has no reality as a vital force. In France and Italy what stands for it is the transplantation of the doctrine to an uncongenial soil. It may be that the Latin mind is too logical to assimilate a principle standing without antecedents—a plausible and resounding period isolated in the realm of political philosophy—while at the same time these representatives of Latin government and progress are externally subdued by the remarkable history of England and America in the career of civilization and law. A glamour may be flung over the mind by the achievements of a nation as well as of an individual; and so rebellious Italy of several small states might be fired by the example of England proceeding in a course of political advancement and material prosperity at a rate which distanced all the other nations, and this from the time when she declared that loyalty was conditional and the authority of the state had no sanction but the will of the people expressed by their representatives.

THE ITALIAN REVOLUTIONIST ADOPTS THE THEORY.

The Italian revolutionist adopted the doctrine that the declared assent of the governed was the authority for good government, just as if it were not possible that there should be any other kind of assent. Now, the assent in question might in fact be tacit, could be as well evinced by the affectionate loyalty of a whole people as by the pronouncement of a self-constituted convention declaring the throne vacant for a foreigner to replace the king. We do not say the body of the English people felt anything like affectionate loyalty to James II. in 1688, but it is conceivable that there could be loyalty to a king without ex-

pressing it in state papers; attachment to his person without recording it in the minutes of corporations or declaring it in the speeches of statesmen, proposing or supporting addresses to the crown. This is not merely conceivable—it has happened over and over again—but what is more to the purpose we maintain a government may justify itself as a good one without a declared commission from the mass of the people. Such we hold to have been the governments in Italy before 1848 and such the government of England until 1688. Their formal title was of course prescription, but their substantial one was the maintenance of law and order. We say, with a certain hesitation, that an usurped authority, having gained prescriptive rights, may legitimate itself by satisfying aspirations and preserving peace. The satisfying of aspirations, though a somewhat indefinite phrase, includes within it the reflection of a people's will—that is, the expressing of the will of the whole people and not that of an official class. This is incompatible with general discontent, even though this goes no further than the press and platform; but when discontent expresses itself everywhere in insurrection, the government is condemned. It may put down insurrection by superior force, but a tyrant or anybody can govern in a state of siege. In the May of 1898 this is what the revolutionary government of Italy exhibited as its title to replace the immemorial prescription of the popes, the prescriptive titles venerable enough in antiquity of the other princes.

BEGINNINGS OF UNITED ITALY.

The rise of the house of Savoy is an interesting subject to the student of politics. Manifold influences curiously conflicting in their ordinary tendency co-operated in producing it. Without a drop of Latin blood, Charles Albert represented the Latin ideas of Alfieri and all the dreamers who paved the way for the royal revolution consummated in 1859. The history of Italian states presents a phantasmagoria of ideas begot of imagination acting under the direction of profound craft and unbounded ambition. From a few robbers and fishermen in the lagoons of Venice began the patricians who believed they were the descendants of the Conscript Fathers of old Rome. The prince-merchants of Genoa rivalled them in pride and pretension. Throughout the mediæval republics there was a like claim to the traditions of the antique past combined with astonishing enterprise and statesmanship. When most of the latter fell under the control of particular families they preserved the

forms of freedom like Rome under the emperors. There was the further resemblance that as in Rome so in these states the rulers retained power by policy and force. In their institutions and discontent their citizens kept alive the memory of an idealized Roman liberty and strength, as if they came in the right line of descent from the Romans. The illusion was rendered complete by the Renaissance, which learned something of the glories of Greece and Rome, nothing of the storms which had blotted out from the greater part of Italy every man, woman, and child of Roman blood.

INSURRECTION IN LOMBARDY.

In 1848 Charles Albert crossed the Ticino from Piedmont to aid the insurrection in Lombardy. The very name of the Lombard tells his barbarian origin. What had he to do with memories of ancient Rome? What connection had Charles Albert with the principles which made tyrannicide a cult? "I come," he declared in his proclamation—"I come as brother to brother, as friend to friend"; and in token of fidelity to revolutionary ideas he blended his ancient shield with the Italian tricolor. On the surface the cause of Lombardy was a just one. The reader who delights in history as an old almanac will only see Austrian oppression on the one part, the patriotism of the King of Piedmont on the other. But Charles Albert, though he moved under the enthusiasm of ideas of liberty and the restoration of Italian unity, in reality intended to annex the Lombardo-Venetian possessions to his own if the Austrians should be expelled. The rule in Venice has been described as a cold and remorseless tyranny. It was said to be more. It was said to be a plague which so corrupted society that the imprecations of every man who had suffered during the centuries under the lawless law of the Ten must have borne fruit in a retribution by which the tyrants of the great republic who had shed innocent blood like water, and killed by suborned tongues the fearless and the just who from time to time had stood against them, were punished in the fate of their descendants—in the shame which made their daughters a hissing to the foreign soldier and branded the name of coward on the forehead of their sons. But for this the King of Piedmont had no more real regard than would be had by his son Victor Emmanuel. Caught in the enthusiasm from the past which blinded all the people at the time, he believed he could turn it to his own purposes. There was in him, as in the princes of his house,

great personal bravery and a share of military talents. He relied upon the sympathy of England and the aid of France.* These supports to his own army, and the Lombards intoxicated with visions of the old-time grandeur of the Italian name, caused him to look with confidence for success.

He burst into Lombardy like a robber. A few slight advantages followed the audacious enterprise, to be soon effaced by the victory of the Austrians at Custozza. Then France began to sneer, and England, after her manner on such occasions, proceeded to deliver homilies on the violation of international law to the defeated invader. Milan was invested by the Austrians. Charles Albert signed the surrender, but the revolutionists proclaimed war to the last. They rose with cries of death to the King of Piedmont, attacked the Greppi palace, smashed his equipages, howled curses on the deliverer of yesterday. The picture of Charles Albert is pitiable. He stood on the balcony pale as a ghost from sickness and anxiety, his eyes haggard, a paper in his hands. Below him the mob shrieked for his death, while the work of destruction in the out-offices and grounds was giving earnest of what awaited him. He obtains a hearing. The paper is his own copy of the capitulation to Marshal Radetzky. He promises to continue the war to the last drop of his blood, and tears the paper before their eyes.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE AMIDST STARVATION.

This was the beginning of Italian unity in the sphere of practical politics, the crystallization of dreams airy as the beliefs of madness, the conventional conversion of the assassin's oath into a policy which put a revolution of robbery and license, of lust and atheism, into line with the nations forming the commonwealth of Europe. Every year since Italian unity became almost an accomplished fact with its capital at Turin, and entirely that with its capital at Rome, it has presented to the unseeing world those appalling features. Unlimited spoliation has not enriched it. Ingratitude to the unhappy nation which opened a way for its success has only given it the semblance of strength. England and the friends of revolution over Europe point to it as the triumph of liberty and reason over tyranny

* It is very likely that Mazzini had reason to expect aid from France, as he says in his *Cenni intorno l'insurrezione Lombarda*. The probabilities favor the expectation; the only doubt one might have arises from the man's character. He would be capable of making the charge as an offset to the restoration of the Pope by the French; but in this France and not its revolution expressed itself. It is a puzzle.

and superstition. It is one of the triple alliance of military despots against civilization and the rights of labor. The offspring of discordant ideas, the child of false enthusiasm wedded to narrow selfishness, it is a portent even in the nineteenth century.

What do we see? The Revolution celebrates its golden jubilee amid a starving population. Maddened by hunger, the workmen rise through the length and breadth of Italy. Towns and villages are sacked; government officials fly for their lives; mills are destroyed; the military are called out. How can barricades be defended against cannon when behind them there are no better arms than stones torn from the streets? The sight is horrible, revolting. Wild-eyed, thin-faced men sink under the fusilades with curses on their lips; dishevelled women with babes in their arms oppose foul obscenities to the fire of the soldiers. The barricades are down, the pavements run with blood. Once more liberty and reason triumph in Italian unity!

WHAT ITALIAN UNITY HAS DONE FOR SOUTHERN ITALY.

Take as a specimen of the law and order maintained in what was the kingdom of the Bourbons. Under them the south of Italy was a land of plenty and rejoicing.* There are no longer holidays; the country has been dedicated to the genius of famine. Last January in the Sicilian province of Girgenti the workmen, with demands for food and labor, set fire to the residence of the mayor. Three thousand men in Canicatti, in the same province, rose against the taxes and demanded work. They broke into the syndic's residence, took possession of the bureaus and wrecked them amid a scene of indescribable confusion. In Cinisi, in the province of Palermo, the same story is told. In the Marches of Ancona the insurrection took a character of inconceivable violence under the guidance of the Socialists, availing themselves of the universal discontent at the price of food. We wonder whether the wretched people thought of the paternal rule of Pius IX., when no house was empty, when childhood lived its happy time, when young women were modest and mothers honored in the home. Now children look with the vicious lines of crafty age, maid and matron are furies, ragged bacchantes, like the hideous slovens whose words and gestures to the soldiery during the tumults could only be compared to those of a camp trull. Comparing

* "Etait appelée le pays du blé et des fêtes," says one who knows.

the old king's benign rule with the sway of the revolution monarch, even a Garibaldian Englishman might think of La Fontaine's lines :

“Jamais le Ciel ne fut aux humains si facile
Que quand Jupiter même était de simple bois,
Depuis qu'on l'a fait d'or, il est sourd à nos voix.”

PEOPLE CLAMORING FOR BREAD.

After great damage to property the insurrection was put down, to break out in other parts of the Marches. In Macerata and Sinigaglia the tumults were directed against the taxes. In the last year of the century of science and political liberty we have the motive of Wat Tyler's rebellion in England and its characteristic features, robbery, destruction, and the madness of despair. In Sinigaglia the buildings where grain was stored were sacked and pillaged. Prince Ruspoli, the mayor of Rome, was the proprietor of several of those granaries. Surely they ought to have been safe. An aristocrat gracing revolution by holding the highest office in the transformed city of the popes was an object worthy the respect of the sons of toil. The corn he had accumulated against the lean years ought to have been sacred. Was he not the disciple of Mazzini, the prophet of the knife? If he charged famine prices for his corn to starving men, he was still the friend of humanity; such a friend, it may be, as Madame Roland found the liberty of 1793 was to justice.

Similar scenes were enacted in Chiaravalle, Jesi, Osimo, and very many towns and villages besides. Sinigaglia had given up its great market under the popes to help the cause of Italian unity. Perhaps she did not reckon that famine would be the handmaid of the queenly guest. So with Ancona, so with all other places in the province. The only deliverance accomplished by the friends of liberty was freedom from comfort and content. We have been for a long time expecting a rebellion in the Marches and elsewhere. Love of insurrection is an Italian disease. Ancona rose against the popes; it will rise against the house of Savoy, which has done nothing to confer that title of justification which some political thinkers concede to good government by an usurper.

In Trevi (Perouse), Gallipoli (Lecce), Voltri (Genova),* there were tumults of like description. The peace in Rome was only

*The names in parentheses are the provinces.

preserved by an overwhelming military demonstration. A public meeting in imitation of the Roman Comitia had been announced to be held in the Arena Garibaldi; it was prohibited and the public safety secured by patrols of cavalry and the massing of forces at strategic points. We should like to know who satirized the freedom won by Italian unity in the couplet

“Godetevi, O Quiriti. La splendente giorata:
Che la rivoluzione—Per oggi è rimandata.”*

ORDER BY MEANS OF CAVALRY CHARGES.

While we admit, nay insist upon the duty of maintaining order as the primary obligation of government, we may be permitted to recall the complaints made by the revolutionists against the princes that they maintained order by the sword. In what does the action of the revolutionary and kingly government in Rome, when it prevents a public meeting to be held according to a classical model, differ from the oppression of the house of Bourbon when it refused to allow the followers of Mazzini and Garibaldi to rob, fire houses, and commit murder on the plea of liberty and reason? It seems quite clear that in the pomp and circumstance of war alone the method of maintaining order by the new régime differs from the old. The shooting would be better, the cavalry charges more irresistible, the number of the force employed greater. We do not suggest that the absurd recalling of the old comitia as an incitement was less dangerous to life and property than the methods of the assassins and incendiaries of Mazzini and Garibaldi in Naples. Francis II. would be condemned in any case because his was a lawful title, while the usurper enjoyed the merits which ring as with a halo the brows of those great and good men, like William of Orange and Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia, whom disinterested love of liberty elevated from the rule of petty states to the throne of vast possessions. But why does not the revolutionary king, the son of Re Galantuomo, the heir of Rienzi and the great Julius, the embodiment of the ten thousand bewildering crazes which constitute the madness called Italian Unity,—why does he not trust his united people, the citizens of the capital torn from the hands which saved it from barbarian, local tyrant, European power hundreds of times? Vindictive justice sleeps when no Alaric is here, no Constable of Bourbon comes from the

* Be joyful, O Romans! this glorious day,
For this day the Revolution is brought back!

north to smoke the reptiles in their cave. Even in Rome the bayonets of King Humbert cannot convince starving families that they are not hungry, although their suffering was not expressed in such scenes as took place in the provinces.

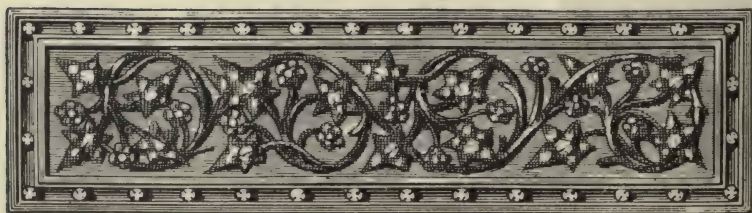
DEPTH OF POPULAR DISCONTENT.

It would be idle to follow the sickening events. It was admitted by ministerial authority that the destitution, hardly short of famine, which prevailed in the island of Sicily, a garden under the Bourbons, was almost equalled by that of every part of Italy.* In the province of Palermo the agricultural laborers broke out, crying "Down with the taxes! Death to the starvers of the people!" Cannon and the bayonet silenced them. There were similar troubles in Catania. At Modica, in that province, the populace stoned the military, broke the windows, seized the bureau of the city tax and set it on fire. Order was restored by killing a few of the rioters and wounding many more. We are informed that in this town the starvation of the working classes was accentuated by a costly function, one part of which was a great ball given by the municipality. The gentlemen led to the entertainment their wives and daughters dressed with a magnificence previously unknown. The account, under the conditions present, reads like one of those terrible contrasts in which Goethe delighted. That is not all. A month was spent in begging bread from the authorities which lavished so much upon a public display; and then the munificent sum of £2, or \$10 or 50 francs, was presented for the relief of ten thousand families. In Rome a customary donation of bread for the poor was to be made on the 14th of March. There was a mistake about the place where the distribution was to be made. At all events, the crowd collected at the wrong place. The bourgeois bakers could have easily rectified the matter by going to where the objects of their bounty had collected. These waited for a long time for the expected distribution. The king, on his way to a review attended by a gorgeous staff, passed them. They called out: "We want food and work." On his return they raised the same cry. In the evening the wretched creatures unfurled two flags, one national, the other local, and set out in procession. They went down the Corso, a young girl of eighteen years bearing a banner at their head. "Food and work!" was their sad demand in the street. In a moment the carabi-

* In reply to the deputy Bovio, Rudini, in a tone of extenuation, said: "*Che i mali della Sicilia sono pressoché uguali a quelli del continente.*"

neers came up, charged, took the flag from the girl, dispersed the crowd, and saved Rome and United Italy!

These were the tumults and insurrections attributed by the government to the influence of the clergy. How far honest men may have been misled by the slander we cannot say, but a consensus of authority from all parts of Italy lays the cause of the discontent at the right door: Taxation beyond the capacity of the country to maintain military and naval armaments on a scale of rivalry with the great powers of Europe. The consequence of this taxation in the vastly augmented price of the necessities of life, the diminution of work, and the spread of destitution. Even if there were not a single newspaper or book to tell the cause of the outbreaks, one would have inferred it from the policy of the government. It has taken the property of religious foundations of all kinds. Certain foreign institutions were saved from confiscation by the intervention of the ambassadors of the states to which their owners belonged. The revenues of the church have been flung into a quicksand. A conscription which spares no poor man's son is paralyzing the life of the people and driving families to despair. We only await the change which a few years must bring as another proof to those which history gives, that violence and fraud shall have their term soon or late.





THE COOL, SHADOWY VISTAS OF VAULTED AISLE.

THE PAULIST COLONY.

BY L. N. THORBURN-ARTZ.



ONE day last summer, about the hour of noon, an artist wandered into the Paulist Church, at Sixtieth Street and Columbus Avenue. The fierce July sun was beating down upon the pavements outside, but a cool twilight reigned inside the great, beautiful basilica.

The artist gave a sigh of relief as he sank upon a bench near the door. Here he might rest and cool off. He was alone in the building except for the dimly discerned form of a woman who, at the farther end of the church, was moving sleepily to and fro, dusting the benches; but she seemed more like a figure in a dream than a human being, such peaceful stillness prevailed. A faint noise came through the open doors, the clang of the bells on the cable-cars and the trembling shiver of the rails as the elevated trains rushed by, but mingled and softened



ST. ANNE, THE MOTHER OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, HAS HER SHRINE.

to an indistinguishable blur of sound which only added to the drowsy spell of the place and the hour.

The man leaned his head against a pillar and the cool stone

was grateful to his flushed cheek. He fanned himself with the cover of his sketch-book and shut his eyes wearily, but he did not keep them closed long. He found that his sight, dazzled by the outdoor glare, was refreshed as he let his gaze rest upon the cool, shadowy vistas of vaulted nave and aisle, whose dark piers lifted their height into obscurity, like giant forest trunks to the evening sky. It was like being in the woods at twilight, he thought.

He began to distinguish, gradually, bits of detail in the structure with that half-affectionate, admiring analysis to which all beautiful architecture inspires the artist, and instinctively he took out his pencil to sketch a bit here and there.

The christening font caught his eye, so simple in line and



THE SHAPE OF A HUMAN FIGURE FLOATING IN A CLOUDY SKY. !

harmonious in color with its many-hued marbles. The chapel alcove in which it stood was wainscoted high with a beautiful red and white marble, and in the marble there were curious forms which attracted the gaze and held it. Out of what seemed at first a chaotic mass of spots and streaks there emerged into distinct form the shape of a human figure floating in a cloudy sky. It was not only a perfectly definite but a beautiful, manly form which rewarded the earnest gaze of the artist, who now had become quite wide awake and deeply interested. He made a sketch of his new discovery, and he named him, fancifully, "The Genius of the Font."



IN THE
MARBLE
ABOVE.



AT THE PURGATORIAN ALTAR THE SOULS OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED
ARE ESPECIALLY REMEMBERED.

Then it occurred to him that it would be a desirable thing to have a photograph of this strange freak of the marble; otherwise people would say his sketch was merely an artist's fancy. So he rose and looked about for some one in authority in the church, for he felt that etiquette demanded that he should ask permission to set up a secular camera in a sacred place.

He waited until the dusting-woman drifted toward the side aisle and then he roused her to animation by asking where he might find the sexton.

The woman looked at him with a sympathetic expression, and throwing into her voice what no doubt she considered a lugubriousness proper to the occasion, said :

"It will be at his office you'll find him, sorr !"



THE UNHAPPY CAPTIVE IN THE PILLAR IS EMBALMED
IN THE MARBLE, DOING PENANCE.

the church in general and the decorations in particular.

"The Genius of the Font" was pointed out to him. He was enthusiastically interested in his discovery. It appeared that the figure had never been observed before, but the sacristan received him hospitably as a member of the colony already resid-

"And where may that be?" the artist inquired still further.

"It's the undertaking establishment you'll be wanting?" she asked doubtfully, seeing her questioner's inappropriately cheerful air.

"Oh, dear, no!" he replied. "I only want leave from the sexton to take a photograph in the church."

She laughed, but a mild contempt for his ignorance was observable in her manner. It appeared that the person he really wanted was the sacristan, but that he did not know how to ask for him. The dusting-woman went, however, and produced this latter worthy from some remote region behind the high altar. He appearing, proved most friendly and obliging, and was a perfect mine of information about

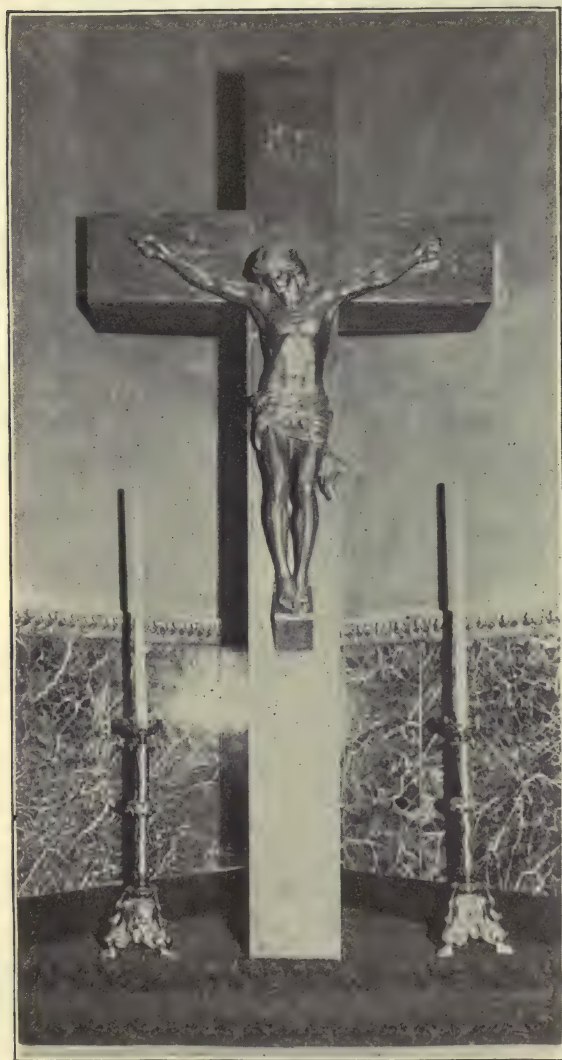


THE
UNHAPPY
CAPTIVE.

ing in the building, and, fired with a praiseworthy desire to do the honors of the church, he proposed to introduce our artist to "The Little Sister" and "The Unhappy Captive." The home of these latter being inside the chancel rails, the artist might otherwise never have met them; but now that he was presented

in due form, he lingered some time contemplating them, and being on the alert for discovery, he descried two additional figures: "A Courtier of the Reign of Henry of Navarre" and a fierce-looking "Dragon," both behind the "Little Sister." But as the "Little Sister" cannot turn around to look at them she does not know they are there in such close proximity to her, and fearing neither man of the world nor demon, she stands serene with folded hands and smiles a benediction down upon priest and people who come to worship before the high altar.

Although a prompt and cheerful permission was readily granted him to make the photographs, it was not un-



AT THE FOOT OF THE GREAT CRUCIFIX IS ONE OF THE MOST DEVOTIONAL SPOTS IN THE CHURCH.

til some days later that the artist succeeded in securing them. A rainy spell following upon the intense hot weather hid the sun

from sight, and so it was with a flash-light that the work had to be done. Hence but imperfect justice was done the beauty of the "Genius" as well as the other members of the colony. Still, one can make out that the "Genius" has his back to the spectator with his head partly turned in the direction of the camera, showing a charming curve of cheek and delightful convolutions of an ear. His form is innocent of drapery and he is floating on the clouds of a sunset sky. One foot is drawn up so that the sole is presented to you; his foreshortened legs are otherwise a little vague in outline. He has a fine head, round and firmly modelled, with short, smooth, dark hair. The muscles of his neck stand out strongly and the torso has the contours of a young athlete. In the marble the planes of the shoulders and the rounding of the muscles are beautifully distinct and life-like.

To an artist there is a peculiar charm in a well-modelled masculine back. It is easy to understand the satisfaction Michael Angelo took in letting his hands wander over the "Torso of the Belvedere" when, in his old age, his failing eyes forbade him to look upon its beauty. The "Dying Gaul" in the Capitoline Museum at Rome has so perfect a back, the yellow marble clothing as with an ivory satin skin the magnificent structure forms beneath, one is filled with a strong desire to smooth it with one's hands. Mere looking does not seem to take in enough of the perfections of that master-piece.

The marble slab or panel which contains the figure of the Genius of the Font is about six feet high, and is perfectly flat and highly polished, like the rest of the marble used in the wainscoting. No relief lends its shadows to help the illusion. The clouds on which the figure is upborne are simply red and white spots and streaks in the marble, all entirely natural. The idea of sky is further carried out by the wainscoting at the side of the panel in question. This is full of long white lines streaming back from nuclei giving a meteoric effect, and star-shaped splashes crowd together to form a Milky Way, or set apart resemble constellations.

The christening chapel as well as the high altar in design are excellent, well proportioned, and the latter very imposing. Over the tabernacle where the Host is kept is a little dome-like canopy supported by four small columns of Mexican onyx. On the front pillar at the right is the "Little Sister." She is only another strange freak of the onyx, this figure of a nun, but she is quite as well drawn as if a human artist had de-

lineated her. On her head is a bonnet from which a long, white veil flows down over her shoulders. A round, white cape extends from her throat half way down to her waist, and her white hands, emerging from the large, dark sleeves of her habit, are placidly folded. Her dignity is impressive. You feel the Little Sister to be a lady, every inch of her, though those inches be only about twelve in number. Her features are not very distinct, as the light is dim in the chancel, but it seems suitable that she should spend her days in a religious twilight. She is *La Penserosa*, that

“Passive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train.
Thy looks communing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble. . . .”

When the photographer's magnesium light flashed upon the quiet little form upon the pillar one could almost see her shrink back from the vandal thus invading the privacy of a recluse, but the vandal was not without some reverent thoughts as he watched the cloud of smoke from the flash-light lingering lovingly, like an aureole, above the head of the little nun.

Dear little soul! one feels quite a sympathy for her. One wonders whether she is ever frightened at night when the great empty church is given over to silence and total darkness reigns save for the tiny lamps which never go out, held by the angels who encircle the huge bronze hanging lamp in the chancel.

The “Unhappy Captive” might perhaps be some company for her, only that he seems to be plunged in such profound mental gloom one cannot fancy his being much of a comfort to anybody who is afraid in the dark.

He stands not far off on his own private pillar, the left one at the back on the St. Joseph altar in the right aisle chancel. He is a man of marble, quite as unintentional as the Genius or the Little Sister.

He is about eight feet tall, a sort of overgrown boy, and he stands with head bent sorrowfully forward, his dishevelled hair hanging over his cheeks as though he had not spirits enough to keep himself tidy. The general anatomy of his body is a



FROM THE RIGHT-HAND PILLAR ABOVE THE TABERNACLE "THE LITTLE SISTER"
SMILES A BENEDICTION ON PRIEST AND PEOPLE.

trifle uncertain, as though he had been considerably damaged in battle before being taken captive, but his head and feet and legs are in drawing and perfectly distinct.

The "Dragon" is on a column at the back of the high altar. His mouth is open and he seems to be longing for the gore of the "Courtier of the Reign of Henry of Navarre," who leans against a wall in peaceful reverie. Both these figures are small and hard to get at with a camera.



THE
LITTLE
SISTER.

Perhaps in time further exploration, aided by a little fancy, may reveal other residents of the Paulist Church; residents attached to the building in both senses. The decoration is still going on, will probably not be completed for many years, and where marble is there is always a chance for the discovery of strange and lovely forms. One need be neither an artist nor a poet to appreciate the beauties of the Paulist Church, but whatever time may be spent in studying them will amply repay the student. Their interest will be felt by every lover of beauty.



ST. CATHARINE OF GENOA BY HER PRAYERS IS
RELEASING SOULS FROM PURGATORY.

"NOT OF THIS FOLD."

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

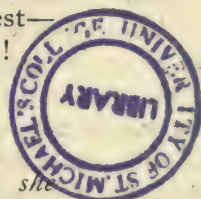
"And other sheep I have that are not of this fold."—JOHN x. 16.

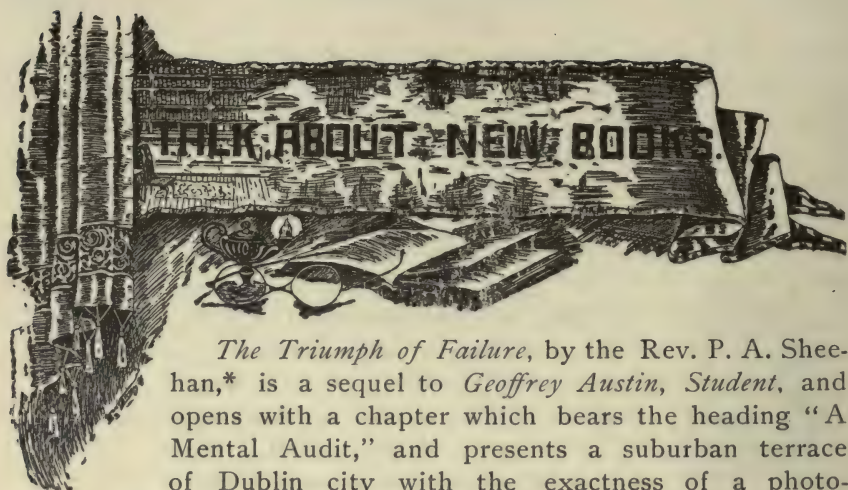


HER face is like a lily touched
 With rosy ray of early dawn,
 When all earth's weary noise is hush'd,
 And all night's dreary shades are gone.
 She is so near, she is so dear,
 I call her sister, sweetheart, friend;
 And when I worship, angels hear
 In words, like these, my prayers ascend:
*Open, O Lord! her eyes to see
 The perfect Light of Truth, that she
 May enter through Thy Church to Thee!*

So honest is her soul, and fair,
 I marvel that its crystal shrine
 Should not let in the splendors rare
 Of everlasting Truth divine!
 Yet this I know—whene'er that light
 Shall turn her darkness into day,
 'Twill meet a welcome brave as bright;
 And so, with trust, I plead and pray:
*Open, O Lord! her eyes, that she
 The perfect Light of Truth may see
 And, through Thy Church, draw close to Thee!*

Master, who fain, on Peter's Rock,
 Wouldst house all sheep that, hapless, roam,
 Look on this lamb, not of his flock,
 And draw her swiftly, safely home!
 Home to Thy Fold—the wand'ers' rest—
 Good Shepherd of the sheep astray!
 Until she wins that haven blest,
 My soul shall never cease to pray:
*Open, O Lord! her eyes to see
 The perfect Light of Truth, that she
 May, in Thy Church, abide in Thee!*





The Triumph of Failure, by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan,* is a sequel to *Geoffrey Austin, Student*, and opens with a chapter which bears the heading "A Mental Audit," and presents a suburban terrace of Dublin city with the exactness of a photograph, and leads you into a house of rather pretentious appearance with the confidence of a friend of the family. Though the house is detached and stands in its "grounds"—likely a rood in extent, be the same more or less—there is a placard in a window; "Furnished apartments to let" is the inscription upon it, and accordingly there is disillusionment. Gentility is all right, but reduced gentility taking, well, flesh and blood in a lady who lets lodging is quite another matter. If you belong to the old world of London or Dublin, you at once think of a pale-faced woman with a chronic cold in the head and a lump of pocket handkerchief in her hand. She is not here exactly—we mean in the book—but she of the book has the leading characteristics of the variety called genteel lodging-house keeper, just as Mrs. Bardell belongs to another variety that are set down as respectable merely. How many varieties there are in the island of Barataria!—from the lady who entertains a guest (paying guest) down to the "woman" who lets lodgings to single "men." You know, on the authority of Sergeant Buzfuz, that Mrs. Bardell's dead exciseman had been once a single "gentleman," but the learned counsel gave him brevet rank for the purposes of the trial, for his wife could only be "respectable," as she did not belong to the genteel.

Austin takes the lodgings and becomes acquainted with the landlady, a widow of course, and her daughter. The portrait in oil of a military gentleman in the dining-room proved that the widow belonged to the army. However, some flashes of bad English caused him to think the colonel or captain was a myth and the lady an audacious suborner of testimony. He took tea

* London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

with mother and daughter one evening—we do not think the scene an absolute success, but it passes the time well. The ladies are pretentious, conceited, not over honest in principle—in fact, what Irish people call compromisers—but Austin acts rather like a pedant. A little time passes; it is necessary to look out for a situation; he goes to a commercial house to look for one, and is treated with a brutal insolence which maddens him.

He takes to harder reading than ever to escape from himself, and so we have, under the title “Amongst the Olympians,” a chapter of superb power. We do not remember anything exactly like it, and for itself alone we could recommend the book. Now the ancient philosophies were dashed like cockleshells against the rocks of pride, passion, and despair; and Austin takes to new philosophy, Kant and the Germans, to find consolation. There is the distraction of hard-reading headache in the decasyllables of the *Critique of Pure Reason*, but no other advantage. He takes up the *Critique of Practical Reason* and finds God! That is to say, after intense application spent on the involutions and circumlocutions of the old philosopher of Königsberg, he at length finds what he had at the beginning of his penny catechism when a little child, what the servant maid had a full realization of when she so pathetically begged him to go to Father Benedict, her confessor, for comfort to his aching heart. The ignorant little housemaid and Kant are at one.

We have leaves from the Diary of Hugh Bellamy shown in confidence to Austin. Very sad and sweet reading, these thoughts of a ruined life, jotted down as the curtain was being drawn which shuts out eternity from living eyes. “How lonely and solemn is this evening here by the sea! Nature has its fingers on its lips, musing.” This is only a specimen of the liquid softness of the language in which the thought reposes as an enchanted princess on her couch, asleep but with parted, breathing lips and half-closed eyes as if awaking. We have one queer entry in the poor dying consumptive’s diary under date Lourdes, August 11: “Two Irish ladies, connected with high officials, very solicitous until they discovered I was Irish, when they dropped me.”

Another note under date 15th, our Lady’s Assumption: “What profound philosophers our Catholic religious are! They give up nothing to gain everything.” Under date 17th there is some fine ranting, with that ring of conviction which is better than genius arrayed in dogmatic propositions: “Ay, Christ

is not dead, but liveth in those Christ-like men. Where have I seen this thought? You, Kant, where are your children who call themselves by your name, preach your doctrines, follow in practice your life? You, Fichte, Schelling, Spinoza, whose schemes and systems come up, angry and impotent, mounting over and levelling each other like waves of an angry sea, and breaking in vapor on the sands of time—where are your followers, your disciples who would swear by your doctrines and give their lives for their truth? But the gentle Christ, what awful power He exercises as the magnetism of His example and the magic of His words stretch down along the centuries and fill to-day the world's convents as they filled the lauras of Nitria a hundred years after His death." We could take passages at random which possess the force of a strong conviction and are as eloquent as any cited because of it. It is refreshing to listen to this calm and concentrated passion of belief, almost scornful in the strength with which it pushes aside the haughty sophisms of the so-called wise. We leave the Diary.

How good is Miss Oliver, the landlady's daughter, who apologizes for having been educated in a convent instead of a Protestant academy! Her ancestors were Huguenots who fled from France "at the promulgation of that dreadful edict of Nongz"—immense inflection on the word.

A little tragedy in her life comes in by way of *tableaux vivants*. We have seen something like this method of presentation, a device of art not always to be resorted to, because likely to become ludicrous in any but strong and delicate hands. Father Sheehan's figures, even the supers, are living. On her marriage the landlady's daughter becomes a woman of fashion and puts away whatever conscience has been developed in the convent, where she was treated much better than she deserved. Great changes take place—some startling; and Charlie Travers is projected on the scene, a social reformer of intellect, energy, and solid, collected self-negation, not like the thing of moods and whims and inconsistencies bundled together under the name or label John Storm, in the novel *The Christian*.

We recognize uncommon power throughout this work. If Father Sheehan, instead of being a priest in a country district of Ireland, had brought his talents to the London market; if, instead of adhering to the dictates of a high and authoritative morality, he bowed before the shrine of a heartless expediency, he would take a place with the foremost writers of fiction in our time.

*The Secret of Fougereuse** is a tale of the fifteenth century in the time of René, King of Jerusalem, that king so well known to English readers as the royal pauper who could not provide even apparel for his daughter on her marriage with Henry VI. The scene is chiefly in Anjou and partly in Provence. René, sovereign duke and sovereign count as well as king over many lands, would have been a powerful prince if shadow were identical with substance. He is well portrayed in the book, and in truth does not deserve the contempt entertained for him by contemporaneous princes and by Englishmen who in some strange manner make him responsible for the calamities of their country during the Wars of the Roses. We do not know how far this work is a translation or an adaptation, but treating it as the former we think the original writer has completely failed in what might have been in other hands a scene of striking interest and power—the trial of Sir Guy Fougereuse. Sir Guy is a character conceived and drawn with great force. In the events preceding the trial we have proof of this, but in those which follow, in which the revelation of the secret is the chief incident, the author rises to a height of intense passion and dignity not to be surpassed. The villain is a paltry, inconsistent intriguer intended to be a master-piece, but wearisome through his shallow cynicism and artificial wit. There is a healthy tone throughout the book; we can recommend it not alone on that score but on account of the ability displayed in it. The trial scene, perhaps, is judged too severely because we had in our mind the immeasurably superior handling of the similar scene in *Ivanhoe*. Scott preserved the dignity of his court; the author before us does not. Scott had his eye on the rules of evidence; they are in this work only honored in the breach.

A handy volume, called *The Sacred Heart*,† is described as “incidents showing how those who honor the Sacred Heart are assisted by its power and love,” and with the incidents the book contains the life of Blessed Margaret Mary and that of her director, the venerable Father de la Colombière. The author is the Rev. Joseph A. Keller, D.D., and the translator appears on the title-page as author of *Angeli Dei* and other works. The lives of Blessed Margaret Mary and Father de la Colombière are presented as an introduction to the incidents; and very suitably

* *The Secret of Fougereuse*. From the French by Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co.

† London: R. & T. Washbourne; New York: Benziger Brothers.

indeed, for the nun to whom such unspeakable graces were vouchsafed had as her director this man so evidently singled out for the office by the Lord himself, that both penitent and confessor must be for ever associated with the Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

An interesting recollection to English Catholics is that the first petition to the Holy See for the establishment of the Feast of the Sacred Heart was sent from St. James' Palace. Father de la Colombière was chaplain of Mary of Modena, wife of James II., and we have in this circumstance another proof of the fidelity of the royal and unfortunate couple to Holy Church and of their Catholic insight. A very inspiring narrative is that entitled "A Page from Tyrolese History." The country was dedicated to the Sacred Heart when the star of the French Revolution was at its highest. The loyalty of the people to the Catholic principles of government and the duty of the governed to rulers is remarkable in our time; and conspicuously so when one reflects on the great trials to which that loyalty has been subjected since 1796 to the present hour. It is a manifest effect of the power of the Sacred Heart in guarding the purity of a people's conscience; indeed it is, perhaps, the only instance in the world of a national conscience as distinguished from a national opinion, which is so commonly called the conscience of a people. Instances are given of the power and love of the Sacred Heart in different countries and in every condition of life in caring for its clients which ought to make the book a help in extending the devotion.

Every aid should be welcomed. For that devotion would appear to be the one great power to cope with the spirit of the age when among the other evils born of it we find—as the Holy Father has pointed out—the poor and working classes seduced by a turbulent discontent, men without true principles agitating society, temptations on all sides against faith, purity, and the love of the church; all the evils, one may say in a word, which prevailed when the Sacred Heart revealed itself to the Blessed Margaret Mary. Books of this kind should be in every home.

Cardinal Lavigerie, by Rev. J. G. Beane,* adapted from the French, is the life of a great man. In his boyhood, when at St. Nicholas' Seminary at Paris, Charles Lavigerie underwent a trial which might have destroyed his future. His first

* St. Joseph's Seminary for the Colored Missions, Baltimore, Md.

months there were a prison-life as it were, in the black and gloomy house, so soon after the river, the hills, the landscape of his native place. He became sad and morose, though his fellow-students were gay and amiable, and Father Dupanloup, the master, kind and considerate. This was the man who in after years was so well known as the Bishop of Orleans, the champion of the church and of the honor of France. Only for his penetration young Lavigerie would have been a mediocre student. He saw the boy's gifts, an enthusiastic soul clouded by home-sickness, the hunger of the heart for native scenes, and the invisible barriers which sometimes construct themselves round the stranger among companions not congenial to him.

Father Dupanloup took him in hand, and after his death the pupil wrote with keen appreciation of that great prelate's kindness and control: "Amid the darkness I saw another sun gradually arise which warmed my soul and awakened it from its deathly torpor. . . . If he wished to have all, it was that he might give all to Jesus Christ according to the divine plan of St. Paul: 'All things are for you, and you are for Christ.'" This last was in reference to an opinion that Monseigneur Dupanloup was egotistic and ambitious; and we must say, after learning that such an opinion existed, the less people care for what is thought about them the better. There is no such thing as justice.

But let that pass. Lavigerie became a brilliant student, and in time professor of literature at the Sorbonne; and obtained such recognition from the organ of the Jansenists as the following: "How is it possible that the entire Sorbonne can adhere to a young priest who was unknown yesterday, and who wishes to demolish the old Gallican traditions, to rear on the smoking ruins the undefined dogma of the Papal Infallibility?" It is to be observed this passage was written in the *Catholic Observer*, the journal spoken of sixteen years before the definition.

He had a great career, in accomplishing which energy of will was the pre-eminent quality. He commanded his subordinates, he alone knew his own motives; therefore there was no ground for discussion. He was equal to any sacrifice, any demand at the call of duty. He could become an abject beggar-man to promote education in the East; as Primate of Africa he would brook no opposition from the secular authority. It was no wonder that the news of his death cast a gloom over the Catholic world. We want such men, heroes of humanity, not heroes of the Carlylean, hero-worship stamp. They save

the race from the dry rot of selfishness. The public funeral with which France expressed her homage to the friend of the slave proves that there are moments when charity is stronger than ambition in a people. Such moments afford the hope that the labor of a just life has not been given in vain when it wins reverence in spite of the policy of rulers.

The author of *A Klondike Picnic* * calls this work the Story of a Day. The sub-title is suggestive of events brought rapidly together and terminating pleasantly. You will hardly think of that far-off region of desperate adventure and fortunes to be made by it, as men staked their last "thou" in Monte Carlo or Baden of the past—staked it to retrieve the many thousands lost. You are curious to know what gay things are to be done in a day, and why they should happen at Klondike. There surely reigns the cursed thirst for gold, that "auri sacra fames" which must have been so potent a couple of thousand years ago when that insouciant little gentleman Horace could so talk of its effect, that passion which devours all other things.

The book opens: "It is a lovely morning in mid-May"; "the sky is as blue as our Blessed Lady's cloak," and then you have "the broad, dimpling ocean," Æschylus' innumerable laughs of the sea; so really it strikes you that this is a Klondike in fairy-land and not amid snows and savage cliffs, to be attempted only by men urged by the yellow hunger.

The explanation is, that a very pleasant family and some friends start a picnic to a little rocky island near where they live, and which one of the boys had called Klondike "because it's full of rocks, don't you see?" In the island there is youthful fun, innocent, fresh, unalloyed, almost in a sense Grecian from the effects of sun, sky, atmosphere, and sea—that is in the sense so nobly human, but higher than the Greek of the young world because of a spirit in the lads and girls that came from a source diviner than the influences which made the Greek. They are not wreathing a flowery band to bind them to the earth, as he did. To them all things of beauty are joys, but not for ever, unless indeed those conceptions of a world beyond that in which the Greek placed "the grandeur of the dooms" he had imagined for the mighty dead. We have been so carried off by the brightness of scene, the spontaneity of the mirth, the gladness so untouched by aught of sorrow, that we yielded

* *A Klondike Picnic*. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ourselves to dreams of a time more than three thousand years ago when there was an age of gold, but not in the Klondike sense.

Among the bits of entertainment are letters from the real Klondike, that mountain-land where the gold is guarded by powers not more easily overcome than the giants of fairy-tale or the gnomes who only yielded to strong spells—letters written by relatives of the picnickers—and to these are added passages from published articles describing the scenes and something of the life of those wild regions. Another feature is that of “original poetry” by the daughters of the family—it is wonderful for school-girls—so that we have a most enjoyable flight to Klondike, a rest there without disadvantageous conditions and a close to the day and its events which comes like a flash of lightning. This crowns the work. We shall not tell the end—no; wild horses would not draw the secret from us—but we suggest to Miss Donnelly that she might make the fact told in the telegram the foundation of a story interesting as Monte Christo, or at the very least as successful as the best of Lever’s novels, “The Irish Gil Blas.”

Miss Erin, by M. E. Francis.*—Mrs. Frances Blundell, *née* Francis, gives us an interesting story of Irish life; we can say no less, but somehow the author seems to have taken her impressions from books, and made them still more remote from the real conditions of life in the alembic of her fancy. The unfolding of Miss Erin’s character from her childhood on to the end, which is a befitting one when a lady is not called “to religion,” is worked out with genuine power. The aged priest is typical enough and we like him, but the family in which Erin was fostered is stagey—we mean like the stage-Irishman, a being that never existed anywhere but on the boards—so is the uncle. In his case there is the suggestion of reality now and then, but it vanishes into unreality. One touch of truth is the anger with which he hears the name Erin, by which the poor outcast baby of his brother was called. The latter was a ’48 man—one of those Irish Girondists so simple in their stainless purity. It would be like that spirit-touch which tipped young Meagher’s tongue with fire and which lent such moods of light and shadow to his soul that we look upon him as a better Alcibiades, the spirit which passed with the fulness of the passion of genius into Davis, the greatest of them all, and which

* New York : Benziger Brothers.

softened into chivalry the haughty justice of O'Brien—like it, to give the poor exile such enthusiasm—he was one of these, and we do not wonder at the selection of the name when we look at all the circumstances. Broken down in health, dying by the Pacific, Erin would be more than all else to the exile—hence the name for the infant; so in the pathos of the thing the ludicrous disappears. But the brother to whom the baby was sent as “a legacy” by the dying man could not see it in this light. He supported the English connection, and regarded Erin’s father with intense scorn and contempt. He had felt himself disgraced by his accession to the Young Irelanders, and now the baby with this outlandish name was sought to be thrust upon him. That he should indulge in strong language was to be expected, we think; but no Irish gentleman would refuse to take the child into his house, would send it away in the hands of the stranger who had brought it all the way from San Francisco; would send it into the cold, wet night as if it had no claim upon him, though in reality his heir.* The story is well told, but we fancy it betrays here and there an imitation of the methods which give a sort of character, an individuality to Mr. O'Brien’s “When we were Boys.” She does not always produce the effect which attends upon his handling of them. They are his own, faulty as they are. Mrs. Blundell will understand what we mean when we say we like many of Dickens’s peculiarities, but when we see them in another we feel as if lynch-law were an excellent institution. We say this, because we believe she has ability to take high rank among writers of fiction if she be true to herself, and we have the proof of her ability in the book before us.

Though assuredly in no carping spirit, we venture a further word of comment on contemporary Catholic literature—a field wherein short-sighted and cruel critics have wrought no small harm—for it has long seemed to us noteworthy that a certain species of literary activity should remain so undeveloped. We refer to Catholic essay-writing—brief, original treatment of subjects similar to the more speculative and serious portions of the *Religio Poetæ*. Such work to be satisfactorily performed demands in the author a well-developed power of analysis, solid learning, deep, earnest piety, and some skill in literary composition. The subjects must be those vital, deep-lying spiritual truths that ramify all through our religious lives; the gathered

* Heir is the technical word instead of heiress.

fruit would show us increased attention on the part of the intelligent, cultivated world, and a new development of spiritual activity among a class of Catholics who at present receive too little training and encouragement.

We welcome a contribution of the class desired in Father Tyrrell's new book.* *Nova et Vetera* was rather unsatisfactory, because so fragmentary and so desultory; but *Hard Sayings* has gone to our heart. Original, earnest, schooled in the approved methods of spiritual training, and still wide awake to new thoughts and personal adaptations, the author presents us with a series of papers that will gladden many a dull hour, and make fruitful many a barren soul.

Dialectical severity and apparent rationalizing will never be charged against the author, we think; certainly not by any of the class who need such books—thoughtful, philosophically inclined persons, who have been left strangers to the inner beauty and power of those truths that were mental pabulum for saints innumerable.

Nothing could be more timely, happy, and effective than the essay that serves as the opening. It is the high and all-satisfying ethics of the Catholic Church that are most likely to draw converts of the class most desirable—men of thoughtful, religious nature, unquiet until they have attended to the deepest yearnings of our spiritual constitution. And just such words as those of the author on salvation, conscience, sin, suffering, eternal life, faith, counsels, and so forth will establish and confirm the clear conviction that the Catholic Church knows man and holds the key to life's problems. We pray that further effort may second and extend the results to be attained by *Hard Sayings*, for its writer makes no mistake—if we may venture this approval—in thinking that true comprehension of the church's ethical and spiritual ideals, her conception of human dignity, capacity, and destiny, may often serve most effectually to extend faith in her divine origin.

A mere reading of the chapter-headings tells one that Dr. Parsons' latest volume† is very interesting. Church history in this century has been made up of a number of movements isolated in time and region to a great extent, and the ordinary manuals do no more than give us clues for hunting up the

* *Hard Sayings*: a selection of Meditations and Studies. By George Tyrrell, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Studies in Church History*. By Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D. Vol. V., cent. XIX. (Part I.) New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

facts. We have felt the want of some book for the use of readers just ready to take interest in the Oxford Movement, the Carbonari, the Vatican Council, the Catholic Revival, and such like matters—matters which, not understood, will leave the reader unable to grasp the meaning and importance of almost any historical fact or valuable publication in this century.

As to comment on execution of task, less enthusiasm is permissible. Dr. Parsons has never posed as a scientific historian of the original and deep-diving sort, and the book presumably is meant to be an historical summary of various crucial epochs. A little more detail and more careful solution of complicated situations would be of profit to the unlearned reader. Altogether, the book answers a very good purpose, and we shall have frequent occasion to recommend it to people seeking close acquaintance with recent church history.

There is just published another volume of the series of *The Saints*.* Let us say, from the point of view of a general reader, the publishers afford too little information about the series. The two-page notice that appeared in *Saint Augustine* was instructive and entertaining, but one might pick up *Saint Vincent de Paul* without learning that it was one of a series, and a series designed to open up new lines in hagiology.

The opening volume on *Psychology of the Saints* was novel and augured well for the forthcoming lives. But we are beginning to think the works will be very uneven and quite variable in value. Free from exaggeration they are, it is true, and that was one of the promises made; but they are in no way deep, thoughtful, study-exciting. The biographer of St. Vincent de Paul, for instance, might produce an enchanting study of the sixteenth century's social and religious features, the saint's peculiar dealing with them, his special relations to his special day, and his claims on nineteenth century sympathy and imitation. The English editor's preface gives a hint of what might be accomplished on this line, but the biography is conceived in another spirit. More surprised are we, because the Prince is already known for a man of his day, deeply interested in social characteristics and revolutions. However, he has given a simple, complete, pleasant biography, which is perhaps what he deemed most fitting and most needed.

* *St. Vincent de Paul*. By Emmanuel de Broglie. Translated by Mildred Partridge, with a preface by George Tyrrell, S.J. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers; Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

Mr. Hahn shows in a little volume of poems* a devotional spirit. The first has the title "The Monk's Prayer"—we have no hesitation in saying that most of the lines are very graceful and rhythmical—and the second, which is entitled "After many Years," has considerable power, but the thought is weakened now and then by a very trying use of epithets. If young people would only understand that poetry does not merely consist of scanned lines or counted syllables, an advance in their art would be made. We would ask them in all kindness, Do they mean to be poets? If so, they ought to pay their readers the compliment of crediting them with some intelligence. So far from words, mere words, translating thought, they often kill it, and, on the other hand, if the writer has no thought it is obtaining money under false pretences to sell words instead. In our time, when the language is wrought to a perfection that has been reached by only one other tongue, a man in order to attain excellence must have a mind to some extent elliptical—or, as we have elsewhere expressed the idea, though with some suspicion of a bull, he must think in short-hand. If readers will not be satisfied with suggestion—nay more, if they are not able to discover for themselves the links of connection which the poet ignores—let them read newspapers and trashy novels. Mr. Hahn ought to be more careful than to allow such a couplet as this to go forth to English readers:

"To wait. Epitome of life
Are bound up in these words."

A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE FOUR GOSPELS.†

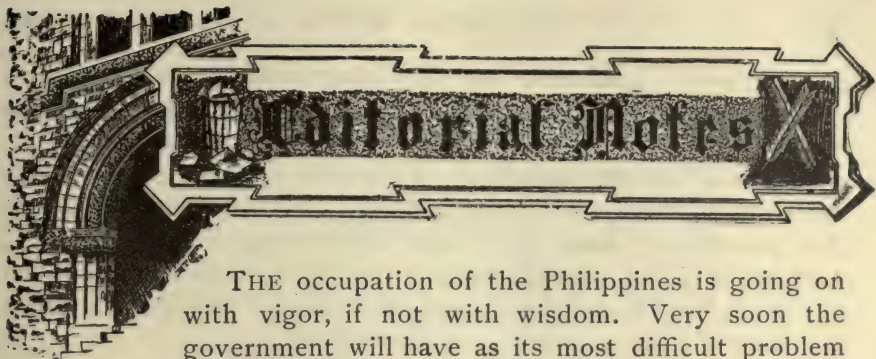
Considerable interest has been developed by the announcement made some time ago that Father Spencer, the Dominican, was preparing a new translation of the Gospels. The interest was all the keener because among literary folks there was quite a decided demand for an improvement on the old Rheims version. It was Cardinal Newman who first voiced this demand, and would have satisfied it were it not that he learned that Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, had begun the same work. Archbishop Kenrick's translation, though considered very

* *In Cloisters Dim.* By Charles Curtz Hahn. Omaha: Burkley Printing Company.

† *The Four Gospels.* A new translation from the Greek text direct, with reference to the Vulgate and ancient Syriac version. By Very Rev. Francis Aloysius Spencer, O.P. Preface by his Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons. New York: William H. Young & Co.

accurate from a doctrinal point of view, still was a very great disappointment from a literary aspect, and consequently never grew in popular favor. It certainly takes the smoothness of carefully chiselled phrases as well as sonorous sentences to win a way for any translation to the popular heart. The King James version possessed high literary merit, and, in spite of mistranslations and errata sufficient to fill a volume, it has been well liked. Father Spencer's translation comes, and it has many claims to our commendation. Its English is very attractive, and while it will have difficulty in crowding aside other versions that have been enshrined in the devotional life of Catholics, or that have been commended by hierarchical authority, still we think its phraseology is very smooth and its literary merit of a high order.

There are so many versions of the Gospels presented to Catholic people now that very soon the bishops will be obliged to take up the question and select one especially for approbation. It is an interesting study to compare the Challoner version with the new version lately published by the Benzigers; to note the difference between these two, and then to compare them both with Kenrick's bald phrases or Spencer's cultured English. Spencer's translation has other qualities which commend it. It gives us a careful harmony of three "synoptic" Gospels; it has also copious notes, as well as marginal references, pointing out the various versions which are preferred in the special translation. These notes also mark the Gospels for the various Sundays, and for this reason make the volume an interesting and devotional book for the ordinary reader. We await with a great deal of interest the kind of a reception this volume will get from the literary public. It was very tactful in Father Spencer not to pretend to offer a revised version; had he done so he would immediately have let loose a horde of devouring critics. He simply presents the life of Christ couched in elegant phraseology, as a devotional volume, to the Catholic public. If its literary merits commend it, it will win its way to adoption as a standard translation in the public forum at least.



THE occupation of the Philippines is going on with vigor, if not with wisdom. Very soon the government will have as its most difficult problem the saving of the islands from the American savages who are drifting there, rather than from the oriental savages who are living there.

One thing is certain: if the government allows itself to be crowded into an attitude of opposition to the friars, and as a consequence an appearance of antagonism to the highest aspirations of the people in their religious life, it will require a mint of money and no end of soldiery to keep the islands in subjection. We cannot hope to teach the natives there self-government while at the same time we are considered enemies to their religion.

The commission appointed to supervise Philippine interests has no one who can establish a sympathetic relationship with the people in their most sacred interest. Not only is this so, but Dean C. Worcester, an avowed enemy of the friars and one who has defamed them before the American people, has secured a position on this commission.

Extraordinary accounts are coming to European ears of the dreadful cruelties which were permitted after the battle of Obdurman by the English general, and in some instances committed by the English soldiery. Yet it was given out that the purpose of the Soudan expedition was "civilizing and Christianizing," but in reality the real reason was to get a firmer hold on Egypt and to establish a better security for the interest due Egyptian bond-holders.

The signs of steady growth and normal development manifested by the movement commonly known as "Missions to

non-Catholics" indicates that this movement has come to stay. The official figures are as follows: Five years ago there was not one Catholic priest in the whole United States whose sole occupation was the preaching of Catholic doctrine to those who were not of the household of faith; at present there are twenty-five priests who make this work their special duty. This positive growth is a sure indication that there was a demand for the work, and that having been inaugurated, the work is meeting with a certain measure of success.

It is asked, "Are converts made?" The reports from the missionaries in the field, as published in the last number of *The Missionary*, show that even in this initial stage of the movement the missions are bearing an adequate fruit in many conversions. Cardinal Gibbons some years ago estimated that the annual crop of conversions amounted to thirty thousand. While this figure is thought by some to be a little bit high, because it is based on the number received in the Archdiocese of Baltimore, yet if the accurate figures were ascertainable they would indicate easily a notable excess during this last year over the time, some ten years ago, when the cardinal made his statement. Undoubtedly since then the doors of the churches have been opened more widely to non-Catholics, the time of the clergy has been more and more given to instructing neophytes, and the attention of the public has been drawn more decidedly to the reception of converts.



REV. JOHN P. CHIDWICK, U.S.N.

CATHOLIC OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

REV. JOHN P. CHIDWICK, U.S.N., CHAPLAIN BATTLESHIP *MAINE*.

THE officers and crew of the ill-fated *Maine* will ever be held in kind memory by the American people. Among the officers none seems to have more strongly endeared himself to the whole people than the chaplain, Rev. John P. Chidwick. Father Chidwick was born on October 23, 1863, in St. Mary's parish, New York City. When about seven years of age his parents moved to Williamsburg, and his early education, begun in New York City, was continued at the parochial school in St. Peter and Paul's parish, Williamsburg. A few years later the

family returned to New York City, and at fourteen years of age he was graduated from St. Gabriel's. By request of Brother Leontine, John remained another year in the school—"to help along the class," the good brother said. At the beginning of the new year he entered Manhattan College, where, by careful attention to detail and earnest perseverance, he was graduated. Believing that God had given him a sacred vocation, with characteristic obedience to the call of duty he entered St. Joseph's Seminary, at Troy, N. Y., in September, 1883, and was ordained priest on December 17, 1887. Father Chidwick's first assignment was to St. Stephen's parish, New York City, in December, 1888. Entering upon his sacred duties with a zeal peculiar to himself, he very quickly won his way into the hearts of the people. Ever in sympathy with the young, he was placed in special charge of them, and it was not long before "Father John," as he was familiarly called, was recognized as the particular friend of each one. His rebukes tempered with love and kindness, his counsels full of kindly sympathy, made him beloved by all. He had charge of the Holy Name Society, and the Society of the Sacred Heart for a time. In conjunction with Rev. Father Kean of St. James's, Father McCormick of St. Veronica's, and Father Parks, chaplain of the U. S. Navy, he aided in the establishment and successful development of the Reading Room for Catholic seamen in New York City. The events leading up to the establishment of this institution were peculiar, and the result was his appointment as chaplain in the Navy. He had organized the St. Stephen's Young Men's Society, and was selected to represent the Young Men's National Union in offering their fraternal congratulations to the National Total Abstinence Union at the celebration of the Silver Jubilee gathering in 1895 in New York. He presented the report of the Archdiocesan Union to the National Convention in Albany, N. Y., and as a direct result of the report so ably presented he was appointed on the committee to furnish Catholic literature to the U. S. Army and Navy. The following year he was made chairman of the committee, and such was the excellent character of the work accomplished under his guidance that the archbishop requested him to assist in the establishment of the reading room. There he met with Father Parks, who with his patriotic zeal "pushed him into the Navy."

Though appointed in March, 1895, so loath were the pastor, Father Colton, and the people of St. Stephen's to part with him that they kept him until September, when the ship was

ready to sail. He was assigned to the battle-ship *Maine*, going on her when she first went into commission in 1895, and was on board her, in his room, at the time of her destruction. The *Maine* had nothing of special interest in her service, the cruise being confined entirely to home ports. However, a man of Father Chidwick's energy, a priest whose heart turned to the young, would make for himself a busy life. Twice each week he taught a class of apprentices, gave a lecture once a month, managed the crew's athletic sports, and always interested himself in their entertainments. Ever mindful of his sacred calling, he sought to follow the example of St. Paul and "become all things to all men that he might save all." With Mass and sermon on each Sunday morning, services with sermon for non-Catholics on Sunday evening, he endeavored to fulfil the command of his Master.

In numberless ways he endeared himself to the crew. Said one of their number: "The chaplain was one of us; every day he spent two hours among us. His genial soul made us look each day for his coming."

The magnificent work done by Father Chidwick on that memorable night of the destruction of the *Maine*—the tenderness of his manly heart, the sweet consolation of the priest-man—won for him the highest encomiums of praise from press and people. Solicitous for the comfort of others, he forgot his own needs that he might offer the comforts of faith and religion to those about him. Many tributes to Father Chidwick's devotion, nerve, and self-sacrifice were printed at that time, one of which we present:

"The self-sacrifice of Chaplain Chidwick deserves all praise. He is at the Machina Wharf, paper and pencil in hand, taking notes of the smallest special marks on the bodies as they are taken from the water in order to obtain all clues to their identification. Since the disaster he has not rested a moment. When he is not examining bodies and helping recover others, he is consoling the wounded at the hospital."

The correspondents were a unit in expressing admiration for the indefatigable labors of the chaplain, who slept neither night nor day that he might lessen the agony of the survivors of the crew and the friends of the lost. A despatch to the Navy Department, on February 24, from Captain Sigsbee, the commander of the *Maine*, said: "Chaplain Chidwick charged with all matters relative to the dead. His conduct is beyond praise." The press of the City of New York, in recognition of

his fidelity and worth, by joint contribution replaced the vestments lost in the destruction of the battle-ship.

On his return to this country after the destruction of the *Maine* he was everywhere greeted with marked distinction, but nowhere was it more marked than at the celebration of Mass at St. Stephen's. There the people with tear-stained faces gave thanks to Almighty God for his preservation. He was later assigned to duty on the *Cincinnati* and served on her during the war; he was at the engagements at Matanzas, at Figaró, and Porto Rico. While at Ponce, Porto Rico, by association with priests and people he did much to dispel the prejudices against the Catholic Church in the United States that may have existed in the minds of the Porto Ricans. During the month of June the *Cincinnati* was at Norfolk for repairs and missed Santiago. At the close of the war he was detached from the *Cincinnati* and ordered home, he having been at sea over three years. On January 4 of this year Father Chidwick was assigned to duty at the Washington navy-yard. This assignment is regarded in the service as one of special distinction and most desirable.

As a concluding evidence of the affectionate relations existing between chaplain and crew, and for a more striking illustration of the character of the gallant chaplain, the following tribute paid by Father Chidwick, in an interview with a representative of the press, is appended:

"Never did a clergyman derive greater comfort from his flock than that I received from the crew of the late United States steamship *Maine*. I have often heard our officers say that they had never sailed with a crew of better men, and I firmly believe the statement. They were loyal and brave men and attentive to my ministrations. They showed their faith and obedience to command in the supreme moment of our disaster, when the survivors executed our commander's orders with promptness and coolness."

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

THE INDIANS OF THE DIOCESE OF DULUTH.

THE recent outbreak of the Indians in Northern Minnesota has helped to call public attention to two facts: one, the bad treatment to which these "Wards of the Nation" are often subjected; the other, the influence for good exerted by the faithful and self-sacrificing Catholic missionaries.

In various parts of the diocese the Indians have their religious needs supplied by the Benedictine, Franciscan, and Jesuit fathers.

These good priests speak and write the Chippewa language, visit the Indian missions with all the attendant difficulties of long distances, bad roads, and inclement weather, and have succeeded in forming really good Christian communities.

The Benedictine Sisters, with much devotion, have schools for Indian children at White Earth and Red Lake reservations.

It has been my good fortune to see those children confided to the care of the sisters growing up well instructed in the Christian doctrine, leading pious, even holy lives, and not likely to lose in comparison with well-educated white people.

The schools at White Earth and Red Lake have been built by private charity. Mother Katherine Drexel has earned the prayers of the Indians, indeed of all lovers of humanity, for her charities in this direction; the children educated in these schools are an honor to their teachers and to the founders of the schools.

In the new order of things these same schools, built at great expense and well furnished, are soon to be deprived of any government aid, and the children are to be sacrificed to the craze for what are called *non-sectarian* schools.

Long ago Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri, who made himself thoroughly acquainted with the Indian question—a man totally unprejudiced—declared publicly "that the only schools that have ever done the Indian any good are those conducted by the religious." Though this was wisdom crying aloud in the streets, yet the cry was to deaf men, for many would rather see the Indian damned than that he should be saved by Catholic influences.

Sad experience has shown that without a careful religious training the so-called educated Indian is worse than when in his savage condition; both time and money are wasted. Some of the children come back to their homes from these non-sectarian schools well skilled in sneers at the Catholic religion and its practices, loud in their contempt for confession and able to quote Scripture for their purpose. Soon enough, though, the usual consequences are at hand: the girls become the prey of the impure white man, and the boys the slaves of the meanest of all white men—the whisky-seller.

One is reminded very forcibly of our Lord's words to the Scribes and Pharisees: "Woe to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because you go round about sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, you make him a child of hell two-fold more than yourselves."

The appended report of the work amongst the Indians tells its own story; it is worth a careful examination.

It is the fashion now to keep from the public anything that redounds to the credit of Catholicity, but to seize with avidity on every scandal and on every lie that is half the truth, and to put it in glaring head-lines before the reader.

I take this opportunity to offer my sincere thanks to the holy and earnest men and women missionaries who in the Diocese of Duluth have done such honest work for God's glory and the salvation of souls. Their names are not in the mouths of men, but are, I hope, written in the Book of Life.

When the government places the Indians under the management of United States officers such as are educated at West Point—men free from the taint of bigotry and prejudice, men above taking advantage of the weakness and ignorance of these poor people—then we shall have some hope for the future Red Man.

Up to this the record has been stained and befouled by much that is mean and dishonorable—frequently, too, when the government itself had the very best intentions.

These are the statistics:

CHIPPEWAS OF THE DIOCESE OF DULUTH, CLASSIFIED RESPECT-
ING THEIR RELIGION.

<i>Reservations.</i>	<i>Catholics.</i>	<i>Pagan.</i>	<i>Protestants.</i>	<i>Totals.</i>
White Earth, { White Earth,	790	147	50	987
Pembina,	540	3	—	543
Rice River,	420	200	20	640
Pine Point,	150	200	40	390
Twin Lakes,	100	300	40	440
Red Lake,	600	460	40	1,100
Fond du Lac,	500	100	—	600
Leech Lake,	170	680	50	900
Mille Lac,	20	580	—	600
Winnibigoshish Lake,	25	175	—	200
Cass Lake,	—	125	25	150
Sandy Lake,	30	50	—	80
Vermillion Lake,	60	190	50	300
White Oak Point and Ball Club,	100	100	—	200
Grand Marais,	250	36	—	286
Totals,	3,755	3,346	316	7,416

Totals on White Earth Reservation:

Catholic,	2,000
Pagan,	850
Protestant,	150
Total,	3,000

January 12, 1899.

† JAMES MCGOLRICK,
Bishop of Duluth.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

Genius, like sanctity, is commonly more or less foolish in the eyes of the world. Its riches are "the riches of secret places," and they much exceed, in its esteem, those that are considered riches by the common sense of men. Genius is a great disturber. It is always a new thing, and demands of old things that they should make a place.—COVENTRY PATMORE.

Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S.S., D.D., has given in his admirable book on *Clerical Studies*, lately published by Marlier, Callanan Co., Boston, Mass., suggestive hints and directions for the study of church history that are of great value to members of Reading Circles. No doubt the director of each Circle could easily borrow a copy of the book from the parish priest, and arrange for selections to be read aloud at the meetings. With some few changes the four chapters on church history would make an excellent pamphlet for general circulation among the educated representatives of the laity, especially those who have the good fortune to be enrolled in a Reading Circle. Dr. Hogan is convinced that the loyal Catholic finds profit in whatever bears upon the church in the past as well as in the present. Her history to him is like a family record. It is also like the records of the people to which he belongs. And as the name of his country means little for the man who knows nothing of her past, whereas if her memories be vividly impressed upon his soul, that same name will suffice to fire his imagination and strengthen him for the noblest deeds, so the history of the church, her glories, her triumphs, the inestimable benefits which the world owes her, fills the Christian's heart with a sacred enthusiasm, strengthens his faith, and transforms his life into a homage of loyalty and love.

This is why in so many of the Catholic Reading Circles recently established through the country church history is invariably taken up as one of the leading subjects of study. The members feel that they owe it to themselves to know as much as they can of the past of the great institution to which they are proud to belong, and that no other knowledge will be more helpful to raise their minds to a higher level and strengthen them in the faith.

This very fact makes it additionally necessary that the priest should be familiar with the principal elements and bearings of the subject. Its growing prominence, inside as well as outside the church, among the faithful as well as among strangers, exposes him to be appealed to at every turn for a statement of principles, or an explanation of facts, or for guidance in the study of special periods or events. The life of the priest is more completely identified than any other with the life of the church. Her thoughts, her aims, her interests, her fluctuating fortunes are his in an especial sense. Her history is for Catholics in general, the home of their minds, a sacred memory by which they live in her past, as by their personal memory they dwell in their own, and make it an abiding part of their being. It is there they find the highest inspirations of religion, the best experiences of human life accumulated through ages. The history of the church, like the Bible itself, is the record of God's dealings with his people, teaching the same lessons and conveying the same comforting assurances. "We," wrote the Jewish high-priest (I. Mach. xii.), "need naught else, having for our comfort the holy books that are in our hands."

Dr. Reuben Parsons deserves all the encouragement that can be given by the purchase of his recent volumes, containing the results of his extensive his-

torical studies. His volume on the *Lies and Errors of History* should be widely circulated among Reading Circles.

The History of the Catholic Church, by Dr. H. Brueck, with additions from the writings of his Eminence Cardinal Hergenröther, translated by Rev. E. Prunte, was approved by the Right Rev. Monsignor James A. Corcoran, S.T.D. It is published in two volumes.

The characterizing merits of this work are *clearness, precision, and conciseness*. What is aimed at is a compendium which will be *reliable, accurate, succinct*, and yet, by means of the abundant and very valuable references it contains, also copious. This the learned author has attained. The result is, he brings before us, in a *clear, succinct, yet interesting form*, the active energy of the Church in her missionary work, showing us how she is ever advancing into the darkness of error with the torch of truth in her hand, how she is attacked at every step by the spirits of evil, and how she fights valiantly the battle of right against wrong, of civilization against barbarism; how, in fine, animated by the irresistible Spirit of God, she bears down before her all opposition, and establishes everywhere centres of light and spiritual life. It has won these words of praise from the *Dublin Review*:

" . . . Taken altogether, for the practical purpose of a collegiate course, the best work of the kind yet placed in the hands of the English-speaking student."

* * *

A writer in the *Freeman's Journal*, H. M. Beadle, has recently called attention to the great book entitled *The History of the German People at the close of the Middle Ages*, by Johannes Janssen, translated from the German by M. A. Mitchell; in two volumes; B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, one of the most just of English historians of the earlier and middle part of this century, said of the Catholic Church that "from the time when the barbarians overran the Western Empire to the time of the revival of letters, the influence of the Church of Rome had been generally favorable to science, to civilization, and to good government. But during the last three centuries to stunt the growth of the human mind has been her chief object."*

Many students of history, who imagined they were fair-minded, thought this statement was a stretch of the imagination of this gifted man of letters, who looked with too much favor on the Church of Rome. However, a closer study of history will show that the praise given to the Church in the first sentence might have been more generous without being untruthful, and that the censure in the last is entirely undeserved.

Given liberty and order, a people must advance in knowledge and civilization—for civilization is but the application of knowledge to the affairs of men. Under the Roman Empire there could be no liberty, for more than half the people were slaves, and the order under the pagan emperors was of that kind which suppressed virtue and encouraged vice, and under which there could be no advance of the people. The religion of Christ (and there can be no religion of Christ worthy the name imagined outside the Church) was necessary to renew the minds as well as to relieve the estate of men, before there could be good government, liberty, or order among mankind. That the influence of the Catholic Church had been favorable "to science, to civilization, and to good government" Macaulay bears witness. Had he looked closer into history he might have found (though he might not have been courageous enough to tell what he might have found) that it was through the religious and moral principles taught by the

* *History of England*, vol. i. p. 53, edition by Belford, Clark & Co., Chicago and New York.

Church that men became freer from sin, and obtained better control of their tempers and their passions, and acquired a love of God and of their neighbor which made good government, order, and liberty possible among men.

Such was the state of civilization among European peoples when the revival of letters began. In the beginning of the fourteenth century the making of paper from linen rags was invented, and sufficient material for writing being thus afforded, manuscripts began to appear in great numbers. When wood and copper engraving was first successfully executed is a matter of some conjecture, but in the middle of the fifteenth century books of engravings appeared and soon became common among the people. Of course there must have been presses upon which these were printed, and printing ink must also have been invented, or the engravings could not have been printed. The number of people who could read had been greatly increased, the increase having been steadily maintained for more than a century. Paper, presses, and ink were already in use when Gutenberg first cast his movable types, and there were numbers of people able and anxious to read the books the new invention put upon the market. The time was fully ripe for the human race to begin that career of progress which has marked the last 400 years. The new world was discovered, and an opening made for the adventurous spirits whose minds had been quickened and inspirited by the great inventions of the age to exercise themselves in exploring the continent Columbus had given to Europe.

It is this time which Janssen has described with so much industry and ability. He entered upon his task determined to tell the truth about the people he was writing about, and to suppress no fact bearing upon his subject that came to his knowledge, and he has succeeded so well that a professor of history in one of the foremost universities of this country has said that Janssen and Pastor are the only authorities students of history now have on the middle ages. The result has been that Janssen has given to the world one of the greatest works of the age. He presents to his readers a true and correct picture of the times of which he writes. He shows, as it were, in a mirror the progress of a great people in religion and learning, and the effect these had upon all classes of the people of Germany. He shows us the schools, the universities, and the teachers; the laws and the change in the laws that affected both government and people; the growth of manufactures and the thoughts and acts and daily life of those who brought them to such perfection, and the organization of the guilds which did so much for the working people of that time; the mines and mineral productions of Germany and the life led by the miners; the revival and growth of commerce, and how it, together with agriculture, manufactures, and mining, affected and promoted the growth and added to the wealth of the nation.

He also portrays the beginning and growth of art in Germany, as shown in architecture, sculpture, painting, engraving, music, poetry, song, and literature, and the effect art had upon the people to soften the rudeness of earlier times, reform manners, and create among Germans an interest for other things besides war and military glory.

And greater than all, he tells how religion entered into the daily life of all classes of people; how an increasing love of mankind grew out of that religion, how serfdom and the last remnants of slavery were abolished, to be renewed, unfortunately, after Luther's revolt, when the liberty of the fifteenth century was lost in the despotism of the sixteenth, and the high ideas of honor and character, the outgrowth of religion and of liberty as enjoyed under local self-government, prevailed among all classes of people.

Janssen has completely and for ever overthrown Macaulay's idea, that the chief object of the church for three hundred years has been "to stunt the growth of the human mind." The world has advanced in many ways since Macaulay wrote. Men now dare not write falsehood, for they know it will be immediately exposed. In Macaulay's time historians dared not write the truth in regard to Luther's revolt, for they would have been despised and their books unpublished, or, if published, left on the shelves of their publishers unread. Facts have vindicated the Church of God, and however men have failed, it is now known that the church has been the greatest and truest friend of the people, of liberty, of good government, of order, of science, and of everything that elevates the human character and leads mankind to a higher life, even in this world.

* * *

In answer to an inquiry it may be stated that the works of Coventry Patmore are rather expensive. An edition of *The Angel of the House* was published by the Cassell Company at small cost in paper covers. Under the title *Poetry and Pathos of Delight* Mrs. Alice Meynell gathered a very choice collection of passages from the works of Patmore, which was published by Putnam's Sons. In Chicago recently a copy of Patmore's *Unknown Eros* was valued at \$2.60. A bookseller informed a representative of the Columbian Reading Union that he had second-hand copies of the following works by Patmore:

Faithful Forever, 40 cents; *Victories of Love*, 60 cents; *Angel of the House*, two vols., \$1.50.

Students of Dante will rejoice to know that the Clarendon Press has issued a dictionary of proper names and notable matters in the works of Dante, prepared by Paget Toynbee, M.A., Oxford, which is for sale by Henry Froude, of New York City.

* * *

Philadelphia appears at its best in the volume prepared by Agnes Repplier, published by the Macmillan Company. A notice in the *New York Times* states that the author begins at the beginning and sets forth in a very clear light the origin and early composition of Philadelphia, and the much-disputed character and deeds of William Penn, of whom on the whole she approves. We get an excellent picture of life in the stiff but prosperous Quaker town and its Pennsylvania outposts, where the Irish immigrants were year by year pushing further and further afield, and making more and more trouble for both city and province through their zeal and contentiousness. We are given the impression of a healthful, thrifty, peaceful, kindly home life, but one lacking joy and stimulus, and it is difficult to see what would ever have caused this "arid waste of dullness" to bloom, had it not opportunely been irrigated by the smiling worldliness of Benjamin Franklin.

Franklin is a godsend to the author, as he was to the subject of her story. She recognizes his greatness and ungrudgingly and gladly gives him unlimited credit, but she reserves the privilege of slyly poking fun at him and his little vanities, and we think the clear-headed philosopher, whose imperturbable common sense was his foremost quality, would enjoy reading this part of the book far better than many another of his "obituaries."

And so, step by step, through the alternately depressed and elated decade of the Revolution and the riotous years that followed, through the steady growth of the rich and peaceful city of markets and manufactures that preceded the Civil War, and through the fears and sacrifices of that dread time, we follow the ever-advancing, ever-modernizing process of steady old Philadelphia down to recent years, and then we are given a picture of the vast and interesting city of to-day.

Summing it all up, Miss Repplier finds that the debt Philadelphia owes to her Quaker colonists is a great one, and that the impress of their strong hands still lingers for good. This is the secret of the conservatism at which sister cities and many of her own people are wont to make merry. She has "seldom thirsted after novelties," says her chronicler; her prejudices are ancient, deeply venerated, and unconquerable. "It is true that much that is new and much that is bad have vulgarized and vitiated the old tranquil life, but something that was given to the infant city as she lay cradled between her two rivers remains with her still, some legacy of soberness and self-restraint."

M. C. M.



"AND HE PRAYED THAT IF IT MIGHT BE, THE HOUR MIGHT PASS
FROM HIM" (*Mark xiv. 35*).

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ENGLISH ADMINISTRATORS AND THE CEDED POSSESSIONS.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

THE latest bid for an English influence in the new possessions of America appears in the *Fortnightly Review*.* In an article in that periodical the writer suggests that the English will offer to the American government the assistance of a staff of civil servants to administer the affairs of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. He candidly justifies the proposal by expressing an opinion of the unfitness of Americans for the duties of colonial government proved by the experiment during the period of Reconstruction in the South. There were abuses unfortunately at that time, but the experiment was not one of colonial government; consequently it is in no way applicable to his argument. We are not complaining of the overweening sense of British capacity assumed by him—that may be the legitimate consequence of an insular education—what we are rather inclined to regret is the mental subserviency of those Americans whose admiration of everything English confirms the assumption of superiority.

The writer of the article referred to makes one observation we deem important, though we draw a conclusion different from that he would desire. He says that good government in the ceded possessions will be the proof that humanity and not annexation was the motive of the war with Spain. This will, it appears, be secured by handing their administration over to subordinates of the Colonial Office—that is, to the Colonial Office

* "American Expansion and the Inheritance of the Race," December.

itself. In other words, to Mr. Chamberlain, who is already on the road to relegation from public life. We have another view of the manner in which good government can be secured for the dependencies. But there are some important considerations to be expressed before offering it. The subject is full of difficulty, but a little patience in looking at the circumstances of the new possessions, and a little care in applying an experience from a really analogous instance, will help to a solution. There are some dangers to be pointed out proved by examples somewhat similar. We beg our readers' attention to the views we are about to submit.

CUBANS AND FILIPINOS NOT SAVAGES.

We must recognize, to begin with, the difference between the place in the eye of nations held by the Spanish possessions and a newly discovered country with no inhabitants, or possessing inhabitants in that scale of life to which the practice of international policy refuses rights. A good deal of rudimentary and yet incorrect social and anthropological science not bearing on the issue is imported into the article in the *Fortnightly*. If it has any purpose at all, it is to imply that the inhabitants of Cuba and the other lands live in that scale of existence which confers no title to justice. Yet the writer asks for good government for them as though they were entitled to everything claimed in right of manhood by the founders of the American nation. In the few words we shall offer we purpose confining ourselves to the Philippine Islands, because they admit of a more direct comparison than the other possessions, with an example of progress which antiquity hands down to us, while these, at the same time, come so far within the leading characteristics as to be covered by the example.

The question of the Philippines is really international. All the writing on the war between America and Spain treated the latter's possessions on that basis.

PUBLIC CONSCIENCE OF A STATE.

One perceives the difference between the responsibilities of an individual for his acts and the obligation of a state to do justice to an injured neighbor. If public morality, which is really what jurists mean when they speak of public law, could be enforced like the municipal law,* then in the external forum there would be no difference between personal, political, and international morality concerning the things of mine and thine,

* We use the words in their technical sense. "Public law" is the law of nations, "municipal law" is that of a particular nation.

ours and yours. A state could be then a thief as an individual can be. As it is, there is a difference between the conscience of the man and what is called the conscience of the state. The public conscience is spoken of as if it were a faculty of the national soul—a real entity and not a metaphor. This mere analogy between the action of public opinion and the workings of individual conscience is treated as a fact of the moral order entailing responsibilities clear and coercive like the decrees of the court within us. Of course it is nothing of the kind, but it is more than conceivable that such an opinion would be the reflex of natural equity as between state and state if there were an international tribunal to enforce the dictates of that equity. As it is, public opinion is a transitory, perhaps a passionate impulse like one of those epidemics of morality which rise in England every seven years. It is said that it can be manufactured to order, if Mr. Chamberlain has a new sensation to advertise, if some other public man has even a good measure to bring forward. In a word, nothing short of such a tribunal as we speak of can make the "public conscience" when looking at a neighbor's lands like the individual's when tempted by his neighbor's goods.

We are not assuming that the invasion of Cuba was an unjust aggression—very far from that. However, we think the question of the *Maine* was allowed to obscure the issue in a manner which indicates the fever of the American pulse. At the same time, under precisely similar circumstances, no European power would have acted with as much forbearance. An excuse to attack a weaker neighbor has hardly ever been more than a colorable one—at least when no other considerations had to be taken into account, such as an international guarantee for the safety of the weaker power or the inconvenience of tempting another strong power to imitate the example. The Schleswig-Holstein aggression is an instance of the colorable excuse; the Luxembourg and Belgium incident between France and Prussia bears testimony to the effect of reciprocal jealousy among strong powers as an influence to keep the peace. England, to do her justice, has not stolen any land in Europe recently—she only gives up land in Europe now; but she has supplied money to enable others to steal land, and she has appeared by her subjects when feeble states were assailed from within and without. This she did in Italy some forty years ago. Then she had her "Garibaldian Englishmen" fighting against weak and friendly powers right in the teeth of her fraudulent Foreign Enlistment Acts; just the same as a little later she had her *Ala-*

bamas plundering the merchantmen of the United States and a few months ago her desperadoes raiding in the Transvaal. We must take things as they are; that is, so long as nations are only restrained by regard for their own safety when dealing with each other, we must allow the influence of other considerations than the one of *meum* and *tuum* to enter into the material for judgment on a question of what on the surface might be called unjust aggression.

EXPEDIENCY CREATES DUTY.

Moreover, when a war has taken place conditions are changed. You cannot go back to the *status quo ante*. Interests have arisen that cannot be ignored. The aspect of relations with other states is so altered that a reparation to the conquered state would open a door to new complications, new dangers. If the Philippines were restored to Spain, it would be an injury to American citizens, to whom something is due for the sacrifices of the war; it would be a national crime because it would fling the inhabitants into the melting-pot of internecine revolutions or throw them on the gambling-table of European powers. Whatever may be said of the justice of entering on the war, there can be only one view as to the policy of the United States in retaining the ceded dominions. If one man takes the property of another unjustly he must make all the restitution in his power. The obligation of a state towards another cannot be disposed of in the same off-hand manner in the present condition of international interests. We have not heard a single argument to support the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France that was based on justice; every one was advocated on the ground of expediency. We are not making international morality, we are interpreting it by the acts of its exponents. These constitute what lawyers call the contemporaneous exposition. An individual must be just; it is upon the whole easy to see what justice demands of him. But the claims of justice in the individual's case are not always identical with those determining the relations between two hostile powers. It is difficult to conceive a case in which they would be identical, for they are complicated by various considerations; and as long as men will not submit to a supreme arbiter, like the Pope, such considerations, whether or not they are part of the constituents of justice pure and simple, are allowed a weight in the counsels of a successful belligerent. In other words, it is possible to look at an individual as bound to strip himself of everything in order to repair an injustice; but a statesman who would pro-

pose the surrender of every advantage obtained in a successful war would, by the judgment of his countrymen, be forthwith consigned to the political limbo of impracticables.

THE PHILIPPINES AND GREECE.

The first circumstance to bear in mind is the position of these dependencies. They are links in the chain of universal trade, they are necessary stations on the water-way of the world. Nothing short of a disturbance shifting the axis of the earth to the equator can deprive them of this advantage. This statement is the condemnation of Spain, but it is also the declaration of the responsibility of America. The place the Philippines occupy resembles that which Greece, the adjacent islands, and the coast of Asia Minor bore with regard to each other at the dawn of Greek civilization and adventure. The climate of the islands is upon the whole like that of those early settlements of commercial activity, policy, and genius. It will be said, "Here the likeness ends"; the Greeks were the most gifted race and they sprang from one stock; the composite origin of the Filipinos offers only types of a humanity presenting descending degrees of degradation. This is the view which had been held out in England when that disinterested power was prepared to embark upon the labor of civilizing them. We have reason to think "from information received," as detectives begin their evidence, that the inhabitants of those islands are capable of the highest civilization if the ideas and example of the West are brought in contact with their lives. Not all the inhabitants stand upon an equal footing with regard to the amenities. There are groups or parts of groups standing in primitive conditions. It has to be proved that these are beyond the reach of high moral influences. We have unsocial elements in the great cities of the United States; yet this country is compared to Rome in what is so absurdly called its over-civilization. What French and English critics mean when they make this comparison is that in certain classes of Americans a languid affectation, resulting from over-refinement, is observable similar to that one reads of in the Rome of the emperors. Even at the risk of digressing, we distinctly deny the competence of those critics to pronounce any such comparison; and we do so because there is no evidence of such epicurean weariness until the fourth and fifth centuries. Now, that is a period of social history of which our critics are ignorant. No; the fine gentleman of the first and second century could be a great lawyer, soldier, or statesman, even though he lisped over the

hand of Chloe or scratched his head with one finger while some orator was rolling forth the monotone of his periods. The jaded American of society carries in his brain the figures of a speculation in its own way as important to the country as a war or a treaty. But the point is, that in this country, which, in spite of them, the most advanced nations of Europe look upon as at the top of civilization, there are to be found the lawless of both sexes, whose presence is a blot—a blot! nay, a shame to humanity, a warning, an evil omen to the society which has no thought for them. We can see similar inequalities everywhere. It is not so very long since Bavaria was another name for stupidity, Prussia the synonym of coarse brutality; less than a generation ago enlightened Scotland had her cave-dwellers, and in large districts of England there was no idea of domestic purity, no knowledge of a God higher than the fetich of some African rite. Therefore, we do not think that the different degrees of advancement among the Filipinos present an insurmountable obstacle to well-directed efforts to bring to pass social homogeneity among them when we find the success of similar efforts elsewhere.

POSSIBILITIES OF CIVILIZATION.

However, an instance more directly in point than the examples just cited is that already referred to of Greece and what are commonly called the Greek colonies. In addition to the capacity of the Filipinos to take from their surroundings the impulses which lead to progress, there is the advantage of an external agency of the highest value if employed with due caution—we mean the contact of American activity. The vexed question as to how far an influence from outside is needed to elevate a race need not be discussed in view of this experiment. This force has been present since the sixteenth century, and will in a more modern form be active in the future. The contact of a high civilization with an inferior one—using the term civilization in its complicated modern sense—would be a disaster if not restrained by a careful and sympathetic intelligence. If there were no such restraint, then since there are groups among the native population of the islands who are still in a savage state, and as these know the existence of customs and opinions alien to their own, but in a way recommended as the usages and judgments of a more favored people than themselves, their fate would be that of the American Indians, of the Maories, of inferior races of ancient times—they would die by contact with civilized men. They were pre-

served because the civilization of the converted natives had not turned the latter into Assyrian destroyers, English merchant-adventurers or riflemen as in America, into English settlers like those of New Zealand, who made peace there by exterminating the inhabitants. The suggestion put forward, we think by Mr. Stead, is no explanation of the phenomenon, that the semi-civilization of the Christian natives brought them within the domain of savage customs, and consequently of savage sympathies. Take a case to-day: where is the sympathy the semi-civilized Arab evinces for the black man in Central Africa? Where was the sympathy of the Greeks for the tribes they found in the land before them? They blotted them out so effectually that they called themselves the autochthones, as if the very soil was their own mother, as if none had even stood upon Grecian earth before them, much less had been born of Grecian land.

THE DANGER FROM A GODLESS COMMERCE.

In the case before us there is the double danger from semi-civilized and wholly savage subjects to whom American ways must be new. The Christians may obtain the advantages of European civilization corrupted to the very core by scepticism and love of gain. If they do, they will be an instrument to destroy their own countrymen, to convert the islands into scenes resembling in some respects, yet differing in some respects, from those in which Turkish lust and cruelty played for centuries their hellish part. Let no one suppose we are predicting unlikely things. The past is full of resultant contradictions when zeal for Christianity is combined with the propagandism of trade. Trade follows the flag, say the English; and the flag walks in the footsteps of the missionary, adds some good, newly married man, prepared to sacrifice the ease of an idle and unappreciated life in England for a mission to the negroes, with its adjuncts of salary, servants, and territorial grants, its fortress-house and arms of precision. As surely as the American missionary, like his English brother, brings the trappings of a conqueror and takes as his companion the pioneer of trade, so surely will there arise in the Philippines an American caste who will call themselves Christian while denying the divinity of the Lord, and who will rule the new territories as Greek merchants ruled the coasts of the Adriatic and the eastern Mediterranean, as the Phœnicians sat with their gods and their riches like an incubus on Africa, as the East India Company devoured the substance of the people of India. A horrible picture stands before

us in the experience of godless commerce. The imported moneyed class will be the over-lords of fraud, the more intelligent and self-seeking Christian natives will be their instruments in developing the resources of the country. They will begin as overseers in forcing their fellow-Christians to work for the new masters in mine and field and forest, on road and swamp and mountain; they will turn their attention to the heathen, and he will know of Christianity as the name of a strong, resistless tyranny greater in its power of evil than the most maleficent of the gods he placated with sacrifice. What a life may be that of the high caste, the conquerors of the land! Wealth beyond the dreams of avarice will minister to vice unrestrained by opinion. The countless servants of an eastern harem to flatter them, financial agents versed in the science of overreaching to find expedients, armies to go and come at their bidding. Their example will go down through the strata of society, poisoning, eating into and corroding all classes in its descent, until the appalled world will regret the overthrow of Spain.

PROSPERITY LIES IN A CHURCH FREE TO DO HER WORK.

If, upon the other hand, no violence is done to religious belief; if the United States respects the rights of conscience, leaves to the church, so long fettered by connection with the state, the power to complete the work she began so well and which might under favorable circumstances have made in the eastern archipelago a civilization in its own way great and famous as that which centred round the *Ægean*, it is beyond the limits of imagination to predict the future of the Philippines. We go back to early Greece. Like as in those islands, sea and air unite them as a dome above, a floor below. Almost as in the coasts of Greece, the islands and Asia Minor, so in the Philippines the eye reaches from land to land, short voyages from bay to bay would clasp them to each other. In both regions the fauna of the temperate north and south are to be found; we have the like variety in the living forms of nature, while it appears there are varieties or species in the Philippines to be found nowhere else. The Athenians from the earliest period combined with the life of the husbandman that of the sailor. Immeasurably greater than the resources and extent of the city-state are those of the islands now ceded to this country. What Athens accomplished in uniting the endurance demanded for agricultural pursuits with the merchant's spirit of enterprise can be developed in the new possessions if there be

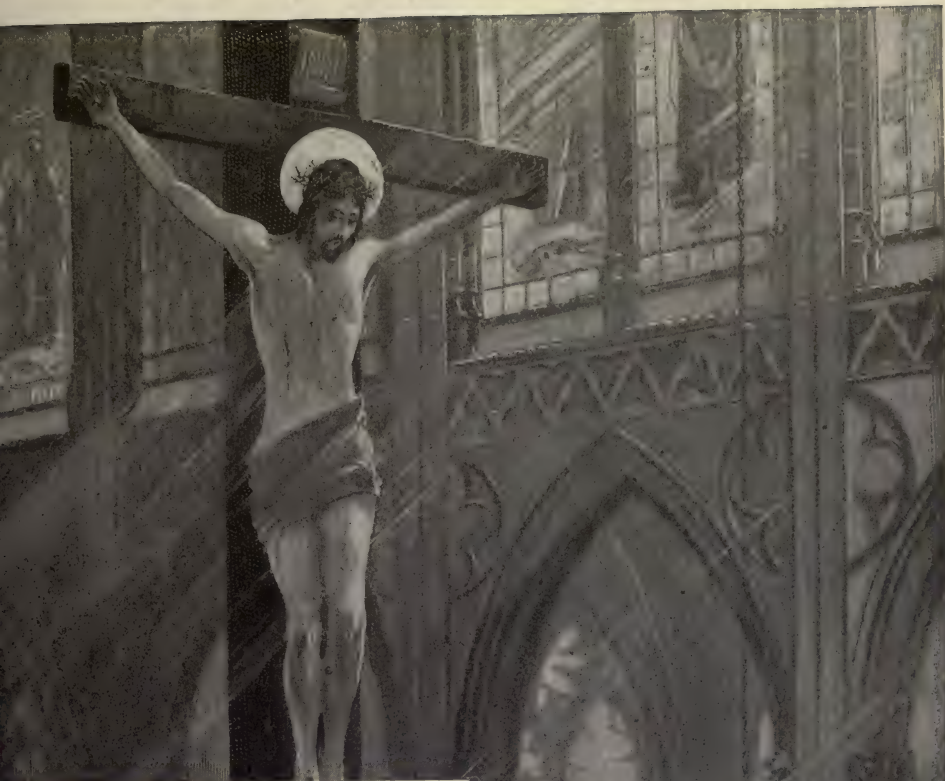
a due regard to the teachings of the old example. Respect for religion and a tone of moral elevation were acquired in the fire of a great political calamity. The summons to Epimenides to reconsecrate the desecrated city and the state to religion marks the beginning of that career of prosperity on sea and in the science of government which makes the story of Athens so wonderful, so unique. The beginning of that career was the laying deep in the soil of the national heart a love of morality and reverence for religion. The principles were not new. They had possessed authority in better days, but they became cold at the time of the famous violation of sanctuary when the adherents of Cylon were dragged from the altars and the statues of the gods to be murdered. An enthusiasm for religion and morality seized the whole people, which their great law-giver directed into the preserving channel of a system. From that time began the impulses and transformations which made Athens a new city and the centre of a commerce with the islands and coasts of the Ægean; began the struggles against powerful houses for law and liberty which ended in the triumph of the people, so that no single family or class could assert particular privileges and all the citizens were equal before the law; began the spirit of enterprise that covered the sea with Athenian galleys, and the cultivation of philosophy, literature, and art which have enriched all generations since.

There are usages and laws of life which cannot be broken up without destroying morality. You may by superior force uproot the influences which make the family a sacred thing, and the state resting upon the family a power to elevate. What will you give back in return for the good you have taken away? Seek light from the administrators of equity-law. They will refuse to upset a child's settled belief in a form of Christianity though the father may think his own the better form. The courts recognize, when asked to enforce the father's acknowledged right in such a case, that they are only sure of one thing if the application be granted—that the child's belief will be shaken; they are not sure that a better form will win acceptance.

It is with profound anxiety we look to the future of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands. Wisely ruled, a great future is before them. There are priests in America attached to the Constitution—Americans of the Americans—who are full of the zeal which in the first ages of Christianity changed the face of the world. Whatever is wanted to vivify faith, to purify life, to instil or develop the promptings of a prudent desire for

temporal advancement, can be supplied by them. In their hands the people must become industrious and law-abiding, for they know that St. Paul wrote the words of inspiration when he commanded obedience to the higher powers and declared the right to eat depended on the will to work. This has been the teaching of the church. It cannot be set aside by irrelevant theories of the effects of charity on independence on the one part, by libels on Catholic loyalty under the title of divided allegiance on the other. Such missionaries have no personal object to serve. In any pursuit they would obtain a larger measure of what men include under the phrase enjoyment of life. Unsupported by domestic affection, tied to the demands of nature by an allowance limited to them—nay, less than what is needful to supply them—because the priest must fast lest those committed to his charge should suffer want; in these very ordinary facts of a missionary's life there is a guarantee for the honest performance of the work. If those men are allowed to perform it, if no access of misplaced zeal be permitted to invade their rights, if no interference on the part of intruders—intruders because the field is already occupied,—if no such interference be encouraged, all that has been said in this paper as to the possibilities of the future will attend on the awakening of the subject peoples to the new world with which American energy will surround them. That will be the answer to Europe for the war, the best title-deed to go down to posterity for its result.





IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

BY EVA A. MADDEN.

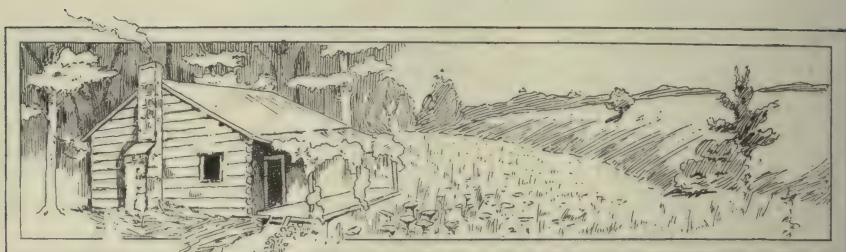
LOVE, at dusk, to enter at the door
Of some great Gothic church and, like a nun,
A vesper vigil keep, until the sun
Leaves vault and lights in gloom. There on
the floor

To kneel, and watch the sacred flame glow
more

As darkness dims—alone, save for the One
Upon the cross—and gaze as men have done
For ages, on the patient look He wore.

Oh! may I enter thus within the shrine
Of my own soul, and wait until the lamp
Of that, my own blessed sanctuary, glow
Into effulgent light. Oh, may it shine
Amid the gloom, the sin, the cold and damp,
And show, there too, the Christ with head
bowed low!





SINIELEMEN.

BY ANNA D. ROSECRANS.

ALL aboard for the Mission at St. Ignatius, in the beautiful Blackfoot Valley!

The scene and experience, so we were told, would be well worth the trip, and would be a bit of mediæval life—a unique sight in this prosaic nineteenth century.

Away went the train, with its burden of civilization, and we enjoyed in anticipation a new sensation—a sight of the primitive red man in all his panoply of war. After a few hours' climbing and descending of the Rockies we steamed up to the little station at Ravalli, so called after one of the early missionaries.

The air was fresh from the last night's rain, and as we climbed into the four-seated wagon, drawn by an equal number of sleek "cayuses," we felt that it was a good thing to be alive and able to inhale the sweet odor of moist earth and fragrant pines and mountain flowers. In and out we wound our way, now in sunlight, now in shade. Overhead the sky of the mountains—nowhere so deeply blue—so clear that the eye loses itself in the ecstasy of pure color.

A light breeze blew the few clouds of morning, making shadows over the swelling folds of the mountains which were yellow with the luxuriant "bunch-grass."

Up we go! Now jolting merrily along the level spaces,

again splashing down into the brook sprawling across our pathway. Our half-breed driver told us that at their yearly meeting on this great "feast-day" there are always several hundred Indians gathered at the Mission, which is on the Blackfoot Reservation. Five chiefs, of the Flatheads, Kootenais, and Pend D'Oreilles, with their squaws and children, would celebrate the day of St. Ignatius before going off for a camping spell.

A climb of two hours through a narrow canyon brought us to the summit of the ridge overlooking the lovely valley of the Blackfoot—the "Siniëlemen"—an Indian word meaning rendezvous, "a gathering of the clans." What a panorama! In smooth curves the mountain rolled to join the valley at our feet, its yellow grass glowing golden in the warm sunshine. The fertile, undulating plain stretched to the right and left as far as the eye could see. Tents and huts clustered thick about the Mission buildings. In the background the valley surged in masses of green against the sublime Rockies, which rise perpendicularly, without a break, eight thousand feet!

At the right, as we reached level ground, was the small cemetery where the "braves" lie asleep at the foot of their beloved mountains.

We drew up at the gate of a garden redolent with the perfume of old-fashioned flowers, and caught sight of dusky young faces peeping shyly out, and as shyly withdrawn.

Our tour of inspection led us first to the older girls' buildings, but the gem of the place is a "kindergarten." Fancy an Indian kindergarten! This is taught by some Ursulines. The saying of Napoleon is here exemplified in a way, for the good women begin literally "at the foot of the cradle." The small savages are unwillingly bathed, then clothed and fed. They appeared to take quite kindly to civilization, and we were told they are so apt at learning that they are soon used as interpreters with the teachers and parents.

The large girls are taught a common-school course, including cooking, housekeeping, and dressmaking. In the boys' buildings we saw excellent printing, carpentry, saddle and harness work, done under the supervision of the Jesuits. It was difficult to believe that the brass band which played so nicely was composed of Indian boys.

By sunset the tribes had assembled. Smoke curled into the still summer air from many huts and "tepees." Bucks on horseback, gorgeously arrayed and painted with richest colors,

pranced and curveted up and down the principal street of the village, to the admiration of the squaws and children seated around.

It was the "boulevard" of the Mission, and the beau monde of Indiandom were outrivalling each other in brilliant display. It is not so far off, after all—we smiled to ourselves—from Fifth Avenue! Presently round a corner came a pretty sight, the girls of the Mission going for milk. Followed by a black-veiled sister, they marched, each couple carrying a bright pail. The young bucks picked out their favorites as they passed, with many a smile. Suddenly the bell tolled the "Angelus"; all was hushed. The prancing horsemen checked their steeds, the people fell on their knees, while the voices of the children could be heard murmuring the evening prayer.

The sun sank, the quiet stars stole out one by one, and we lingered entranced by the beauty, the peace, the quaint simplicity of the lovely spot. Lights and shades played on the majestic heights of the mountains. Slowly the rose-tints faded into purple, the air blew deliciously cool, the hum of voices grew fainter, the horses neighed gently to their weary companions. Now and then a dog barked lazily, and night—summer night in the Rockies—flooded the valley with dreamy beauty.

Reluctantly we wended our way to bed. As we passed the little church we saw by the dim light some dusky forms keeping vigil there.

We rose next morning at the unaccustomed hour of five, in order to attend the first services of the feast-day. Everything lay bathed in dew, and the valley was still in the subdued light of expectant dawn, for the sun had not yet climbed over that precipitous ridge.

What an impressive sight! On came the Indians, the women in one file, the men in another. They filled the church to overflowing—men and women seated on different sides of the building. The doors were thrown open, to allow those who could not find seats inside to follow the services from the open air. During the Mass the old chiefs of all the tribes said the prayers, answered by all the Indians. Then came a pause, and presently the women started a plaintive chant, followed again by prayers and alternated by singing.

At a proper time was the Communion, every one receiving in turn—the perfect order of the whole proceeding being remarkable.

The feature of the later service was the singing of a trained



"AS WE PASSED THE LITTLE CHURCH WE SAW BY THE DIM LIGHT A
DUSKY FORM KEEPING VIGIL THERE."

choir of Indian girls, and a sermon in Kalispel by an old and favorite missionary. The queer guttural sounds, the dark, impassive faces, the gorgeous coloring of the painted Indians with their picturesque garments, the altar, its lights and flowers—all made a scene never to be forgotten.

As the crowd dispersed into the sunshine each Indian stooped and kissed the foot of the old wooden cross erected by the first missionary among them.

The day passed only too quickly, and it was with a feeling of reluctance that we turned our faces homeward in the afternoon.

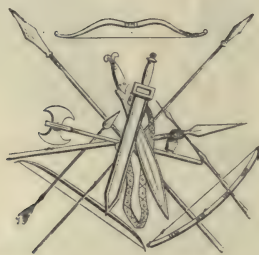
Were those lives spent in this isolated spot on God's fair earth fruitless? we philosophized to ourselves, or is it true what the dear old poet says, and that we

“ . . . departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ”?

The summit was reached. We paused with a backward look at the great cliffs; the golden, peaceful valley; the broken, irregular village; the humble little cemetery—all was beautiful as a dream, and there came to us with a thrill of emotion those lines of liquid music:

“No more, no more, the worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar;
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Under the walls of paradise.”

Adieu, “Sinièlemen,” the happy valley, the *rendezvous* of the Blackfoot!



MAURYA-NA-SCOOB.

A LEAF FROM THE HISTORY OF DARKEST ACHILL.

BY P. G. SMYTH.



SCOOB! Scoob! Scoo-ooo-ooob!"

Such a strange, weird, appealing cry, resounding through the quiet, drowsy street, specially quiet and drowsy at noonday, for then the humble shops were desolate of custom, and the men were away at work, and the children were at school, all except the very little ones, who sat on the steps and broken curbstones, and played and prattled in a vague, desultory way.

"Scoo-oob!"

It suggested the "lonely croon" of a daylight banshee. But as it passed there also drifted by a sudden, delicate, grateful fragrance that brought up thoughts of whirring grouse, fleet hares, smoky poteen stills, damp-skirted clouds, Rob Roy and his Highland caterans, William Black and his Highland novels, and other things suggested by heather in full pink bloom, breathing the perfume distilled by nature up among the pure mountain air.

A woman went slowly by, bending under a load of heather brooms; an elderly peasant woman, with the large blue cloak of her class flapping around her and grizzled locks straggling from under the bright plaid shawl that covered her head. Occasionally she stopped for a few seconds to chat with the children and incidentally to sprinkle blessings in the Irish language upon them, and at every door she passed she uttered her peculiar whoop. Once in awhile this brought out the woman of the house with a penny; a sale was effected and a transfer made of one of the huge heather bouquets, soon to lose its bloom and fragrance in the prosaic dust and to be transformed into a bunch of wiry rods.

At times Maurya-na-Scoob, or Mary of the Brooms, ceased her cry and turned to song in advertisement of her wares:

"I bought a bit of bacon,
Fried it in the pan;
No one there to eat it
But the besom man.

“Who'll buy my besoms?
Besoms fine and new.
Who'll buy my besoms?” etc., etc.

But very few and infrequent, notwithstanding her professional chant, were the bits of bacon that Maurya bought. Hers was a hard calling. Her complexion was swarthy and glowing, though the lines on her face were graven deep. From her rough cradle she had been accustomed to hardships, all of which she bore as inuredly and uncomplainingly as the rest of the islanders who battled hard for existence with nature and the landlords and the government among the grim, barren mountains of Achill.

The besom is an ancient Irish domestic institution. For several hundred years it has brushed the earthen floors of their cabins. It was known as long ago as the eighth century, when St. Colchu the Wise wrote his famous *Scuap Crabhagh*, or Besom of Devotion, intended to cleanse the souls of the people as the heather broom did their homes. Perhaps it is on account of the base use to which it is turned that the bonny, sweet-smelling *planta genistæ* has been so long looked upon with popular contempt; perhaps that is why the first Plantagenet stuck a sprig of it, in humility and penitence, in his cap, and adopted its humble name, when he started on his pilgrimage to the Holy Land. In Ireland any association with heather in the humble broom-making industry is considered utterly plebeian and degrading, as witness that unhappy mayor of Limerick, “Shawn-na-Scoob,” whom Michael Hogan, the Bard of Thomond, so remorselessly scathed in his poetic epistles from “Thunder-and-Lightning Hall, Fire-and-Brimstone Street, Mount Parnassus.”

But little thought or cared Maurya-na-Scoob of how public opinion might regard her business—and indeed public opinion in these parts gave itself but small exercise on the matter. She was merely a brave, enduring, hardworking—alas! how hardworking—Achill woman, vying with grouse and badgers to draw a livelihood from the mountain's storm-swept crest.

On this particular day Maurya's whoop was more subdued than usual; her song was not so gay; there was hesitation in her gait and an anxious reconnoitring look on her face. On catching sight of a man approaching along the street she grew pale and nervous and crossed herself as at dread of impending evil.

"Good-day, Maurya; and how are you?"

"I'm quite well, Thomas Rua; and how is yourself?"

They spoke in the vernacular and used the stereotyped expressions of formal Celtic salutation. On his side there was embarrassment, on hers anxiety. He was an elderly man with reddish hair and whiskers streaked with gray, and he wore the russet leggins commonly affected in Ireland by rustic "limbs of the law."

"'Tis a heavy load you have to-day, Maurya."

"Heavy enough, and a long bit of road to carry it too; but God made the back for the burden."

"I'm afraid it's about the last of its kind you'll carry."

"Oh, I hope not, Thomas Rua; I'm feeling well and strong yet, and we must all earn our living."

"But not in that way, Maurya." He took from his capacious pocket a batch of bluish official documents, one of which he peeled off and handed to her. She received it with trembling fingers and dumped her balmy burden on the sidewalk.

"Not in that way, Maurya. This is a summons commanding you to appear at the next Achill petty sessions to answer a charge of trespassing on the Pike estate. And I have summonses of the same kind for about twenty of your neighbors. And you'll all be fined, sure enough. But 'tis you're own fault. What a queer, foolish, obstinate lot of people you are! Didn't the bailiff warn you not to pull the heath?"

Maurya-na-Scoob did not appear to hear him. She looked vacantly at the dreaded legal document, which she held gingerly between her thumb and forefinger, as if it were a repulsive and dangerous object.

"I knew it was coming," she said; "I had the feeling all over me that it was coming. O Virgin! is the last poor bit to be taken out of our mouths?"

"Well, Maurya, leave the heath alone and it will be much better for you," advised Red Tom, the summons-server.

"The heath!" She turned upon him fiercely. "And what have we left, Thomas Rua, but the heath? Will they want us to leave the air alone next? There was a time, Thomas Rua, when people of my name and family owned all the best green land round Clew Bay—don't laugh, you ignorant fool, you *omadhaun*! it was so—before the stranger came and drove us to the black bogs and wild mountains. And even these they begrudge us now, claiming, the idiots! that we spoil their beautiful sport of shooting game—as if one mightn't pull the makings

of ten thousand besoms on Slievemore without man or bird ever missing it."

"But that's no reason you'd take what isn't yours."

"Death's bandage on you (*marriv faushg orth*), you clown; you speak that way because you're a government man. We take nothing but what belongs to us, and very, very little of that. The mountain heather belongs to us, and I wish I could make of it a great, large besom that would sweep all our enemies into the sea, as St. Patrick drove the serpents. The heath, indeed! God knows that men and women, and especially Achill men and women, are more valuable than grouse and hares."

The court official stared in dismay at what he considered an appalling tirade of contumely, contempt of court, anarchy, Whiteboyism, *præmunire*, and other forms of high treason.

"The magistrates will teach you manners, my lady," he cried as he retreated. "But what better language could one expect from Maurya-na-Scoob!"

"Go along, you dirty old tool of tyrants," she hurled after him, to the amusement of many whom the loud colloquy had attracted to the doors; "my trade is a thousand times cleaner than yours every day in the year."

She resumed her burden, and again her monotonous, appealing cry resounded through the street:

"Scoo-oo-oob!"

It was a dreamy June evening when Maurya, having disposed of her stock, returned wearily homewards. Slievemore, hoary mountain monarch, wore his regal purple, and a golden cloud-crown shone on his head. The sun redly gilt the rocks and heath and the wild flowers that starred the scanty herbage. A distant streak of sea horizon made more desolate the vast, russet bogs whose solemn wastes it margined. A society-shunning anchorite of the Thebaid might here have revelled in the solitude he loved. Modern monks have indeed sought and struggled with this austere wilderness; there stands the little Franciscan monastery of Bunacurry, whose industrious brotherhood has stripped, during the past half century, some acres of productive land of its covering of deep, brown peat.

Barefooted the broom-seller walked along; like many Irish peasant women on a journey, she had discarded her footgear as an encumbrance. She passed on the wayside "Thubber-na-Brughaun," the well of the porridge, from which in the old proselytizing days the water was taken to make soup and

stirabout for the "Jumpers," as the Achillese were called whose hunger overcame their conscience, the fangs of the "lean dog" driving them into the arms of the Reformed religion. And a little further on she passed the spot where in the same period a Protestant bishop, surrounded by zealous clerical pillars, English and Scotch, of the bread and Bible propaganda, laid with *éclat* the foundation-stone of an intended splendid church and grand missionary centre—the foundation-stone, on which a second fragment was never laid of that aerial edifice.

But Maurya was in no mood for such reminiscences. The hard, cold, carking problem of living, which for many weary years she had studied intently in common with about five thousand other poor but practical social economists who strove for existence on that huge, moor-encrusted island rock, was before her more mercilessly than ever. The thought of the "law paper" she had received—the instrument of the dangerous, ruthless force that is wielded in Ireland by class against mass—continued to worry her heart and brain.

"Weary on it for a law paper!" she said aloud; "'tis a very poor present I'm taking home with me this fine evening. And the neighbors, poor creatures! are worse off than myself. Dear, dear! what will become of us at all?"

"Luachar, luachar," she cried, addressing the heather by its Irish name and shaking her finger at a rich tuft of the *Erica Mediterranea* (owned only by Achill of all the places in the "United Kingdom"), "you have long been a good friend of mine, and it will be a black and bitter day when they separate us."

A sound of song and laughter and the beat of horses' hoofs rang out on the lonely mountain road, and a bevy of merry Achill girls came riding along on their hardy ponies, perched behind the creels or panniers containing churns, for they were returning from one of their usual expeditions to the distant pastures or milking grounds.

"Ah, then, good-evening kindly, Maurya," said one of the girls. "Times must be good across the Sound, seeing that you've so soon got rid of your load."

"In troth if I did, Brigid, I got a heavier one instead," and the broom-seller held up the abhorred law paper.

"Ah, of course, of course, poor woman! 'Tis a great shame, so it is, but nearly everybody has got one. They've come down on the village like flakes of driven snow. But cheer up, Maurya; sure Celia will soon be earning plenty of good money for you in Scotland."

"Celia!—in Scotland!"

"Come now, Maurya-na-Scoob, don't pretend you don't know all about it. She says she's starting with the crowd to-morrow. And who'd blame her, or you either, for letting her go, seeing there are other girls just as young going, and the money is well wanted? I only wish I were going too."

"Time enough, Brigid, time enough for you, and the same for Celia. Good-by, colleens."

Maurya sighed heavily as she increased her pace. So what she had long shuddered at was at length at hand, and her little daughter would join the annual army of migration, the expedition of toiling bread-winners of both sexes that left Achill every summer to work at the Scotch harvest.

"Is it true what they tell me, Celia?" she cried when she reached her home, a hovel of rounded sea stones, with a roof of heath bound down with straw ropes.

"Why, yes, mother; I thought it would be for the best, and anyhow it can't be helped now, for—oh, mother, and 'tis sorry I am to have black news before you!—poor Con can't send us any money this season. He's met with an accident, and he's laid up in hospital over there in America. Here's his letter; it came this morning, and its empty."

Maurya uttered a fervent prayer in Irish, then, crouching on the "hob" beside the red embers of the peat fire, she rocked to and fro, clasping her hands and moaning at intervals. After awhile she sat on a rock outside the door, under the stars, with the distant, melancholy sound of the waves in her ears. The night had descended moonless and lonely. On one hand lay the dismal moor, on the other towered the blue-black mountains. A truly Achillian prospect, characteristic of the grim island whose characteristic topography is greatly marked by gloom and sombreness; Dooega, Dooaugh, Dookinella, Doogort, all signify dark or black places.

Within the house Celia, a pretty brunette of the French type of Achillese—for the islanders are of varied extraction, Milesian, Danish, French, and English—busied herself in preparations for supper. As she moved about she half sung, half repeated bits of her school reading-lesson of the previous day:

"My darling, my darling, when silence is on the moor
And lone in the sunshine I sit by our cabin door,
When evening falls quiet and calm over land and sea,
My darling, my darling, I think of past times and thee.

"Here while on this cold shore I wait out the lonely hours
My child in the heavens is spreading my bed with flowers.
All weary my bosom has grown of this friendless clime;
But I long not to leave it, for that were a shame and crime."

"True enough, true enough," commented Maurya. "Well, well, what strange things they teach children at school these days! Her lesson makes me lonely. I feel as if whoever wrote it must have been thinking of me. 'My child in the heavens,' she says. Well, I have one there already, and if another should follow her—but no, no! although there's the cold shiver at my heart telling that somebody is walking over my grave."

"Why, then, 'tis heartily welcome you are, Norah O'Malley. And may I make so bold as to ask where you're travelling this hour of the night?" This to a buxom young woman who suddenly issued from the darkness and strode up to the cabin door with elastic tread and cheery "God save all here."

"In troth, Maurya, 'tis the dance in the valley I'm just coming from. You can see the light and hear the fiddle from here. Great fun the folks are having that are starting for Scotland to-morrow—God send them safe!"

"Amen. And who are going this time, avourneen?"

"Oh! a small hundred of them will go to Westport in John Healy's hooker to take the big ship for Glasgow—Nancy Cooney and her two brothers, the three O'Malley girls, the Weirs and the Cafferkys and the Lynchahauns, with, as I hear, your own little girl in the crowd."

"Yes, my sorrow, she's bent on going, poor little bird alone."

"Not a bit bird alone, mother dear," said Celia, as she came to the door and saluted the visitor—"not a bit of it. There'll be too big a flock of us for any one to be lonesome. There's Sibby Quinn and Mary Anne Lavelle, both only gone thirteen and much younger than I, and sure 'twould be a burning shame if youngsters of their age would go and bring home pocketsful of money to their people while a big, lazy thing like me is idling here at home. Don't you think so, Norah O'Malley?"

"That's the spunky talk I like!" cried the young woman admiringly. "Faith, Celia darling, you're as brave as the best of them."

"Kind father for her," said the old woman, shaking her

head; "ay, as bold a man as ever faced a storm, else he mightn't have got drowned in the fishing. But her sister lies under the cold clay in Derreens, and her brother is in hospital beyond the big sea, and I've got a law paper for pulling the heath, and I'm feeling lately that I'll soon carry my last load of besoms to market, and—oh, Norah, avourneen, if anything should happen her!"

Norah and Celia laughed aloud, the former in real, the latter in affected amusement at Maurya's anxiety.

"Oh, woman dear! 'tis you that's droll with your foolishness. Don't hundreds of us go to Albanach and Sassenach (Scotland and England) every year and come back safe, thank God! with plenty of money? How else could we ever pay the landlords? Why Maurya, woman alive, I have three sweethearts of my own, so I have, in the crowd that's starting to-morrow, and each of them says he'll bring me back twice as much money as both the other two put together, and I don't feel a morsel uneasy for any of them. See that now, and so good-night and God prosper ye."

The rugged, kindly daughter of the maritime O'Malleys disappeared in the darkness; Maury-na-Scoob and her child retired to rest; one by one the lights were extinguished in the cabins, and a gloomy, terrible cloud began to unroll itself over the rocks and glens of Achill.

Next morning there was a general movement of migrators to Darby's Point, where Healy's hooker, the *Victory*, of fifteen tons burden, lay waiting for its human cargo. Animated was the scene as the lively island lassies, gay in their bright plaid shawls and scarlet petticoats, hurried aboard, laughing and singing in their Celtic abandon. Young men bantered their belated companions, who, unable to obtain passage in that or the other hookers that were there, had perforce to travel round the winding, serrated coast to Westport. An old man of seventy-five tottered aboard, conducted by his young granddaughter, a deaf mute; like the rest, they were going to Caledonia in the hope of earning bread—or rent. So went young girls of thirteen and fourteen, to work for the parents and the younger brothers and sisters at home. So went husbands, sons, and brothers to toil afar off, that the relatives at home might not know want or eviction.

It was the same monotonous, affecting, annual spectacle of migration in quest of the means of support which is denied by the semi-sterile tracts to which the people have been driven.

And, like a chaplet of emeralds round the coast, almost connecting the massive dome of Nephin and the blue spire of Croagh Patrick, gleamed in the sun the rich green fields, the sweeping fertile wastes, browsed on by the cattle of the landlord and the grazier.

Maurya-na-Scoob and her daughter were early on board, the former bearing her usual load of besoms, to be disposed of in the distant town when she had seen Celia off on the steamer.

There were over a hundred passengers on the hooker *Victory* when she swung away from Darby's Point about 9:30 A. M., on that memorable Thursday, the 14th of June. A light summer mist hung like a spell of romance over beautiful Clew Bay and the myriad emerald islets of Mow the Firbolg. The light breeze lay most favorably aft, driving through the sparkling brine the well-laden little vessel, richer than Cleopatrian galley or Venetian argosy in its burden of young, loyal, brave hearts, strong to the call of duty, athrill with the joy of living, even though living meant constant and scantily rewarded toil.

Some of the young men and boys sat with their legs dangling over the gunwale. Behind them were rows of laughing, ruddy-cheeked faces of girls who sang and shouted in the exuberance of glee. There were four hookers in line, each freighted with jubilant humanity. They stood with swelling sails across the blue bosom of Clew Bay, and the *Victory* was the second in the procession to arrive off the islet of Innislyre, with its white coast-guard station, and enter the tortuous, meandering channel that led to Westport quay. Here "Captain" Healy went among his passengers and levied a fare of sixpence (twelve cents) per head on some ninety of them, exempting from payment about twenty more, the youngest or poorest ones. And now as the hookers passed near Laird's steamship *Elm*, which was being lightened as she lay partially stranded in the channel near Montkelly rocks, a cheer went up from the migrators and they crowded to the sides for a better view. Maurya-na-Scoob alone viewed the black hull with a tremor of dread; it seemed so like a floating hearse about to bear away her little girl!

"Hurrah, boys and girls, for the fine big ship!"

"A fine vessel, so she is—a fine vessel!"

"She'll take us over among the blue-bells of Scotland, where there's good money for the earning."

But now, when the voyage was all but made, and Westport

quay, with its tall, many-windowed warehouses, distant only half a mile, a dreadful thing happened. Captain Healy, in order, he said, "to get a slant of the wind," attempted to jibe his mainsail, which suddenly swung round and in a moment the hooker was lying on her side in the water, plunging into it a frantic, struggling mass of both sexes, whose late joyous shouts were soon changed into death-gurglings!

Among the rest struggled Maurya-na-Scoob, clutching for life at her load of besoms. A girl's head, with dripping brown plaits, rose near her and she clutched at that also.

"Here, Celia darling, keep tight hold—tight, tight, darling! Easy, girls, God bless ye! there's not room for the whole of us—but—sure—if any of us have got to go 'tis better—my God!" And the old besom woman disappeared amidst a flashing of grasping, frantic white arms, a chorus of piteous cries for aid.

Help soon came. The *Elm* dropped her four boats, manned with gallant, active sailormen. Other boats shot out from the shore and all joined actively in the work of rescue.

But sudden rest had come for many a toiler. Many there were whose sickles would never flash in the Scottish corn-fields, many whose cheeks would not lose their roses nor souls abate their insular whiteness amid the grime of the Glasgow factories. The aged man and his dumb child had found repose. The three brave O'Malley girls would never aid, save by their prayers in heaven, their now utterly lone and childless father. Crippled old man Patten would never receive a money-bearing letter from his lost son and daughter. Tom Caffrey's wife and eight children would evermore miss his support. The white peace of the after-life was already on the faces of the Lavelle and Quinn girls, would-be willing workers of thirteen. The folks of returning little Scotch lassie McFarland would never see how the kindly Achill breezes had improved her.

In the early afternoon a row-boat came to Westport quay having in tow another laden with drowned corpses. As each corpse was borne ashore and identified by the waiting crowd of Achill people, rang out on that dismal *dies iræ* the piercing wail of the stricken bereaved.

Thirty-four poor Achill toilers perished that day, most of them young women and girls. Of these the bodies of sixteen—all under twenty years of age—were taken from the hooker at low tide.

Mournful the scenes that evening around the gaunt, gray

store that served as a temporary dead-house, the space outside crowded with mourners and spectators and strewn with the plain, cheap pine coffins supplied by the poor-law union.

More mournful the funeral two days later, when the black engine crept with almost hearse-like slowness round the lamenting coast and the people knelt praying by the track as the solemn death-train passed. The country around Achill Sound was black with excited, grief-stricken peasantry, and as coffin after coffin was carried in seemingly endless procession across Davitt bridge—connecting the island with the mainland—and the names of the dead were called out, the weird, soul-piercing Irish cry arose as it never before was heard in afflicted Achill.

In Derreens graveyard, amid a scene of the wildest sorrow, twenty-eight relieved harvesters were laid to rest. The venerable chief soggarth of the island uttered words of pity and consolation. "Happy is the corpse that the rain falls on," say the Irish. As the first shovelfuls of earth fell crashing upon the bare coffin pine the rain fell heavily on the passionate, unheeding mourners, and with theirs the rising tempest joined its wail.

And the "law paper," the summons for the heinous crime of picking heath on the wild heights of Achill? Well, even while the engine was drawing towards the island the score and a half of dead bodies of those who had perished on their pilgrimage to earn the rent for the landlords and the seed-rate for the Shylock government—even the gentle Morleyian government—the petty sessions court sat at the Sound, and the agent of the Pike estate was there to prosecute in the cases of twenty-two islanders charged with trespass and pulling of heath. In fifteen of the cases the interests of the grouse and the grouse-shooters were vindicated by a fine of sixpence and costs—amounting to three or four days' wages—three of the persons fined being survivors of the late disaster. In the other seven cases the prosecutor made the significant announcement:

"Withdrawn."

The defendants, including Maurya-na-Scoob, had been summoned before a higher tribunal; the heel of Irish landlord and government oppression could not be set on the tranquil faces of the dead.



“I AM

THE WAY,

THE TRUTH,

AND

THE

LIGHT.”

THOU art

the way,

and

he who sighs,

Amid this barren

waste of woe,

To find a pathway to

the skies,

A light from

Heaven's eternal glow,

By Thee must come, Thou gate of
love,

Through which the Saints un-
doubting trod,

Till faith discovers, like the
dove,

An ark, a resting place in God.





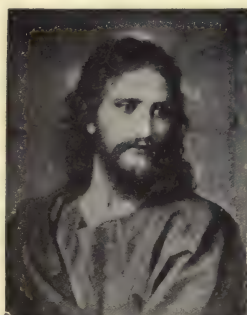
Thou art the TRUTH,
whose steady ray
Shines on through earthly
blight and bloom,
The pure, the everlasting ray,
The lamp that shines e'en in
the tomb;

Thou art
the LIFE,
the
blessed well



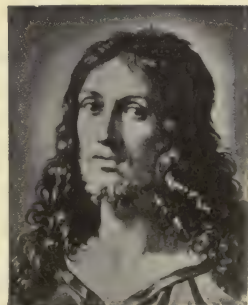
The Light that out of
darkness springs,
And guideth those who
blindly go;
The word whose precious
radiance flings

With living waters
gushing o'er,
And those who drink
shall ever dwell
Where sin and thirst
are known no more.



Its lustre
upon
all below.

Thou art the mystic pillar
given,
Our lamp by night, our light
by day;
Thou art the Sacred Bread from
Heaven,
Thou art the Life, the Truth,
the Way.



CATHOLIC PRELATES AS AMERICAN DIPLOMATS.

BY MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.



SEVERAL times in its crises the government of the United States has invited an American Catholic ecclesiastic to go abroad for it on a confidential diplomatic mission. The first instance occurred during the War of the Revolution.

It was logical that the American government should choose for that mission one of the representatives of the race which, politically subject by force to England, had shown almost entire unanimity of sympathy with the aspirations of the revolted colonies in America. Incomplete reading has misled an American occasionally to claim that this unanimity was not substantial, or that there was a religious predilection that arrayed the Irish in Ireland or in America with or against the revolted colonists. Happily the testimony of historians of both creeds is conclusive upon the subject. When, several years ago, in the library of the British Museum, I sought to learn what the contemporary English thought of the American Revolution, of its causes, motives, means, men, and object—for shall we not be fair even to our foe, and listen in kindness to his own statement of his case?—there I found evidence of whose existence no American historian seemed to be aware. It is the testimony taken in 1779 before a committee of the House of Commons appointed “to inquire into the conduct of the American war.”

One of the persons examined was Major-General Robertson, who deposed that he had been twenty-eight years in the royal service in America. Asked how the rebel force was composed, he replied that General Lee, the American, had informed him “half the Continental army was from Ireland.” Add to this the soldier contingent of native Americans born of Irish parents, and the inference seems irresistible that more than half the Revolutionary army was of Irish blood.

Lecky, the (Protestant) historian, writing of England in the eighteenth century, dwells upon the copious emigration from Ireland to the colonies, Catholics and Protestants alike. “They went with hearts burning with indignation, and in the War of

Independence they were almost to a man on the side of the insurgents" (*England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii. p. 285).

The Protestants of Ireland had their opportunity in the Irish parliament. "The Roman Catholics, who were the vast majority of the population, were excluded from all representation, both direct and indirect. They could not sit in parliament and they could not vote for Protestant members" (*Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, Lecky, p. 65). There were two parties among the members, one led by Flood, the voice of the English crown; the minority, led by Grattan, the voice of Ireland, the overwhelming majority of the people of Ireland, the statesman who said truly that "Europe, not England, is the mother of America." When Flood, speaking for the king, proposed aiding the crown in the American colonies, Grattan opposed the proposal and described America as "the only hope of Ireland and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind."

The Catholics of Ireland, barred from their national forum, found their opportunity in resentful refusal to enlist for service against the American revolutionists. It was the complete failure of the recruiting officers in Ireland that compelled the king to seek mercenaries on the Continent. Here again English testimony is not wanting in freshness. Had not the poet Cowper condemned the Americans? Did not Samuel Johnson write against the right of remonstrance? Was it not that splendid genius who affirmed, while calling the American patriots robbers and pirates, "Liberty is to the lowest rank of every nation little more than the choice of working or starving"? An admiring biographer of General Burgoyne writes: "The extravagant sums paid by the English government in the shape of levy money and bounty was a powerful incentive to the avarice of the despotic petty princes whose unscrupulous barter of their subjects created indignation throughout Germany. Many of the men were forcibly seized and sold to swell the revenues of their sovereigns."

Frederick the Great taxed those who passed through his dominions like "cattle exported for foreign shambles." Catherine of Russia was requested by the king to supply twenty thousand men at her own terms. The king wrote to Lord North: "The letter of the empress is a clear refusal and not in so genteel a manner as I should have thought might have been expected of her. She has not had the civility to answer me in her own hand" (*Political and Military Episodes in the latter half of the eighteenth century*: Derived from the Life and Correspondence

dence of the Right Hon. John Burgoyne, General, Statesman, Dramatist, by Edward Barrington De Fonblanque).

The English writer is plausibly of opinion that Frederick was less animated by humanity than by chagrin that England had raised the price of soldiers for hire. On the other hand, Mr. De Fonblanque ought to be willing to concede that the Elector of Saxony was more æsthetic than avaricious; that in selling an entire regiment of dragoons for "forty large blue and white metal jars" he was less moved by greed for gain than by taste for bric-a-brac.

As for Catherine, the king doubtless did not know that sympathy with democracy had little place in her thoughts when neglecting to send him her imperial autograph. At that time Catherine was engrossed with comparative philology (*Science of Language*, Max Müller, vol. i. p. 142).

Having failed to procure recruits among the Catholics in Ireland, the crown tried to do so, but unsuccessfully, in Canada. On the contrary, two regiments of Canadian Catholics aided the patriots at the cost of censure from the ecclesiastical subordinates of the crown in that province.

Congress sent Franklin and Chase to Canada in 1776 in the hope of inducing the Canadians to unite with the Revolutionists. "They were accompanied by the Rev. John Carroll, a Catholic clergyman, afterward Archbishop of Baltimore, whose influence with the people it was thought would be useful on account of his religious principles and character. But they found the state of affairs in Canada by no means such as to encourage any just hope of success. Negligence, mismanagement, and a combination of unlucky incidents had produced confusion and disorder that it was now too late to remedy" (Sparks's *Writings of Washington*, vol. iii. p. 390). Chief among the irremovable barriers was the "address" of John Jay "to the people of Great Britain," in which he assailed the religion of the Canadians in truculent terms. That deplorable error on the part of an otherwise able and admirable patriot placed English ascendancy in Canada beyond the reach of any influence within the means of the American patriots. A descendant of the Huguenots, who had suffered so cruelly from bigotry in France, Mr. Jay forgot that no one in the new world ought to be held responsible for old world intolerance, no matter in what avowed cause practised. Like the Puritans, who, fleeing from religious oppression, were eager for a time to inflict it on those who differed from them in a republic, Mr. Jay even tried to se-

cure for the legislature of New York legal authority to deny religious liberty at any time to any denomination. Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and their enlightened associates, so far from sharing Jay's fatal prejudice, opposed it by precept and action. But there was one more of Jay's mind. In 1780 the envoy of Spain, proceeding to the camp of Washington, died. The members of the Continental Congress were invited to the requiem at St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. Thereupon a proclamation to the officers and soldiers of the American army appeared. "Do you know," it ran, "that the eye which guides this pen lately saw your mean and profligate Congress at Mass?" The author of the proclamation was Benedict Arnold.

When Washington was elected President under the Constitution, John Carroll, who accompanied Chase and Franklin as commissioners to Canada, had been named Archbishop of Baltimore, and on behalf of the Catholic clergy and laity he presented to Washington an address of congratulation in which appears this significant sentence:

"Whilst our country preserves her freedom and independence, we shall have a well-founded title to claim from her justice the equal rights of citizenship, as the price of our blood, spilt under your eyes, and of our common exertions for her defence, under your auspicious conduct." To which Washington replied: "I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution and the establishment of your government."

The second instance: "Our war with the Confederate States, as we now know and realize, was formidable enough in all its aspects and consequences without the aggravations of a simultaneous conflict with England and France . . ." "The emperor said . . . that when the French people were out of employment the government was expected to furnish them with bread. . . . He sought and expected the co-operation of England, a large majority of whose citizens were with him in sentiment and sympathy" (*Autobiography of Thurlow Weed*, p. 649). In May, 1861, the most powerful statesman in England, Lord Derby, had said in the House of Lords: "It is essentially necessary that the Northern States should not be induced to rely on our forbearance." In October John Hughes, Archbishop of New York, was invited by Secretary Seward to go to Washington. "It was proposed by the cabinet that I

should accept a special mission to England and France, in connection with very important national questions between the United States and those powers. . . . I made known to the President that if I should go to Europe, it would not be as a partisan of the North more than of the South, that I should represent the interests of the South as well as of the North—in short, the interests of all the United States, just the same as if they had never been distracted by the present Civil War” (*Life of Archbishop Hughes*, p. 449). The commissioners sailed together, Archbishop Hughes going to Paris, Thurlow Weed to London. Before the end of the year the archbishop was able, after much indirect and some direct communication with the emperor, to write to Secretary Seward, that the emperor was no longer “hostile to the United States.”

Mr. Weed was less fortunate. Every first-class British statesman, of both political parties, was against us, and so remained to the end. Mr. Gladstone said in the House of Commons, speaking for the entire ministry: “We do not believe that the restoration of the American Union by force is attainable. I believe that the public opinion of this country (England) is unanimous upon that subject.”

Mr. Gladstone profoundly believed his own errors on every question until he discovered them. He lived to confess that he had misunderstood the United States and the Civil War. He did not undertake to expunge any part of his government’s record in relation to it, but he owned that he had himself been wrong in affirming that the national American course “had been without any adequate or worthy object.”

Lord Salisbury, for years the paramount intellect in guiding the destinies of his country, had said in 1862: “The plain matter of fact is, as every one who watches the current of history must know, that the Northern States of America never can be our sure friends, for this simple reason: we are rivals politically, rivals commercially; we aspire to the same position; we both aspire to the government of the seas; we are both manufacturing people, and in every port as well as at every court we are rivals to each other.”

Lord Salisbury has never confessed that he was in error. He spoke the truth. It is the truth to-day as it was when uttered. It is more true to-day than then. Happily he has lived to see sectional consciousness itself almost eliminated from the United States, and the South, like the North, a manufacturer as well as an agricultural producer. It is the entire United

States, Lord Salisbury knows, that now is the rival of England.

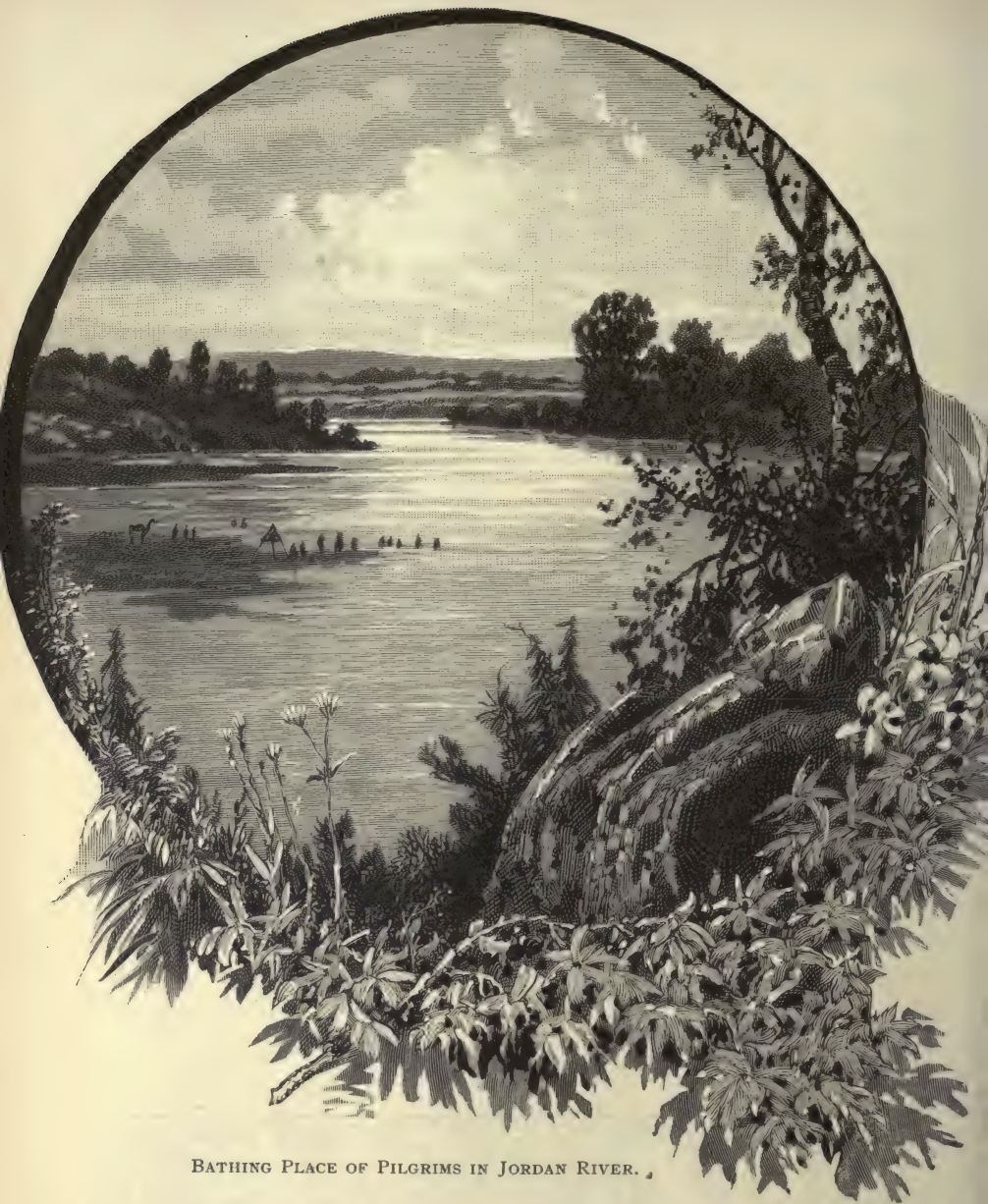
A nation, like an individual, has no right to revenge. A nation, like an individual, should remember a friend to be grateful, and it was England's rival in the East, Russia, that was our sole friend, ready to act for us as to speak for us in days of national dislocation. A nation, like an individual, should remember an enemy only to forgive and beware.

There is nothing in the institutions, the ambition of the United States to make it necessary for them to be on other than terms of sincere friendship with all the nations of the earth of good will, and it is against their written as well as their unwritten law that they shall be entangled in an alliance with any.

The commercial rivalry Lord Salisbury frankly recognized as inevitable between the United States and his country he knows can have but one outcome in time. Given two manufacturing and exporting competitors, the one with all necessities of life at hand produced on its own soil, the other with the seas between it and half its food, the fantastic and impracticable proposal of a political alliance between such rivals, however friendly now, he needs must contemplate, as a faithful son of his own country, with the smile of Thyrsis in the eclogue:

"Immo ego Sardois videar tibi amarior herbis."





BATHING PLACE OF PILGRIMS IN JORDAN RIVER.

FAMOUS FOUNTAINS OF PALESTINE.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

BESIDE a fountain's sacred brink we raised
Our verdant altars,"

said Ulysses, and fountains seem from the earliest times to have been not only popular but necessary in those Eastern countries so hampered by the lack of rain. Mention is made of them in all the old histories, chronicles, and poems, and no landscape,

however fair, is considered complete without those "fountains of living water" so frequently referred to in Holy Scripture.

The rabbis anointed the kings of Juda beside a fountain, and the Turks believed that one could atone for great crimes by the building of a public drinking-place. In Persia the Brahmins often dedicated such a fountain to the people, saying, "I offer thee, O water! to quench the thirst of mankind"; and it was considered a deadly sin for any one to appropriate the water consecrated to the poor to their own private uses.

Eliphaz the Themanite, sorry comforter of Job, reproached him, saying, "Thou hast not given water to the weary to drink";



MENDICANT DERVISHES AWAITING A STRAY ALMS.

and many of the most beautiful Bible scenes occur beside a fountain or well, and these are much the same in the Holy Land, where the former is described as merely a spring of water, natural or artificial. The village fountain was always a meeting-place for friends, and it must have been a beautiful sight to behold the maidens of the village in their snowy robes go forth with quaint water-jars poised upon their shapely shoulders, to bring water from El-Ain.

Beneath a spreading oak-tree, gnarled and sturdy, is the *birkeh*, or water-pool, marked by a stone arch, square at the top but with a moresque archway, carved in arabesques and strange designs. From its depths what crystal water gushes forth into the earthen jars!—which recall the words of the Persian poet:

“I saw a potter at his work to-day,
Shaping with rudest hand his whirling clay.
‘Ah! gently, brother; do not treat me thus;
I too was once a man!’ I heard it say.”

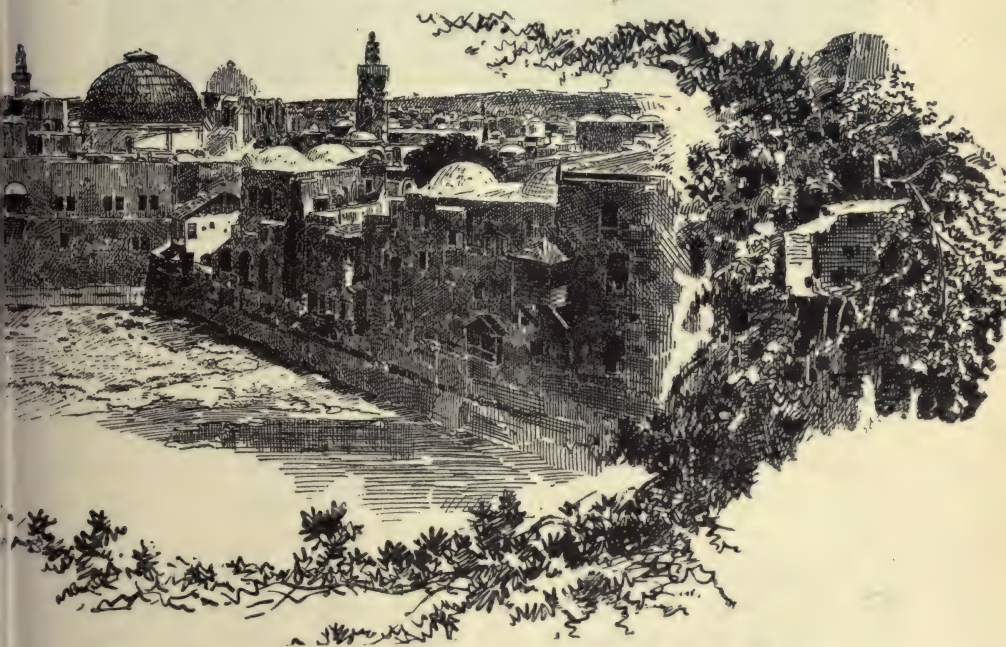
Here the women pause to gossip and chat, and sturdy youths follow them as in the days of Jacob and Rachel. There some mendicant dervishes stand idly and lazily awaiting a stray alms, as they lean against the vine-grown stones which surround the village gathering-place. Here cluster the olive and mulberry trees and in the distance gleam the white houses of Jerusalem, built around a court, their flat roofs bare to the cool breezes floating down from the mountain side where the mighty cedars of Lebanon delight the eye with their antiquity and magnificence.

During the time of the Crusades the Turks filled the fountains about Jerusalem with poison and the Crusaders were obliged to foray to obtain sweet water. Many a cry of “Deus vult!” or “Christ and His Sepulchre!” resounded about the village fountains from those soldiers of the cross whose warlike lips lent themselves to the singing of

“Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature!
O thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,
Thou my soul's glory, joy, and crown.
Fair are the fountains, fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing!”

These brave men sallied forth to obtain a cooling draught for a sick comrade, worn with fever or dying from the sting of a poisoned arrow. The service was considered an honor, since they were serving that Master who said that a cup of cold water given in His Name was well pleasing to him, and to this day many noble families have blazoned upon their escutcheons a cup or a water-jar as emblematic of the deed.

About Jerusalem there were many famous fountains, but one of the best known is the Pool of Bethesda. The Hebrew word "Bethsaida" means "house of mercy, or place of the flowing of water," and close by the Sheep-gate, beside the walls of Jerusalem, lay the deep pool, supplied by a perennial fountain. About the pool, as is often the custom in Eastern countries, were porches or colonnades, so that in the heat and glare of the sun people might seek refuge. The water of Bethesda



"THE VILLAGE FOUNTAIN WAS THE MEETING-PLACE OF FRIENDS."

was much desired because tradition said that at certain times an angel came down and troubled the water, whence it possessed healing qualities. Multitudes of sick thronged the porches, and here it was that "there was a certain man that had been eight-and-thirty years under his infirmity. Him when Jesus had seen lying, and knew that he had been now a long time, he saith to him, 'Wilt thou be made whole?'" How pitiful was the answer



"NEAR BY GIHON LIES THE POTTER'S FIELD."

of the patient soul who had so long awaited the stirring of the water: he had no man to place him in the water at the right moment. "And Jesus saith unto him: Arise, take up thy bed and walk. And immediately he was made whole."

Such was Bethsaida in the time of our Lord, but now it is the large pool close by St. Stephen's Gate, and called the Birkeh Israel. Saewulf speaks of it in 1102 A. D., and Eusebius refers to it as "Bezetha." It is a beautiful spot—

"A deep, reflective stream,
Untroubled as an infant's dream,
Upon whose bosom, still, serene,
Both earth and heaven are seen."

Even in its ruin it is beautiful, for the flowers blossom in each crevice and cranny, vines festoon unsightly and time-worn walls, and soft Judean airs blow upon it, while the heavy foliage of the shrubs and trees lends grace and softness to its harsher outlines.

Another famous fountain is Ain Selwau, by which our Lord stood when he said, "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink," and the prophet referred to this pool as "the waters of Siloe that go softly." Nehemias tells us that Shallum, the son of Col-hozeh, repaired "the walls of the pool of Siloe by the king's gardens," and hither our Lord sent the blind man to bathe, at which the Pharisees complained because it was

upon the Sabbath day. Josephus and the Fathers of the Church often speak of the fountain and the pool, and St. Jerome mentions the irregular flow of the waters. Maundrell says: "It was anciently dignified with a church built over it, but after the church was destroyed by the infidels, tanners used to dress their hides beside its waters." The massive walls were fifty feet long and eighteen wide, and the water irrigated the valley of Cedron. Upon its banks a gnarled mulberry-tree marks the spot where the prophet Isaias was sawn asunder by order of the wicked Manasses. As early as 333 A. D. it was referred to as "*juxta murum*," and the broken walls of the city make it easy for the antiquarian to locate the exact place as that of which the poet wrote:

"Let Sion's hill

Delight thee, and Siloe's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God."

A tangle of vines and wild flowers is thereabouts; curious caper-trees, crumbling limestone rocks, and, still distinguishable, the stone upon which Zacharias's blood was sprinkled when he was put to death. Only the water is the same as of yore, clear as crystal, reflecting the trees and the blue skies, and as limpid as when it was taken for the sacrifices at the Feast of the Tabernacle.

"By cool Siloe's shady rill

How fair the lily grows!

How sweet the breath upon the hill

Of Sharon's dewy rose!

By cool Siloe's shady rill

The lily must decay;

The rose that blooms beneath the hill

Must shortly fade away,"

wrote Reginald Heber; and he must have seen "cool Siloe," for his words bring up a perfect picture of the lovely, quiet spot, where the roses bloom and the snowy lily lingers until, dying, its fragrant breath perfumes the air and its scattered petals fall upon the calm bosom of the waters.

"Sadoc the priest, and Nathan the prophet, and Banaïas the son of Joiada, went down, and caused Solomon to ride upon King David's mule, and brought him to Gihon. And Sadoc took a horn of oil out of the Tabernacle, and anointed Solomon; and they blew the trumpet, and all the people said, 'God save King Solomon!'" The Gihon spoken of is the fountain, or



"THUS SAITH THE LORD: I HAVE HEALED THESE WATERS."—FOUNTAIN OF ELIAS.

Birkeh el Mamilla, and it lies in a shallow vale by the Jaffa gate, near to Jerusalem, beyond the olive groves.

The pool which the fountain feeds was repaired by the Sultan Suleiman in the sixteenth century, but has since become a ruin. It was made for the great Feast of the Passover, and its waters, aided by "cool Siloe," irrigated the thirsty land and made it blossom like the rose. Not far from the lovely gardens which surround it is the Potter's Field, bought with the blood-money of Judas.

This fountain is the one of which it is said, "Ezekias also stopped the upper water-course of Gihon and brought it straight down to the west side of the City of David," after the mighty conflict with Sennacherib, when the Lord sent an angel which vanquished the Assyrian host, and their king returned with shame to his own country.

Elias's Fountain lies toward Jericho upon a fair hill-side, and

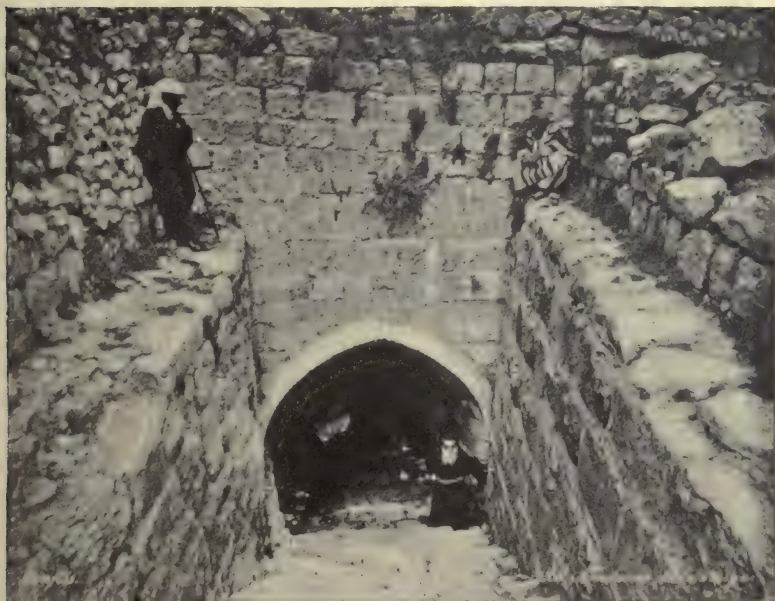
"Olives overhead
Print the blue sky with twig and leaf
(That sharp-curled leaf which they never shed),
Twixt the aloes."

The water flows gently over stones and pebbles in a lazy melancholy, for the fountain and pool are well-nigh deserted,

and only a shepherd with his thirsty flock or a wandering native frequents the picturesque spot.

"The men of the city said to Eliseus: Behold the situation of this city is very good, as thou, my lord, seest: but the waters are very bad, and the ground barren. And he said: Bring me a new vessel, and put salt into it. And when they had brought it, he went out to the spring of the waters, and cast the salt into it, and said: Thus saith the Lord: I have healed these waters, and there shall be no more in them death or barrenness."

In the fertile valley of Cedron, on the boundary line between Juda and Benjamin, lies a spring famous in ancient history and revered above all the fountains of Palestine in modern times. The Jews called it En Rogel—"rogel" meaning "to tread," from the Hebrew custom of treading the linen in the water to cleanse it. The Arab name was Ain Umed Deraj, or the "Fountain of the Mother of Steps," and the steps of the fountain were very deep and twenty-seven in number.



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The pool was three hundred and sixty feet in length and one hundred and thirty feet wide, and Josephus said of it that it was "a fair fountain, within a royal garden without the city,

and the water was very sweet." As to this last fact travellers disagree. The pool is now full, now shallow, and the Arabs tell you that this is due to the presence of a dragon. This demon, or Jan, resides beneath the water, and stops the flow; only when he is caught napping can the pool be filled.

Here it was that Adonias held his feast, "by the stone of Zoheleth which was near the fountain of Rogel," and Jonathan remained here when he sent the little maid to bear a message to his *Fidus Achates*, David, as that king fled from Absalom.

Once the pool was a Roman fosse, or reservoir, for the Roman garrison and the walls were a portion of the defences of the city. Close beside it is the Tower of Antonio, whither Saint Paul was taken and from which he made his memorable speech to the Jews. The quaint, moss-grown tower, square and fortress-like, with a Moorish arch strangely shadowy and dim, is still standing, and its walls and those of the pool are completely overgrown with rough cacti; vines, shrubs, nettles, and *chârvil* vie with fragrant oleanders. Beside the fountain Saint James was slain, after having been "cast down from the Temple into the valley of Cedron."

But fairest of all memories thronging the Fountain of En Rogel is that of the Jewish women who came from out the city to wash their garments in its crystal water. To this day one can see Oriental damsels, large-eyed and lovely, treading their clothes at the water's brink, and one can easily picture the Blessed Virgin—stately and beautiful—upon the stony banks among her kinswomen, fairest of all the daughters of Juda, a lily among thorns.

Tradition tells us that at this fountain she was accustomed to come daily to cleanse the household linen. Even to-day one is shown the steps which her feet trod and the thorn-bushes upon which she spread the garments to dry in the glowing sun of Palestine.

A simple scene is this at the Fountain of the Virgin, as En Rogel is now called, yet one which seems to bring the Holy Family of Nazareth and Jerusalem nearer to our hearts. It makes us feel as if our simple cares were known and understood by the tender Mother of our Lord, and that he himself, the Carpenter's Son and yet a God, who might have ruled in palaces and on mighty thrones, preferred to endure for us the life of lowly, unremitting toil.

THE WITNESS OF PROTESTANTISM TO
CATHOLIC TRUTH.

BY H. C. CORRANCE.



N Mohammedanism was the scourge of Eastern Christianity, so, in later times, was Protestantism the scourge in the West.

From one point of view, indeed, the latter was better than the former, insomuch as the name of Mohammed was not put in the place of Christ's. But, on the other hand, it may be argued that Protestantism, of the two, has done more permanent injury to Christendom by the destruction of its unity, by the endless divisions and subdivisions engendering hatred, bitterness, and strife, among those who are called Christians, no less than by the jar and confusion of conflicting opinions and consequent weakening of its witness to the civilized world and to heathendom.

But while all this is sufficiently evident to Catholics, and even admitted, with reservations, by many Protestants, the peculiar part which Protestantism seems to play in the religious economy of Christendom does not appear to be so fully or generally recognized. Protestantism, by the very existence of those evils in which it is so prolific, bears an unwilling testimony to the truth of Catholicism, just as the shade of a picture brings its brighter parts into relief. The value of the past history and present condition of Protestantism, considered as a whole, can hardly be overestimated as a striking witness to the facts that in the Church alone can the ideal of Catholic unity be realized which her Founder promised, and for which he prayed and provided, and that in her only can be found the assurance of a stable and unchanging faith.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A CONVERT.

A convert may perhaps be permitted to express a doubt whether Catholics who have always lived in a Catholic country, and consequently have never been brought into contact with the ever-changing hydra of Protestantism, or even those who have been brought up as Catholics in a Protestant land, can adequately realize how glorious is the vision of the City of

God when at length it breaks upon the sight of one who has long been stumbling in the darkness of heresy. In order to estimate the light at its true worth one must appreciate its foil. Not only the city of light, but its sorrowful contrast, the city of confusion, must be included in the mental purview, at least by imagination; and those who have not only done this but have actually sojourned for awhile in the latter, and therefrom made the journey to the former, with the dawn becoming clearer at each step, will have learnt by actual experience of the two systems, and not by mere theory, the difference between truth and falsehood.

AIMED AT UNION.

Yes, Protestantism serves as a wonderful contrast to the beauty, grandeur, unity, stability, and permanence of the Catholic system. It is evident from a study of the records of the "Reformation" that Protestantism in its origin was very different from what it has become in its recent developments. The idea of the Protestant leaders at that time appears to have been the founding of a rival catholic-protestant church which should embrace all countries.* The most serious and successful attempt of this kind was that of Calvin, whose iron rule at Geneva and whose burning of "heretics" are well known.

And though he had no successor to his assumed popedom, yet for long after his death he counted many followers in all Christian countries. The anathematizations of each other by the opposite sections, and the attempts at establishing some common basis of doctrine, no less than the fraternizations of the "reformers" of different lands, all point in the same direction. It is well known, for instance, that the English, German, and Italian "reformers" made common cause together, and that the present shape of the Anglican articles and liturgy were largely due to foreign influences.

But even from the first it was found impossible to carry out this ideal. At the present time, in spite of the attempt of various English Nonconformist bodies to draw together and to patch up a hollow truce, in spite of Grindelwald conferences and the like, the different sections of English and foreign Protestants continue to stand apart. They are hopelessly divided, and by the fissiparous process which seems to be a

* The very term, "the new learning," used at first of the Protestant heresy as contrasted with "the old learning," or the ancient faith, showed that the primary idea of "the reformers" was that the creed of Protestantism was to be as homogeneous, as compact, and as universal as that of the church had been.

law of their being they are continually producing fresh sects. Such a state of things has, indeed, shown itself to be so inherent in Protestantism that it has even been hailed by many as a sign of life (as no doubt it is—of a sort), as being the note of a true Christianity. But it must always be remembered that this was not the original intention of the “reformers” themselves.

NOW HOPELESSLY DIVIDED.

All suggestions for reunion have so far failed, and have proved a mere dream, while all the time the work of division and subdivision has gone on merrily.

Bingham, in his *Christian Antiquities*, suggested that the foreigners should be provided with “bishops” by the Established Church of England.* A tentative effort to carry out such an idea was made at the foundation of the “Jerusalem Bishopric.” The result of this effort as regards the drawing together of the Lutheran and Church of England communities is well known. And it does not need a prophet to foretell that a similar fate awaits the suggestion of the “Bishop” of London to admit Presbyterians and Lutherans to the communion of the Establishment.

The Anglican body itself, though one of the largest and most active of the Protestant communities, is more hopelessly divided against itself than are any of them. The Ritualistic movement, though adorning it with a few patches of the outer robe of Catholicity, has but left its remaining nakedness more apparent by contrast, and has done more than anything else to widen the ever-present cleavage into irremediable internal schism.

And, as Protestants have failed to establish that quasi-Catholic Church at which the “reformers” aimed, so have their efforts to fix a universal standard of the Protestant faith met with the same failure. In spite of mutual anathematizations and recriminations, Augsburg Confessions, and Acts of Uniformity, it was impossible, even at that time, to secure a common ground, and since then Protestantism has pursued a downward course. Calvinism as a force in the religious world is dead. Luther himself would be shocked at the beliefs, or rather unbeliefs, of many who are called by his name, while in the case of some English sects the down-grade tendency has been so far pursued as to have arrived at a semi-Unitarianism.

* *Antiquities of the Christian Church*. Book IX. chap. viii. (conclusion).

Again, take the stand-point of the Church of England as interpreted by its early defenders such as, *e. g.*, Jewel in his famous *Apology*, and compare it with the attitude of Anglican apologists at the present day. All these facts, historical and otherwise, here briefly adverted to, are no doubt well known. But one of the lessons they teach does not seem to be sufficiently recognized: that Protestants were not at first aware of the destructive nature of their own principles; that they imagined a common basis of agreement might be found in a common consent to the principles of their new gospel, or, like Elizabeth and her co-destroyers, that such might be fixed once and for all by compromise, and by acts of Parliament with a penal code attached. The effort has proved a failure, and what is seen to-day in Protestantism is a common consent to disagree modified by occasional vaporings about spiritual union and brotherly love. But this universal toleration, so inconsistent with the idea of immutable truth, was very far from the ideas of the "reformers."

UNFULFILLED YEARNINGS FOR UNITY.

The history of the "Reformation" shows that the "reformers" had retained the notions of One Catholic Church, though their ideal of it was a Protestant one, and of "one Faith once delivered"; while subsequent history down to the present time is eloquent with the fact that such ideas, always actualized in the True Church, are, on their principles, utterly incapable of realization.

The same disintegrating process is always taking place in those sects which in more recent times have separated from the church, such as the "Old Catholics"; but if the dissidents had been confined to these, they could not have yielded that grand proof on a large scale of the self-destructive tendencies of Protestantism which has been given to us by the giant schisms of the sixteenth century. Every opportunity that human law, that wealth, that worldly prestige could give, has been given them, and the result has been chaos or death.

Yet even now, though there is no corporate desire for reunion among the different sects, many of their individual members are praying and working for it in their own way, thus offering fresh witness, if it were needed, both to the consciousness that their state of disunion is not agreeable to our Lord's plainly expressed will, prayer, and appointment, and also to the impossibility, on their own principles, of escaping from it.

The verdict of post-reformation history gives them the plain message, if they will but read it, that all such efforts are doomed to failure, and that there is only one way in which the unity they pray for may be secured.

PROTESTANTISM IN THE RÔLE OF A CRITIC.

But there are other services that Protestantism has unconsciously rendered, and is rendering, to the truth. It is well known that criticism is healthy and bracing, and even essential to success. It is always helpful to be brought in some degree to see ourselves as others see us. It is not only the tyro who needs constant coaching and teaching, but even the practised athlete must have his trainer keep him up to the constant pitch of excellence. The same may be said of writers, artists, and the like, even those whose fame is already firmly established. Nay, these often gain more from criticism than the beginner, who, perhaps, from want of self-confidence is more likely to succumb to a bitter attack.

And certainly if the church had been a mere tyro, if she had been more human and less divine than she is, she might have sunk long ago under the blows of a hostile criticism, she might have fallen under the weight of obloquy that has been heaped upon her. Instead of that, it has merely hardened and braced her; it has but increased her zeal, inflamed her piety, and sharpened her logic.

Even at the Reformation period she rolled back its tide from her gates and regained a large portion of that sovereignty of which it had robbed her. Though the divine life in her could never be absent, yet it may be that at that time her watchers had been sleeping, and her shepherds had grown careless from long centuries of ease and unquestioned dominion. But if she had been, in part at least, asleep at that time, she was then effectually aroused, and at the Council of Trent "the reformation of abuses" played a large part, not however in the Protestant sense of "destruction."

OPPOSITION HAS DEVELOPED STRENGTH.

It is true that the value of a critic is in some respects destroyed when it is known that he is bitterly prejudiced and unscrupulous, but still this knowledge has a good effect in inducing watchfulness and alertness. Protestantism as a critic of Catholicism may play but the rôle of devil's advocate, but even this is not without its uses. It is sometimes said, and

not without some show of reason, that the church is always at her best in countries which are largely Protestant. It is certainly true that her zeal and energy are at their highest in missionary enterprises whether in Protestant or heathen lands, a fact to which the great success of her efforts among the latter bears ample evidence. That is simply to say that the church on earth is, by nature and appointment, militant; and that, like a soldier in battle, she is always at her best when the greatest demands are made upon her. It is a law of grace as well as of nature, of society no less than of the individual, that true progress cannot be made without effort and opposition. In the lower planes of existence this law manifests itself in the unceasing warfare waged between species, tribes, and individuals, by which the weakest are eliminated and the strongest and most capable survive. And such warfare is not only between species and tribes, but between these on the one hand and the forces of nature on the other; a struggle in which those forms survive which are best able to adapt themselves to their surroundings and to the changes which from time to time supervene therein. Thus, the nations most advanced in civilization are those in which the climatic conditions have imposed the necessity of toil and constant effort; while in countries in which, like the islands of the Pacific, no such effort is required, the fruits of the earth growing of themselves, mankind has remained in primitive savagery.

As the higher stages of civilization are reached this struggle is transferred more and more to the moral and mental spheres. It is seen in the keen competition that exists at the present time in almost every department of social life.

ILLUSTRATED BY JEWISH HISTORY.

The history of the chosen nation of the Jews affords a remarkable illustration of the working of this law, which indeed seems to have contributed no little to make them what they eventually became. In the first place, as a nation of warriors they were kept up to a constant pitch of hardness and preparation by the presence among them of those Chanaanitish tribes which were not destroyed in the overthrow of the rest, but were left among them apparently for this express purpose. And again, their trial was extended to the moral sphere, of which the most salient instance is the Babylonish captivity wherein the false Israel was sifted from the true by the same simple and natural process. During those seventy years the

weak in the faith of their fathers were absorbed into the conquering nation. It implied a considerable moral effort in those who returned to leave the country in which most of them had been brought up and in which many of them had attained to positions of honor and profit, that they might begin life again in a poor and ruined country like Palestine. Therefore for the most part the nucleus of the regenerated nation consisted of those who were jealous for the law and traditions of Israel, and the effects of this sifting process were clearly manifested in their subsequent struggles with an aggressive and persecuting paganism, when the whole nation was animated with a zeal for their religion which had never been present in the pre-Babylonish period.

Must it be supposed that the church is exempt from this seemingly universal law? Her history appears to show otherwise.

PERSECUTIONS STRENGTHEN THE CHURCH.

Her Divine Founder himself, in becoming man, consented to be bound by the laws both of nature and of man, except so far as his almighty power transcended them both. Tribulation, strife, effort, are some of the key-notes of his kingdom, no longer indeed in the lower but in the moral and spiritual spheres. His kingdom is not of this world, therefore his servants are not to fight with carnal weapons. For "we wrestle not against flesh and blood."

His kingdom is not to be spread by fleshly violence, as was that of Mohammed. But the cause of the church, which was founded by God crucified, has always been advanced by the suffering of her members.

It was in the crucible of persecution that the dross of false profession was consumed, till little but the gold of true believers remained. Persecution did for the early church what the seventy years' captivity did for the Jews. There was no place in her at that time but for those who belonged to her heart and soul. She came out of that ordeal triumphant, but with the marks of the struggle for ever stamped upon her body. It gave her a character which she has never lost. Heresies have always played the same part in a different way. "It must needs be that offences come," and "there must be also heresies, that they which are approved may be made manifest." In these words the apostle not only lays it down that the church is subject to this universal law, but also states the necessary results of its action.

Persecution no doubt to a great extent killed heresy by uniting Christians in the common bond of suffering. After this ceased a long struggle against various misbeliefs began, in which the church was, as before, victorious. In the period preceding the Reformation she had found her Capua; she had made peace in all her borders; the healthy struggle of the past seemed at an end. Then arose Protestantism, that shapeless, multiform giant, whose inorganic mass, offering no vital point of attack, is at once its strength and weakness. At first, indeed, it seemed as if that giant was destined to destroy the church utterly. But the rising of this formidable foe served to bring out those latent resources of divine life and strength which always must exist within her, even at that dark hour in which she seemed to cry, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

APPARENT DESIGN IN PERMITTING HERESY.

Wherever she was given a fair field and no favor she thrust back the forces of spiritual chaos and re-established the divine order. Nothing can happen but according to God's purpose and will, and it must therefore be allowed that Protestantism has a part to play in the divine providence. That it should have no consciousness of this purpose and quite mistake the nature of its mission, which it believes to be to destroy the church, is only parallel to the same ignorance of the divine purpose displayed by the enemies of the earthly Israel.* Sent in the first place, it may be, as a scourge upon the church owing to corruption of the human element, it has since undoubtedly served as a stimulus to her zeal and energy.

It has recently been pointed out by a Catholic writer what a remarkable concatenation of circumstances led to the establishment of Protestantism in England. And if it were not for the English-speaking race Protestantism as a religious force would be a negligible quantity. Much, then, as one must deplore the loss to the church of such a people as the Anglo-Saxon, possessing such noble qualities, such exceptional opportunities for spreading the truth, owing, as in the case of ancient Rome, to its genius for colonization—opportunities which are now used for the active propagation of heresy—yet at the same time it must be remembered that without England Protestantism as a foil and a stimulus to Catholicism would practically have been non-existent.

And if it be objected that it could be no part of the divine

* *Isaias* x. 7 ff.

purpose that half Christendom should lose the truth, should be deprived of that light of faith in which it had walked so many years and be plunged into the darkness of human error, it may be answered that the mystery involved in such action of Providence is on all fours with that of the origin of evil, with the question why under the elder dispensation only one nation was chosen to know the truth, and why to this day the greater part of the world remains heathen.

ST. PAUL'S THEORY.

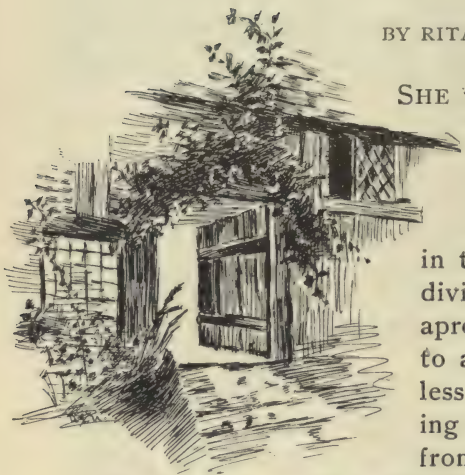
It contains the same principle as that involved in the remarkable declaration of St. Paul on the relation of the Jews to the Christians: "By their fall salvation is come unto the Gentiles, for to provoke them to jealousy. Now if their fall is the riches of the world, and their loss the riches of the Gentiles, how much more their fulness? . . . For if the casting away of them is the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead? . . . And they also, if they continue not in their unbelief, shall be grafted in: for God is able to graft them in again. . . . For I would not, brethren, have you ignorant of this mystery, . . . that a hardening in part hath befallen Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in, and so all Israel shall be saved. As touching the Gospel, they are enemies for your sake, . . . for as ye in time past were disobedient to God, but now have obtained mercy through their obedience, even so have these also now been disobedient that by the mercy shown to you they also may now obtain mercy. For God hath shut up all unto disobedience, that he might have mercy upon all. Oh! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been His counsellor?" *

* Romans xi. 12 ff.



AUNT BETSY, CONJURER.

BY RITA PARKER.



SHE was standing in the kitchen doorway—a queer, bent old woman, her yellow skin furrowed by a thousand wrinkles, her faded eyes fixed upon a child playing in the yard. Her ample figure was divided about half way by a checked apron. Her grizzled wool had turned to a brownish white, and her toothless gums worked incessantly, chewing upon the tongue that she rolled from cheek to cheek.

Such was our old cook. But for one fact, her lack of education, her name might have been wafted on the wings of fame to the uttermost parts of the earth and become a household word in every civilized country. Never was originality more thoroughly original, nor imagination more vivid and boundless than Aunt Betsy's. Never was she known to hesitate a moment for an excuse, a justification, or a striking incident to match or to excel any marvel related to her. But alas! knowledge of writing and elegance of expression were not hers, and so she has not attained that place in literature which otherwise would have been deservedly hers.

At length she hobbled to the steps and called out:
"Gearge! you—u—u—u Gearge!"

The little figure under the fig-tree straightened up, showing itself to be a very black, large-eyed, large-mouthed darky, with two rows of shining white teeth.

"I'ze comin', An' Betsy, jes' ez soon ez I tu'n one mo' somerset," and over he went.

"Stop yer foolin', boy, en bring me in er armful o' pine."

A few minutes later George staggered into the kitchen under a load that he knew would save him an extra trip to the wood-pile. Seeing the knives cleaned and set by and the salt-cellars already filled, his fear of being set to work if he remained in the kitchen was dispelled, and he seated himself in a rickety chair.

"Ez yer mos' thu, An' Betsy?"

The ancient dame turned on him with a look of wrath and fairly screamed: "Naw, I ain' no Merthuzerlum, en yer knows hit, yer sassy black buzzard, you; shet up yo' mouf befo' I knocks yer clean outen dish yere kitchen."

"I nuver sed yer wuz no Merthuzerlum, An' Betsy; I jes' axed yer ef yer mos' thu."

"Yes," snapped the conscience-smitten Mathusala, "I'ze done."

"I doan see how yer kin be done wen yer ain' cooked yit, An' Betsy."

"Ef yer doan shet up sassin' me, Gearge, I'll bus' yo' haid wide open wid dish yere rollin'-pin."

At the same time a well-aimed stroke with the dish-towel caused George to move faster than his wont in the direction of his favorite haunt, the fig-tree.

Aunt Betsy now turned her attention to the fire, mumbling something about "dat boy needs killin'." A minute later a scream from the chicken-yard attracted her notice.

"Aunt Betsy! O Aunt Betsy! Come quick and scare away the turkey; I'm 'fraid of him."

"All right, honey, I'ze comin'. Shoo—o—o—o, shoo—oo—o—o; git er way, yer imperdent varmint, you! Dat turkey sho is got mo' se'f-insurance dan any critter I ever see; doan poke yo' sassy haid out at me, sah! Now, Miss Kate, run tell yo' ma An' Betsy's ready fur de stuff fur de lemin pies."

"Aunt Betsy, here are the lemons and sugar and eggs, and I will get the flour for the pastry and the rice for dinner now. Do not put so much water with the rice to-day as you put yesterday; it was so soft that Martin would not touch it."

"Dat warn't de matter, Miss Lelia; dey warn't too much water wid dat rice; I put jes' de same quantity lak I allus does; de reason hit wuz so saft wuz caze hit's water rice. Yer know hit's got water in hit a'ready, en yer can't put ez much wid hit ez yer kin wid de udder kin' o' rice."

"How is it that the rice has water in it, Aunt Betsy?"

"Lor, honey, caze hit grows by de water-side."

At this point a change of subject became a necessity, and choking back her laughter, Mrs. Baker asked for a can to measure the flour.

"Never mind, Aunt Betsy, I can get one myself; you are busy with the fire."

"Lemme git it fur yer, Miss Lelia; Ize thu now."

A vision of the flour skimped from the breakfast biscuit and

secreted in one of those identical cans, for private use, confronted Aunt Betsy, but she was too late; Miss Lelia seized the very can she feared for.

"Why, Aunt Betsy, what is all this flour doing here?"

"Dat's jes' de flour I keeps for dredgin', Miss Lelia. I allus has dat box half-full 'specially fur dat."

Miss Lelia, who long ago discovered that the ancient dame's lineage was traceable to Ananias, succumbed and retired speedily to the store-room.

The hours slipped noiselessly by and evening found Aunt Betsy hobbling into the house, with the assistance of her trusty umbrella, "ter set er while wid Miss Rena."

This young lady, Aunt Betsy's special pet, had for several weeks been confined to her bed with a spell of fever.

"How's my little gal dis ebenin'?"

"Not so well, Aunt Betsy."

"Dat's too bad, honey. I wuz hopin' ter fin' yer better."

"I'm very glad to see you, Aunt Betsy. I was just going to call you to stay with Rena until I return from the doctor's," remarked Mrs. Baker, entering.

"Please don't go to the doctor's, mother? I'll be better to-morrow; please don't go!" pleaded Rena, who by no means relished the idea of having as sole companion Aunt Betsy and her gruesome sick-bed tales.

"I must go, Rena; so do not beg. Aunt Betsy will take good care of you."

"Let yo' ma go, honey, let 'er go. De fever mout lef' yer in de night, en yer mout have er weak spell en be wuss ter-morrer instid o' better."

Then, as Mrs. Baker left the room, she continued: "Yes, honey, I knowed er man wunst—he wuz my ole missis' brudder-en-law—en jes' caze de docter missed comin' one time en didn' give 'im er suttin kin' o' medersin, he died o' narvus proserashun durin' de night.

"I b'leeve dat chile's 'sleep; dat 'll res' her. Yes, I knowed er gal wunst, er purty gal wid er bright complexshun, en she died en her sleep ob dish yere same fever ez Miss Rena's got. I wuz settin' by 'er jes' lak I is by Miss Rena, here, en I put out my han' ter feel ef de fever wuz leavin'—here Aunt Betsy ran her roughened fingers over Rena's forehead—"en lan' o' mussy! ef she wuzn't ez cole ez ice en stone ded."

A visible shudder ran over Rena, convincing Aunt Betsy that she had not shared the sad fate of the "bright complected gal."

A pause ensued; and just as Aunt Betsy remarked that "de docter mus' er give Miss Lelia er new subscription ter be filled, it tuk her so long," that lady's step was heard in the hall.

Rena welcomed her mother with delight, and although it was three weeks before she was up and about, Aunt Betsy was never again allowed full sway in the sick-room.

One evening, during her convalescence, Rena was lying in the hammock drinking in all the beauty of her surroundings.

The sky was of that clear, fathomless blue peculiar to a Southern spring; the sun, now low in the west, shed a mellow radiance on the tree-tops, but, tempted by the freshness of the grasses far beneath, glided swiftly earthward to dance upon the greensward, leaving shadows hanging midway.

The gentle breeze wafted to her the odors of jessamine and honeysuckle, and the sweet breath of the climbing rose on the well-house.

A sudden thud—thud—close at hand roused Rena from her reverie, and looking up she saw Aunt Betsy approaching.

"Good-evening, Aunt Betsy."

"Good-ebenin', Miss Rena. How's yer feelin' dis fine wedder?"

"Very well, thank you, Aunt Betsy. Oh, Aunt Betsy," as the old woman started off, "where is Ponto? I have not seen him lately."

"Ponto? Fur de lan' sake, honey! ain' nobody tole yer 'bout Ponto?"

"Why, no; I noticed Brownie around you all the time, and wondered where Ponto was."

"Well, I'll tell yer 'bout 'im den."

Seating herself on the steps, she went on: "Dat ere darg wuz conjuhed."

"Conjured, Aunt Betsy?"

"Yes, chile, conjuhed."

This in a most awe-stricken voice.

"En I nebber will b'leeve but what dat scounrelly ole black Billy had er han' in it; he 'clares ter gracious he didn' know nuthin' 'bout it, but I knows he's lyin'. I doan see how a pusson kin bring deysef ter lie."

"How was he conjured, Aunt Betsy?"

"Wait er minit en I'll tell yer all 'bout it."

"De main reason why dey conjuhed 'im wuz caze dey wuz jealous o' me, caze Ponto wuz sich er fine darg; he wuz de

kin' o' darg what dey calls er Mertriever. Well, ev'y day mos' fur 'bout a week I foun' meat wid chopped-up glass in it under de scupperlong arbor, en I sorter 'spicioned dat conjuh's was wukin on Ponto.

"Now I'll tell yer 'bout ole Billy.

"'Billy,' sez I one day, 'look at de glass in dish yere meat.' 'Sis Betsy,' says he, 'dey ain' no glass in dat ere meat; you's mistuk.' Dat wuz ev'dence 'gin Billy in my 'pinion, fur dat meat, ez any fool could see, wuz jest chock full o' glass. Well, pres'nly dem conjuh's changed dey tactics; dey thowed pisoned meat inter de yard ev'y night; I knowed hit wuz pisened fum de looks en de smell. One night I heerd de dargs er howlin' en er howlin', en den sorter scratchin' lak at de gate, en de nex' mornin' Ponto wuz done gone. Honey, he wuz cunjuhed sho'. Ev'y night I hears 'im howlin' fur me in de pines beyon' Miss Sparks's."

Rena managed with great difficulty to restrain her laughter, and expressed her sympathy in a manner most satisfactory to the old woman.

Pulling herself up with the help of the ever-faithful umbrella, she tottered off with a cheery good-night.

Spring slipped into summer, and day after day George slipped off to the crayfish ditch, catching many a scolding and now and then a stray knock from the "Ancient," as Mr. Baker dubbed Aunt Betsy. Crayfish became a tender subject with her from the day George entrapped her with the song about them that every little pickaninny gloried in singing.

"An'—Betsy," drawled George.

"What yer want now, Gearge?"

"An' Betsy—"

"Ef yer doan shet up sayin 'An' Betsy, An' Betsy' every minit, I'll knock yer down. Go git de meat fur dinner outen de refrigeratum."

"An' Betsy, what yer gwine do wen de meat's all gone?"

"Shet up, boy; dey's plenty o' meat ter dish yere house. We ain' no po' white trash; we's quality, we is; en ef hit wuz all gone, what yer speck me ter do?"

"Drive de chillun ter de crayfish pon'."

"Dar—tek dat fur yo' sass"; and George was knocked headlong into the wood-box.

"Yer oughten ter do me dat way, An' Betsy," whimpered George.

"Yes I ought, too; yer needs ter be kilt, Gearge."
George, now meekness itself, moved off dejectedly.

Thus things went on from day to day; Aunt Betsy grew feebler, and George more fractious than could be endured, and it was at last decided that they must be superseded.

A very black, active young girl was installed in command of the kitchen, and the "Ancient" was advised to rest. Great was the rejoicing of the family, who did not like insects in their food. But in less than a week the new recruit was missing, and Aunt Betsy calmly resumed her interrupted sway.

A second cook was engaged, but her stay was a brief one; and the promptitude and zest with which Aunt Betsy resumed her functions aroused suspicion. On inquiring among the darkies it was learned that Aunt Betsy was regarded as a powerful "conjurer," and had threatened mysterious vengeance on any person who should take her place in "Miss" Barker's kitchen. One discomfited intruder decamped, declaring the stove was conjured. She could not get breakfast until half an hour later than usual, but she did not think it was attributable to her having arrived in the kitchen at 6:30 A. M. instead of 6.

"The Ancient" was sent for, and seriously admonished. Of course she solemnly denied the accusations of her conjured successors, whom she stigmatized as "fool niggers dat would rudder lie dan eat."

A stranger from the country was next placed in the vacant post, and the old dame, changing her tactics entirely, made herself so agreeable and entertaining that the two became fast friends.

Aunt Betsy still lives in a little shanty as shaky and ancient as herself. She hobbles over to the big house for her meals, and *anything else* easily attainable. She knows where the hens lay, and it is astonishing how many eggs she claims as produced by her own small flock. She knows also where the corn and oats are to be found, and the key of the coal-house and laundry. Late of a winter's evening she is sometimes seen moving homeward with knobby protrusions under her shawl. If unexpectedly confronted, she explains that she came over "to drive her frizzle chicken outen de gyardin." Her dog wags his tail as if to confirm her assertion, and the two go on contentedly, to drowse before their open fire-place until the wee small hours.

CHARACTER STUDIES IN NEW YORK'S
FOREIGN QUARTERS.

BY E. LYELL EARLE.



LONDON, Paris, Rome, Vienna, all the great cosmopolitan cities, have their foreign quarters. These have ever furnished broader types for the novelist, the painter, and the student of social conditions.

In the United States the city that affords similar opportunities and types is New York. The fact that it is the great seaport of the country, and that thousands of skilled and common laborers are required for its vast industries, cause many an immigrant to make at least a temporary halt there. He instinctively goes to his countrymen, and often establishes a permanent abode. In time the numbers increase, the settlement expands; he hears but his own language, or a jargon of English that gives rise to a peculiar dialect; national customs, social and religious, are transplanted thither and thrive, and soon we have a distinctly foreign quarter. As social and financial conditions improve, the more successful migrate to other sections of the city, and we have a higher foreign type evolved.

Foreigners are indeed scattered through all sections of Greater New York, but to study the national types in all their primitive picturesqueness one must invade their special haunts, must see them in their daily living and doing.

THE GHETTO.

For this study no place is better than the East Side, from the Bowery to the river, and from Chambers to Houston Street. Thousands of New York's permanent residents never visit this locality, never see these types nor observe their habits of life.

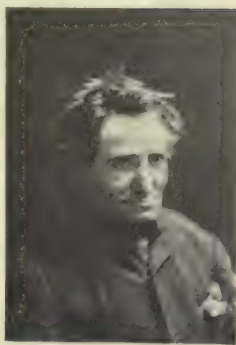
Time was when the Irish and German elements prevailed in the East Side, but long since it has been handed over to the omnipresent Jew, the dopey Celestial, and the less aggressive sons of the Cæsars. But the Hebrew is easily king of the East Side. There thrive unmolested the most anarchistic lodges.

The picturesque markets of Hester, Ludlow, and Essex Streets minister to the home needs of the myriads huddled into small apartments. Almost a dozen Hebrew and Italian papers appear daily with their extras, and Italian and Hebrew theatres afford opportunities for amusement demanded by this heterogeneous class.

To witness a sight that rivals any of the street market scenes of Europe in primitive picturesqueness one must visit the Hester Street market on Thursday evening or any time on Friday. Former Chief McCullagh made several ineffectual attempts to break up this horde of street venders. But the Hebrew peddler would march off patiently to the police court, pay his fine, and be on hand at the same spot to greet the policeman on his return. After all, there seems no good reason why the East Side masses should be deprived of their street markets.



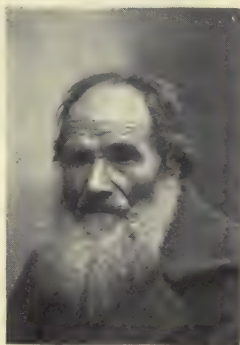
THE MASK OF DANTE.



GERMAN-JEWISH TYPE.



MERCHANDISE, 425.



RUSSIAN-JEWISH TYPE.

BARUCH, THE RABBI OF
THE SWEAT-SHOPS.THE ORGAN-GRINDER
TYPE.

Friday is the East Side Hebrews' market day. For, along with other characteristics, these people have brought with them the most intense orthodoxy of Jewish belief and practice. The West Side and North End Jew often makes little of the details of the Mosaic law; but in the East Side almost every house is a synagogue, and all the nice requirements as to diet and Sabbath observance are scrupulously carried out. Hence, on Friday enough is bought to last till Monday. Early Thursday evening the hucksters begin to line Hester, Ludlow, and Essex Streets from curb to curb. Everything that man needs is to be found there. Fish of all kinds, mountains of black bread, choicest meat, are all on sale. The scene is a very babel. All cry out their wares, and each tries to surpass his neighbor in lusty declamation. Men patrol the streets with cheap clothing over their arms, others strut up and down before their push-carts, women sit on boxes amid a confusion of cast-off clothes or cheap new ones.

On the corner of Hester and Ludlow Streets may be seen "Merchandise, 425." He is a strong type of the vigorous Russian Jew. His features possess in repose all the blankness of the most simple; when animated, all the shrewdness of a Shylock. He is an extreme type, inasmuch as he combines supreme stolidity with all the keenness of his race.

BARUCH, THE RABBI OF THE SWEAT-SHOPS.

All the East Side remembers Baruch Spinoza. He perished in a Houston Street fire in 1898. All the East Side mourned him, and to-day reveres his memory. He had grown to be a familiar figure in the stores and shops and markets where he daily vended his wares. He was the rabbi of the Hester Street district, and conducted the services of the Pasch, the Feast of the Tabernacles, and others in a low, dingy basement. Wherever he went he carried his "Thales," or praying-cloth, and would spread it at morn, midday, and sunset, and offer his petitions to Jehovah.

It was while conducting a midday prayer in a Houston Street sweat-shop that the cry of fire rang out, and in an instant the small army of tailors rushed for the street, bearing the rabbi with them. But no sooner had the old man reached a place of safety than he bethought him of his "Thales," and, feeble with the weight of almost a century, he rushed back into the building despite the efforts of his friends to restrain him. Up, step by step, the four steep flights of stairs, he

groped his way through the blinding smoke to where his "Thales" was spread. At last he reached it and bent reverently to gather it up. But already the smoke had almost stifled him. He fell on his beloved prayer-cloth, and there they found him when the fire was over, face forward, dead.

THE SWEAT-SHOPS.

The plague-spot of the East Side is the sweat-shop. The last report of the State inspectors shows over a thousand of



POSSESSION IS NINE POINTS OF THE LAW.

these commercial cancers sapping the life-blood of the toiling poor. From sunrise long into the hours of the night the ceaseless hum of the shuttle is heard, telling out the life-energy of the father of a large, helpless family, or some devoted daughter struggling to sustain a widowed mother and dependent children. The garments that deck the thoughtless rich in gaudy grandeur are often the price of the life-blood and energies of the toiler. No time is given for meals. A hasty bite is snatched between stitches and cuts, and the merciless "boss" marches up and down, hounding on the men and women and children more cruelly than mine, field, or galley slave ever was driven at point of goad or lash.



THROUGH THE HEART OF THE EAST SIDE.

LITTLE ITALY.

Close rivals with the Jews for the supremacy of the East Side come the children of Italy. The ordinary Italian remains longer in the East Side, is less aggressive, and fashions himself more slowly to American manners, but none the less completely, than does the East Side Hebrew. He is more easily contented and seeks for fewer avenues of commerce.

The *padrone* is perhaps the cause of much of this indifference, for the *padrone* is king of the Italian quarter. He regulates everything for his countrymen, and relieves them of much care and more money. He writes their letters, changes their coin, secures them work, and receives a fat commission on everything bought and sold in his little kingdom. This class are all counts and princes in Southern Italy.

There is pictured an extraordinary type of the Italian organ-grinder. On close study his features remind one of the Dante that Doré has made familiar to us. If a paper be folded over the cap and coat of the organ-grinder we have the very face of the grim author of the *Divine Comedy*. The artist has caught him in some of his best attitudes—from the indifference of grinding out the tune grown painfully familiar to him to the deep, thoughtful mood when his mind wanders back to his “Bella Italia,” in the Val d’Arno, where are the picturesque

cottage and the vine-clad mount, and where were spent his best days, before the hand of sorrow and reverse smote him. All this and more he told the writer in the richest of rich Tuscan. His life is indeed a romance: his early college years; his quiet, abundant home; the days of the Revolution,



JUST OFF THE BOWERY.

when he cast his unfortunate lot with the rebels; his exile, and his small but well-appointed home on the East Side, where he is raising up a goodly family of sons and daughters in American tastes and manners—all this can be read in his expressive face. The artist has caught him in his daily living and thinking. He is a rare type, one worthy of study.

The Italian quarter presents religious and social problems not existing in the

"Ghetto." Religion among the New York Jews has degenerated to a merely ethical or æsthetic culture.

They are lifted up, as it were, albeit on a material plane, by the absorbing passion of worldly success. This is their "cult," their god, their heaven.



A FEW OF THE OLD STAGES REMAIN.

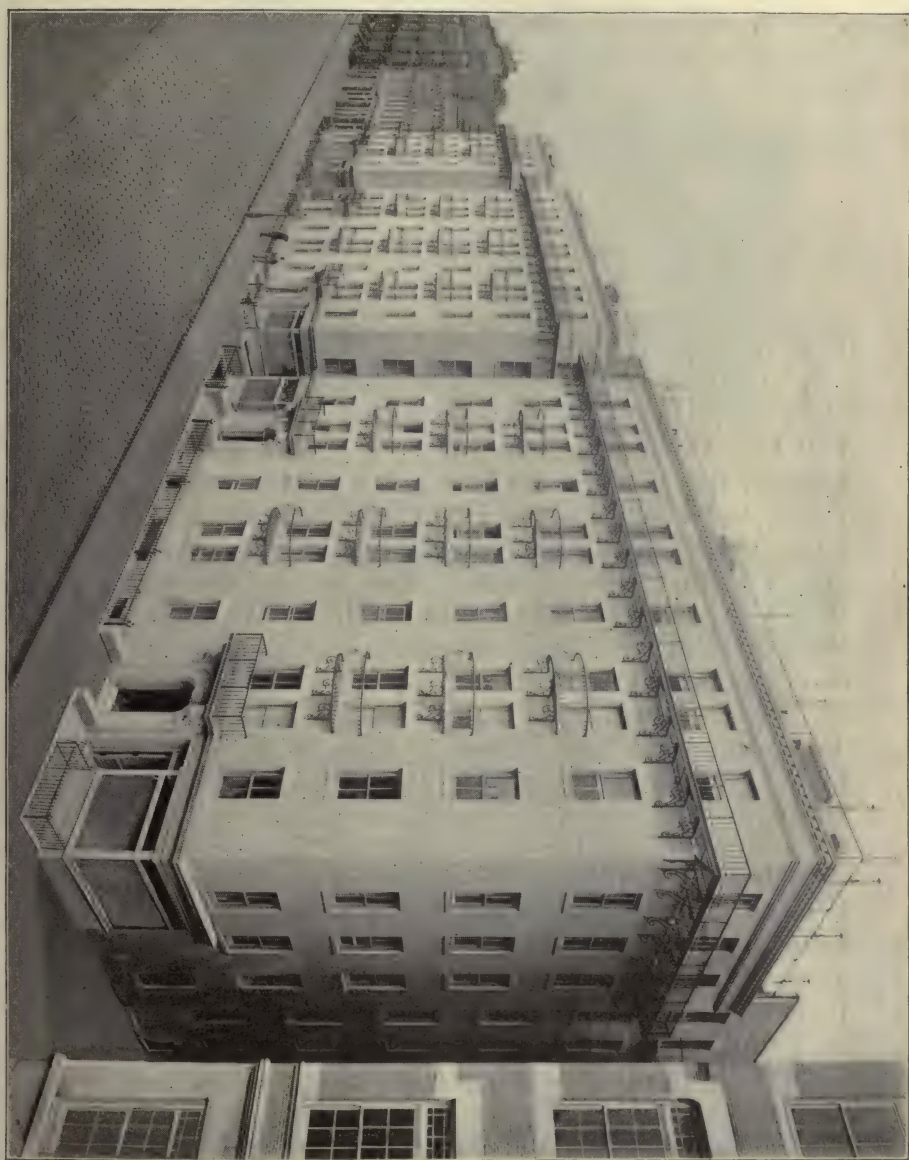


AN ANCIENT EAST SIDE TENEMENT.

The Italian comes with his whole being dominated by religious influences. It has been a part, the major part, of his daily life. All his social conditions and commercial enterprises received their tone from his religion.

When he reaches Little Italy, one of the first things impressed on his mind is that he is free. The mere thought exhilarates him. For a time he gives himself up absolutely to a very dissipation of liberty, as he conceives it. But the awakening and the aftermath of excess soon come to him, and he looks around for the former supports of restraint, or gives himself up to confirmed indifference or excess.

Here is where religious and moral influences are all-powerful. This makes the Italian Quarter a veritable battle-field. All kinds of philanthropic, temperance, and missionary societies



have headquarters here. The various Protestant denominations spend all their effort and much of their money in enticing converts back and forth. Here, too, the church is doing some of her best work in New York. Fully a dozen zealous priests are

on a constant watch to keep the sheep-fold of the Master. The Sisters and Christian Brothers are caring for the intellectual and moral needs of the young, who are legion. Only recently a movement was inaugurated which, if judiciously pushed, will certainly be fruitful in good results. Open-air missions were started, and at the several held thus far thousands attended who would never have gone to a church. There is indeed a vast field here, that will be fruitful, barren, or choked with noxious weeds just as the care of it now is diligent or otherwise.

CHINATOWN.

One of the most forbidding quarters of New York City is Chinatown. There is a something dark and repellent about the average Chinaman that keeps people generally at a distance. Few ever penetrate into his home-life or see the more human side of the silent, solitary figures that haunt Doyers, Pell, and Mott Streets. The ordinary sight-seer generally confines his visit to a hurried walk through the streets and a few minutes spent in the joss house, restaurant, or Chinese shop. It takes weeks, and sometimes longer, to gain admittance to a Chinese home. Money is the only thing that will open the door or mouth of the silent Celestial. One of the things that most strikes an observant visitor, and that gives the place its cheerless aspect, is the absence of women and children, the sunshine of every home and country.

The Chinaman's life is the acme of monotony. Any time not spent in smoking, eating, sleeping, or gambling is passed in aimless wanderings within the confines of a few narrow streets, beyond which he seldom ventures. At sunset the entire colony invades the Chinese Opera House, and sits stolidly watching the most humdrum of plays far into the morning. It is an odd sight to watch the hundreds of Chinese that invade Chinatown on Sunday from all parts of Greater New York and New Jersey, steal silently away late at night, carrying in a large flour-bag their mysterious supply for the coming week.

The dirty red curtain that marks the presence of the Chinese laundry is familiar to every one; and the greasy, "dopey" Celestial, standing under the dim light, his expressionless face buried in his hands, the pyramid of black hair, drawn tight from his low forehead as he holds communion with his dope god, is a figure that brings before us a type of humanity scarcely destined to contribute much to the progress of the nation.

The writer recently enjoyed a long, pleasant conversation with Father McLaughlin of the Transfiguration parish. His



SOME CELESTIAL TWINS.

church rises like an inspiration in the very heart of Chinatown. Certainly this is the one hopeful spot in that dull, dead quarter. With almost heroic patience the faithful pastor has seen his flock forced to seek a home elsewhere, leaving him the omnigenous invaders of the East Side instead of his loving, devoted people.

No man in New York to-day knows Chinatown and the East Side in general better than the genial, learned, and devoted pastor of the Transfiguration. He will never desert his post,





A SYRIAN BARBER SHOP.

like the hiring of the sects, who long since has left his poor, hungry flock of the East Side for the fat, wealthy churches of the West Side and North End.

THE HAUNT OF THE SYRIANS.

In the southwest corner of New York, directly over against the vast, feverish money mart of this city of Mammon, one may find the quiet Syrian colony. It differs much from other foreign quarters in New York. It is fairly clean. There is nothing

forbidding in the aspect of the people or their places of business. There are women and children to add their cheery presence. The homes are clean and inviting, and the stores, where Turkish rugs, laces, perfumes, and tobacco are sold, display evidences of prosperity.

The Syrians in New York number about two thousand, and occupy Washington Street and the West Side cross streets from Greenwich to Battery Park. One of the features of the place is the Turkish restaurant. A meal at one of these is an ordeal few Americans care to undergo. While everything is scrupulously clean, the dishes are all seasoned so highly and are so rich in oils and fats that our plain American digestive apparatus loudly rebels against them. Then, when the mysterious hubble-bubble, with its water-bottle, hose, and bulb, is brought and the dark, coarse tobacco lighted, it requires a mighty knight of the weed to stand this supreme test.

Native men, women, and children all smoke this hubble-

bubble. They say it contains no opium. But the supremely soothing effect it produces on them, and the positive pleasure pictured on their features while smoking, seem to point to the presence of some powerful narcotic.

Two Syrian priests minister to the religious needs of the colony, and on public festival days the costumes of the people are picturesque in the extreme.

These are the places where one may study intelligently types of life scarcely found elsewhere in America. They are paralleled but not surpassed in the foreign quarters of London, Paris, or Rome. There are evolving out of these apparently discordant masses types that are to share in the destiny of our own country. There is practically little police restraint here—less moral supervision.

Hence the need of the higher religious influences. At every meeting of the East Side lodges the most advanced Socialistic doctrines are proclaimed. Children are nourished on them, East Side literature teems with them.

Looking at the history of New York, one can boldly say that many of the sires of its present Four Hundred once disported in gam in savagery in this very East Side. Who shall say that some of the Four Hundred-to-be are not disporting there to-day in a state of equal barbarism?



COSTUME OF MILITARY ATTACHE OF THE SYRIAN LEGATION.

THE CHURCH IN CUBA.

BY E. S. HOUSTON.



HE history of the church in Cuba begins with the discovery of the island, for Columbus was a true son of the church and in all the lands which he discovered the standard of the Cross was raised beside the flag of Spain. Reputable history now affirms that the strongest motive that spurred him on, in the face of obstacles that would have discouraged an ordinary man, was the hope of spreading the light of Christianity over lands hitherto unknown. Believing the earth very much smaller than it has proved to be, he expected to reach the eastern shores of Asia, to convert the Grand Khan of Tartary; to reach, in his journey, mines of fabulous wealth, and with their proceeds purchase the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracen and restore it to its proper place in Christendom.

THE CHRIST-BEARER.

His sublime faith in his mission, his rooted conviction that the name he bore denoted him as the Christ-bearer, destined to carry the worship of the true God to lands beyond the sea, sustained him under every trial and strengthened him to endure poverty and suspense. Envy and malice, like death, love a shining mark, and a target so grand and so luminous could not fail to draw the shafts of malevolence. There have not been wanting those who would asperse his character and question his right to the credit of his achievement. Because there were notes of travel on unknown shores, rumors of enchanted islands in the broad Atlantic, and vestiges of strange flora washed up by currents from the west, therefore Columbus must have known of other discoverers in the field, therefore also must have been an impostor and deceiver!

Columbus has never claimed more than his due. He has freely acknowledged his indebtedness to other navigators; has referred, in substantiation of his theory, to the writings of Mandeville and Marco Polo; to Vicente, a Portuguese mariner, and to his brother-in-law, Pedro Correa, both of whom testified to having seen washed upon the shores of the Azores strange waifs from the West Atlantic. He may have heard of the wan-

derings of Lief and Bjorn, but the fact remains that of all who heard these tales he alone was willing to dare the deed. The difficulty he experienced in obtaining countenance and assistance in his venture proves what was then considered the temerity of the undertaking.

As the agent of sovereigns claiming pre-eminently the title of Catholic, Columbus, in taking possession of newly discovered lands for the kingdom of Castile, brought them at the same time under the dominion of the church; for Spain, whatever the shortcomings of her people or her rulers, has never, since embracing the true faith, swerved from her allegiance to the See of Rome. In studying the history of the church in Cuba it is well to refer to her condition in the mother country, whence her government and her hierarchy have been derived.

THE HUMAN MOTIVE IN ALL CONQUEST.

In reviewing the events, characters, and methods of mediæval times we must not forget conditions altogether different from the present. The chronicles of nations from the beginning have been but the record of wars, conquests, and revolutions. As long, however, as the human element so far preponderates in mundane affairs, the mild and kindly spirit of Christianity can work but as a slow leaven in the stolid mass. The church has always been militant on earth and her enemies have not been in all cases of the supernatural order; often they are of her own household. This preamble becomes necessary as the opponents of the church are prone to cast on the Spanish adventurers the stigma of blood-thirsty cruelty, as though it attached to them solely as Spaniards and Catholics, when in fact it should be confined to neither. Search the history of mankind, from the Zulus and Bechuanas of Africa, through all its gradations, to the Britons who have slain their hecatombs, the story is still the same.

Reason, logic, and philosophy often went for nothing. The strongest arguments were the sword and the battle-axe. Though the teachings of the church were maintained in their purity and her precepts practised in perfection by many learned and holy men, by missionaries with hearts full of love for their God and their fellow-man, their numbers were but as the ten just who it was hoped would be found in Sodom. The great mass of their proselytes rushed to the combat with the cross in one hand and the sword in the other, and enforced their doctrines by the "*argumentum ad hominem*"; their tenets were impressed, not

by the power of moral suasion but "*vi et armis*," and the servants of God were powerless to prevent.

LIBERAL IDEAS IN THE SPANISH MONARCHY.

The early history of Spain indicates that the government was more liberal than that of the neighboring countries, as the Aragonese maintained much of the independence that had distinguished their mountain tribes. The monarchy was elective, and the people participated largely in the government. By an old enactment the king was not entitled to the allegiance of the people until he had sworn to observe the ordinances of their constitution. The clergy were held in the highest estimation for their virtue and piety; the church exercised an overwhelming influence in the government and seemed to be the centre round which the whole society moved. It was the guiding spirit in the great councils of Toledo, which formulated the laws and were to the Spaniard what the Witenagemote was to the Saxon. This gave to Spain a code of laws vastly superior to those usually in force among a barbarous people—laws which were just, humane, enlightened; combining the wisdom of old Rome with the kindly spirit of Christianity. This peaceful and Catholic government was broken up by the constant encroachments of the Moors, till at length the Christians, defeated and scattered, were driven back to their mountains in the north. From this time their history tells little more than their constant wars, under many sovereigns of various dynasties, until the middle of the eleventh century, when two Christian states were formed, Castile and Aragon. They were quick to see in the divisions of the Moslem chiefs and the extinction of their most powerful dynasty, the Omayyad, the opportunity they sought, and in the renowned Ruy Diaz de Campeador, El Cid of Spanish romance, the champion of their cause. Many of the smaller provinces were united under Alphonso of Castile and Ramiro of Aragon, and the two kingdoms continued to exist separately until their union under their Catholic majesties Ferdinand and Isabella. Both sovereigns acceded to the demand of the pope in adopting the Roman ritual, and Spain became the most faithful adherent of the Holy See.

THE INQUISITION MADE A MEANS OF PERSECUTION.

The political unity of Spain was founded upon religious unity. Both Ferdinand and Isabella were deeply imbued with the spirit of Catholicity, fostered and intensified by their long

and incessant contests with Moors, Jews, and heretics, all of whom aimed more at the destruction of the civil government than of the spiritual authority of religion, and it was more in defence of the power of the crown than that of the church that the Inquisition was established.

This has been a much-abused institution, and a name of terror to the enemies of the church. This is not the place to enter upon its defence, but it suffices to say that wherever politics and religion are too closely allied the opponents of the established church will be regarded as offenders against the civil power. Moors, Jews, and Arians were subjected to the penalties of the Inquisition because as such they were considered traitors and rebels, combining as open enemies or secret conspirators to overthrow the established sovereignty. Philip II. possessed a formidable weapon in the Inquisition, which he did not scruple to use for secular purposes. Political independence in his reign was crushed with more relentless severity than religious dissent. Andrea Perez, a justiciar, or deputy, to the Cortes, from the province of Aragon, was brought before the Inquisition and condemned to death for no failure in religious duty, but for his fearless defence of the liberties of his native province. In so-called enlightened England it was no better. When Catholic Mary or Protestant Elizabeth condemned to imprisonment and death the professors of the opposing religion there was the implied conviction that as such they were necessarily enemies to the reigning power.

DISPOSITION OF BENEFICES.

Another source of trouble arising from the union of church and state was the question of appointment and investiture in religious benefices. This was a cause of contention in all the Catholic countries of Europe, and their Catholic majesties of Spain were not behind their contemporaries in claiming this privilege. Had they been content with investing the candidate with the temporal emoluments of his office, they would not have brought such disaster to the church; but when they insisted on appointing the bishops of vacant sees and incumbents of important benefices, the result was discord and disedification. Wherever such benefices are conferred on political favorites or upon laymen there must inevitably creep in scandals, abuses, and trouble for the church.

Both of these usurpations of authority were imposed in full force upon the church in the newly discovered provinces of the

empire. The Inquisition was established in the Island of Cuba, nominally for the propagation of the faith among the natives and negroes, but, like many other benevolent designs, was directed to very different ends. It was afterwards used to intimidate rebellious colonists and to punish political offenders. From the middle of the seventeenth to the end of the eighteenth century the archives of the Inquisition are crowded with charges against native Spaniards, which were really grounded in political animosity and had nothing whatever to do with religion.

THE HUMANE LAS CASAS.

In 1511 Cuba was brought under subjection. In that year an expedition was fitted out in Hayti for the conquest of the neighboring island. The pious and learned Las Casas, then an inmate of a Dominican monastery in Hayti, determined to accompany the expedition. He was present with the Spanish freebooters when the unfortunate natives were defeated at Caonao and massacred by thousands. Las Casas made strenuous efforts to control the conquerors, but was unable to stop the carnage.

Very soon after the conquest large numbers of missionaries came to the island, principally Franciscans and Dominicans. They obtained large grants of land, and priories were established at various points. The monks were loved and revered by the people, whom they befriended by every means in their power. The Dominican friars did much for the slaves, Indian and negro. Wherever possible they procured their emancipation, and in thousands of cases redressed their grievances where they were unable to procure their freedom.

There were also many convents founded, where nuns from the best families of Spain educated the daughters of the wealthy and instituted primary schools for the children of the poor. Las Casas established himself in Cuba and devoted himself assiduously to the service of the Indians. He at first permitted himself to be appointed to one of the divisions (*repartimiento*) parcelled out among the Spániards, with its allotment of slaves; but soon recognizing the iniquitous character of the transaction, he refused to remain longer in such a position, and exerted himself during the whole of his life to the succor of these unfortunates. He made repeated voyages to Spain to obtain protection for them, interested in their misfortunes Cardinal Ximenes, who sent three companions with Las Casas to labor among them.

Had all the Spanish adventurers been as humane and generous as Las Casas, the history of the island would have been very different. Being essentially adventurers and only nominally Catholics, their quest was primarily for gold and only incidentally, if at all, were they concerned for human souls.

THE ROOT OF RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTIES.

Coming later to the island, the Jesuits have labored faithfully in Cuba. They have established colleges in Havana, Matanzas, Santiago, and Puerto Principe. The Lazarist Fathers have at least one monastery, and one in the neighboring island, Porto Rico. The clergy are as a rule excellent gentlemen, but seem to have lost their hold to some extent upon the native people. They are part of the Spanish establishment and wedded to the idea of the union of church and state. Here is the truth in a nutshell. Though there are in Cuba numbers of churches and many learned and estimable priests and bishops, the clergy are not regarded with the respect and affection we are accustomed to find in our own country. The Cubans, with the ardent temperament of their tropic clime, their sunny, light-hearted disposition, and an innate love of light and color, regard with more approval the gorgeous ceremonial of the church and her frequent "festa" than her moral and religious teaching. For these differences we must seek the cause in the second of the two evils mentioned as having been imposed by Spain on her colonies: the appointment to episcopal sees and other benefices of foreigners, alien in sentiment to the people to whom they are to minister and chosen, often, not for their piety, learning, or other priestly qualifications, but through political or family influence, through blind favoritism or partisan feeling. So appointed through the power of the crown, they must, if they would retain their seats, prove themselves staunch advocates of the measures of government, however repugnant to their people these measures may be. Between such a pastor and such a flock there can be no sympathy, and a pastor at variance with his flock can wield no influence for good. Divines tell us that between devotion and feeling there is no identity, but as long as human beings must receive their impressions, mental and spiritual through the channels of the senses, there must be at least a close connection. We could not quaff with relish the crystal wave of Egeria through an unsavory vessel, though in direst need we might be forced to drink it.

CUBAN CHARACTERISTICS.

In proof of the antagonism existing from the beginning between Spain and her colonies, it is stated in *Cuba and the Cubans* that throughout these centuries there has never been appointed a Cuban bishop; that while the diocese of Havana embraces 144 parishes, there are but 22 pastors of Cuban birth, and no prominent position is filled by a Cuban priest. Such a state of things existing for hundreds of years must have destroyed the vitality of religion, though its outward forms have been maintained. The Cuban has the pride of the Spaniard with much of his tenacity of purpose, and by both these characteristics he is led to preserve his allegiance to the ancient faith, in which his fathers were reared, in defence of which they had shed their blood and given their lives, but which with him is now but a cherished memory; a creed which keeps alive his respect for the church, his veneration for the Blessed Mother of God and his patron saint, but which enters little into his daily life, and, by consequence, exerts little influence over his conduct. At the same time there is ample testimony to the natural and moral beauty of character among these people. They are generous to a fault, charitable to the poor and hospitable to the stranger within their gates. Bright and cheerful in temperament, they are quick to resent injury and violent in their anger, but, whatever has been said to the contrary, they are not addicted to the "ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain" of the heathen Chinese. The tribute that is paid to the Cuban woman, by friend and foe, is very beautiful. Cabrera, in his book on Cuba, above quoted, gives testimony to her loveliness of character, but concludes his article by citing words of praise from the pen of a stranger and an enemy: "It is not I alone who will defend her here—that model of austere virtue and tender sentiments—but I give the testimony of Don Francisco Campos da Filiiu, an officer in the Spanish army, for ten years stationed on the island and at war with its people: 'The Cuban woman, with her rich complexion, regular features, and luxuriant hair, forms a perfect specimen of Caucasian beauty. Whether living in affluence, in moderate circumstances, or in humble poverty, she is always gracious and dignified in her demeanor, good and charitable to the poor. She is gentle, intelligent, industrious. Those who say she is indolent, self-indulgent, fit only to recline in a hammock, fanning herself, do not know the Cuban woman. She is a de-

voted wife, a tender mother, a slave to duty under the most trying circumstances; on the battle-field she has followed husband or father and fulfilled her noble mission.' "

THE HOPE OF RECONSTRUCTION.

A people as noble and generous as the Cubans have been described by those who have visited their country and made a study of its conditions, have surely deserved a better fate than theirs has been under Spanish rule. Through many conflicts and scenes of devastation they have come, we hope, to an era of liberty and independence. Our own government, in dealing with the problem of their emancipation, will find itself confronted with many anomalous conditions; there must be confusion, perhaps unwarranted and unjustifiable interference, and much mistaken policy. To free so suddenly an entire nation, which had for centuries been dominated by a foreign power; to substitute for the fiat of an oligarchy the free vote of a free people; to offer them, in exchange for the cold or careless rule of a foreign ministry, the sympathetic and paternal guidance of a priesthood one with themselves in principle, feeling, and interest—this is the stupendous task now laid before the government of these United States. This is the task, in the latter portion of which our Holy Father, Leo XIII., is called upon to share. For the performance of this delicate and difficult office he has selected as his delegate the Most Rev. the Archbishop of New Orleans.

SKETCH OF THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

Dr. P. L. Chapelle, Apostolic Delegate to the church of the West Indies, was born at Etâbles, Department of Mande, southern part of France. His uncle, a French abbé, was sent on a mission to Brazil and proposed to be accompanied by his young nephew, who had already completed his classical course in France. They came to Baltimore as the guests of the Sulpician Fathers at St. Mary's Seminary, and here Mr. Chapelle was induced to remain and study for the priesthood. He made the course of philosophy and theology, but on completing his studies was still too young to be ordained. He took a position as teacher at St. Charles' College, at the same time preparing for examination for the doctorate. In 1864 he was ordained by Archbishop Spalding and took charge of the missions in Montgomery County. He was selected in 1869 by the archbishop to accompany him, as theologian, to the Vatican Council, and on

his return was appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church, of Baltimore.

In 1882, on the death of the Rev. Francis E. Boyle, Dr. Chapelle was appointed by Archbishop Gibbons to the important position of pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Washington City, at that time, as it is now, the most distinguished congregation in the United States. He more than filled the place of the great men who had preceded him. During his stay in Washington he took an active interest in all that appertained to church matters, and was recognized as a representative man in church circles. At the solicitation of Archbishop Salpointe Dr. Chapelle was appointed coadjutor of the See of Santa Fé, N. M., and in time succeeded to the archbishopric. Upon the death of the beloved and lamented Archbishop Janssens, he was chosen as his successor in the see of New Orleans.

Being a fine linguist, as well as an authority in ecclesiastical jurisprudence, Dr. Chapelle is eminently fitted for the duties of his new office, which, as before intimated, will require extraordinary judgment, extensive information, and much diplomatic shrewdness. He has himself defined, as far as it is possible now to do, the lines on which he proposes to work. Speaking to a Washington reporter, the archbishop expressed himself in these words: "My mission is that of a priest as well as an American citizen. While striving to watch over the religious interests of the Catholic Church, helping the bishops in their work of reorganization, I shall use my utmost influence to help the government of the United States to succeed in the work of political and social reconstruction. I am indeed profoundly convinced that upon this success depends, in large measure, the social, political, and economic welfare of the inhabitants of these islands."

THE PROBLEM OF ECCLESIASTICAL PROPERTY.

Without presuming to dictate, or even to suggest, any special course in questions so intricate, we may be permitted to surmise what decisions may be reached by the ruling powers. The law and the Constitution of these United States prohibit the interference in any way in religious matters, unless these matters infringe upon the rights of private citizens or public property. To regard churches and church property as anything but religious matters is simply a contradiction of terms. They were, during Spanish occupation, held by government, but for the use and benefit of a Catholic people. The means

for their erection came out of the pockets of a Catholic laity, and on the resignation by government of all claim the property should revert to those by whom and for whose benefit it was contributed. The plan pursued in many dioceses of America is to incorporate a board of trustees and transfer to this board, by legal title, all such properties and endowments as have been used for religious and charitable purposes under the auspices of the church. These parties being already in possession and conversant with the needs of the people and the character of the property, could then, under the supervision of the delegate, reorganize the establishment upon American principles.

Until 1788 the whole of the Spanish possessions in the West Indies were comprised in one diocese, the cathedral city being Santiago. At that time the island of Cuba was divided, making a new diocese in the West, its seat being Havana and each bishop having under his pastoral care a number of smaller islands contiguous to his province. In 1804 Santiago was raised to an archiepiscopal see, having two suffragans, of Havana and Porto Rico. The good old Archbishop of Santiago showed himself, during the attack on the city and the threatened bombardment of Santiago, a most compassionate Christian gentleman. He used his best endeavors to avert the impending evil and to prevail with both parties for the cessation of hostilities. Friend or foe to the spirit of revolution as he and his brother prelates may have been, they can but rejoice in the establishment of peace and the hope of returning prosperity.

A GLIMPSE OF HISTORY.

There is not perhaps a country in the world, certainly not upon this hemisphere, which has had a career so incessantly marked by attack, conflict, revolution, and invasion as this beautiful but unfortunate island. For the four hundred years during which it has been known to the modern world its existence has been one of continual warfare. It was, from the settlement by Europeans, exposed to descents upon its unprotected coasts by French and Spanish buccaneers; to siege and blockade by British men-of-war; Havana was twice burned to the ground by pirates; once captured and held, with all the northern provinces, for nine months, by British troops, and finally, it has been in the throes of insurrection for the whole of the present century. In 1868 there was a general uprising and a declaration of independence was made at Yara, and


another at Manzanillo. From the first named was derived what was called "The cry of Yara," of which we heard upon the surrender of Havana. From this time the insurgents have been virtually in possession of the open country. The Spaniards held the forts and all the towns were fortified. Across the entire island, from shore to shore, was built in two places what was called a trocha. This was a most formidable species of defensive construction. It consists of a clearing 150 yards to 200 yards wide, cut through a dense jungle for a distance of 50 miles. The roots, trunks, and branches of trees cut from the clearing are piled in parallel lines on each side, forming a breastwork as wide as Broadway and from 5 to 6 feet high. Outside of these comes a line of forts, and then a maze of barbed wire, stretched the whole length of the trocha, on both sides. One would suppose that such a barrier would be impassable to horse or foot, yet Gomez, with 600 men, crossed one of them and returned in safety.

Before the last outbreak, in 1896, Cuba was one of the most beautiful islands in the tropics. The deep blue of her skies rivals those of Syria and Palestine, and at early morning and at set of sun they are veiled in soft clouds of saffron and rose. The mountains that traverse the island, deep green at the base, verging to emerald as they approach the top, and covered with groves of palms, are indeed of the "everlasting hills." But the waving cane and fields of tall grass, that once adorned the scene, are now the scorched and smouldering ruins of flourishing plantations. The tropical fruits, magnificent ferns and other varieties of foliage and flower, that covered the land are crushed and blackened, while here and there among the trees black smoke rises from a burning hacienda. The royal palm, the most beautiful of the species, still borders the beds of streams that come down from the mountains, which "flow on for ever"; they grow tall and straight as Egyptian obelisks and are crowned with a cluster of magnificent plumes.

Now that peace has come, neither the soil nor climate of Cuba will be found wanting to restore the prosperity of her people; but means are needed to rebuild the mills and machinery that were burned by the incendiary, to replace the cattle and teams swept from the land by the greed of armies. But more than all will she need to renew and revivify the faith of her people, for the church in Cuba is not dead but sleepeth.

THE CRUCIFIED.

BY REGINA ARMSTRONG.

A detailed illustration of a Roman soldier in full armor, including a plumed helmet and a cuirass. He stands next to a signpost that features an eagle at the top and a sign with the word "SPQR" on a scroll. The soldier's right hand rests on the signpost.

THEY brought Him to the Roman prefect great,
In kingly robe and mocking crown of thorn,
And judgment suffered He in love upborne.
Attesting truth, He stands within the gate,
Mob scorned. "What *is* Truth?" sneers doubt-
ing Pilate,
Then leaves the God of Truth to mockery lorn.
Gaunt Calvary gleams afar, and through the
morn
Of crucifixion points the dreading fate.

Thus, even we, Truth-seekers of to-day,
In jesting dalliance throw our quest away,
And hold the doubter's gibe, the cynic's
sneer
As tribute to our Cæsared self; nor hear
The answer waiting where, beyond, outside,
Truth mocked and scourged goes to be
crucified.



BERMUDA.



A BEAUTIFUL little country and winter resort is Bermuda, which fronts our Southern coast beyond the Gulf Stream. A group of small islands nestling in the solitude of the sea, with coral reefs, rock-ribbed coasts, bold peaks and mantles of perpetual verdure, make picturesque scenery as well as a pleasant oasis in the broad expanse of ocean.

Early in the history of westward navigation these islands became a station for ships going to the Virginias. It was Henry May who first landed there in 1593 and consumed five months in building a bark of eighty tons, while

subsisting on birds, fish, and turtle. The islands had indeed been seen earlier than this by Juan Bermudez, but a storm prevented his landing. The next inhabitant after Henry May was Sir George Somers, who was shipwrecked there in 1609, and afterwards spent nearly a year in building a sixty-ton craft with which to continue his journey to Jamestown. Finding that a famine existed there he returned to Bermuda for sustenance, but died shortly after on one of the islands, now called St. George.

The body of Sir George was sent to England, but his heart was buried where he died and a great marble stone, sent from England in 1620, marks its resting-place. Besides the original inscription in Latin, there are Latin tablets attesting the virtues of this admiral and the affectionate remembrance of his countrymen.

The first settlers on the islands were from the Virginia colony, in the charter for which Bermuda was included. This part of the domain, however, was subsequently released from the Virginia charter, and a new one granted by James I. to the Bermuda Company. This charter expired in 1685 and the country reverted to the crown.

These islands might have become Spanish at one time had the two ships of that nation which attempted to enter the Castle Harbor not given up the attempt too soon, for there

was left to the islanders but one shot and less than a barrel of powder. The Bermudians of to-day in referring to this incident are pleased to remark: "Things are a little different now, however."

In 1812 these islands barely escaped also coming into the possession of Uncle Sam. The American Council, before whom the alternative of two propositions for striking a blow at the British was presented, namely, that of seizing the homeward bound West India fleet, or of capturing the Bermudas, decided upon the former by a casting vote.

In 1795 Bermuda boasted of having a navy, consisting of a sloop and a gunboat. At the present time she has a fortress, a navy-yard, and a fleet of ships which is sometimes quite formidable. Bermuda is, in fact, a naval station for Great Britain's Atlantic fleet. The largest floating dock in the world is there, and millions of pounds sterling have been spent in cutting roads, connecting islands, and building forts. The roads, a hundred miles in extent, are the solid coral rock hewn down to a level. They are consequently durable as well as pleasant for use; superior to any roads, perhaps, in the world, and for the modern wheel they are, as claimed, a veritable "cyclist's paradise." They are picturesque also, lined as they often are with



IT FRONTS OUR SOUTHERN COAST BEYOND THE GULF STREAM.



luxurious vegetation, cedars and palms. The royal palms on one of these are very striking and constitute one of the road sights; but cedar is the principal wood of Bermuda. This tree is, however, a species of juniper, with branches reaching out and some-

times quite irregular in form. In the towns they make an excellent shade for the street.

Bermuda was first used by Great Britain as a penal settlement, and then roads and the foundations of public improvements were laid by utilizing the labor of convicts. This penal feature finally gave place to the military functions which have ever since characterized the islands. Two forts and two light-houses have been constructed, a parliament house and other public buildings, and naval and military barracks. A military governor, appointed by the crown, is the ruler of the country, and for his accommodation there is a fine residence with park and military attachments. The officers and officials, with their families, constitute the society of caste, and it is not easy to gain access thereto without some very special introduction.

But the official society is genial and of course brilliant, as all military circles are. The military band plays twice a week and is an attraction much enjoyed. During the winter

months there is a large transient population, made up of health-seekers, persons taking a vacation in that season, and those who wish to escape the rigors of a northern climate. Together they make up an interesting and often merry company, while their expenditures form an important item in the prosperity of the islands, several large hotels and numerous boarding-houses being generally well filled for four or five months in the year.

Communication with Bermuda is by steamer from New York and from Halifax. There is no regular steam service with England. Commerce and travel between the latter and Bermuda is by way of Halifax. Her principal commerce, however, and passenger service are with New York. Bermuda potatoes and Bermuda onions are known everywhere in America, but other products are sent also, with increasing attention bestowed upon the market-garden resources of the islands.

Flowers are raised in large quantities, especially the lily. Large fields of them, fifty acres sometimes and more, are to be seen flowering in snowy whiteness and lading the air with delicious fragrance. Bermuda has been aptly called "the land of the lily and the rose."

The soil is rather thin, but is fertile, being a mixture of coral-dust, leaves, and sea-weed. The farmers, however, do



ROYAL PALMS.



TOM MOORE'S CALABASH-TREE.

not thrive quite as they would wish and as they deserve, actual distress sometimes taking the place of prosperity. Their repeated struggles against adversities of various kinds have compelled them to gather in agricultural associations and in a Produce Exchange, which have proved to be helpful in evening up conditions and securing fair dealing with markets. A destructive parasite has visited their lily-fields and threatened destruction to that industry. This would be a sad result for the beauty of the place as well as for the fortunes of the farmer.

As a winter resort Bermuda is unique. Perpetual summer reigns. It is not so hot as summer in the United States, and in winter the cyclones and icy winds that sweep from this continent are parried by the Gulf Stream. The towns are at the water's edge. Coral-reef circles abound a little way out and

break the harsher waves that roll inward, making a smoother sea for the boating so much indulged in all the year round. The water is so clear that fish can be seen at a great depth. Sailing without a boatman, however, is not attempted by many, as there are sunken reefs that might be struck. The regulars know every inch of the waters.

This resort has been visited by many noted personages, some of whom have marked endeared spots and given them renown in story and in song. The house in which Tom Moore was a guest is much sought by tourists. It is beautifully situated on lake and bay, and is known as Walsingham. It was built of stone in 1665 by a whale-fisher named Trot. The famous poet of Erin was guest



"LARGE FIELDS OF THEM, FIFTY ACRES AND MORE,
FLOWERING IN SNOWY WHITENESS."

there in 1804, and a calabash-tree, immortalized by him, bears the initial A carved upon it by the present Duke of Edinburgh. It was of this spot that Moore wrote:

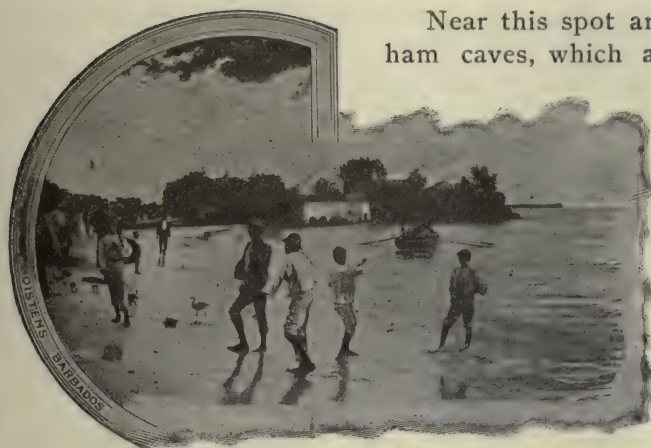
“Oh! what a sea of storm we’ve passed;
But bless the little fairy isle!
How sweetly after all our ills
We saw the sunny morning smile
Serenely o’er its fragrant hills.

“Could you but view the scenery fair
That now beneath my window lies,
You’d think that nature lavished there
Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in.”



CEDAR AVENUE, BERMUDA.

Near this spot are the Walsingham caves, which are famed for their beauty on account of the wonderful stalactites that hang from the roofs. Most of these caves have salt water in them, but there is one



having an earth floor from which rise stalagmites, that in some instances meet the stalactites above, giving the appearance of a pillared temple. With torches they present a beautiful effect. There are a great many caves in the various islands of the Bermudas which may be visited in boats.

A spot much visited is the "Devil's Hole." It has a subterranean connection with the sea half a mile distant, though not with the near shore, from which it is only one hundred and fifty feet. The sea water rises and sinks in it with the tide, producing the noise of inrushing water at low tide that has caused the appellation of Devil's Hole to be given to it, although, curiously enough, its water abounds with angel fish.

Hamilton is the largest town in Bermuda. It is the port of entry, the residence of the governor, the seat of government,



SLOW TRANSIT.

and contains the principal official and public buildings, a public park, and an Episcopal cathedral.

Back of this Gothic structure stands a small Catholic church—which has, of course, a small congregation. There is a large building in Ireland Island which is used for Catholic service there also, and Father Parker celebrates Mass at both places, the congregation of one frequently going to assist at the Mass of the other. Here the Catholic soldiers of the barracks attend. This journey is an hour's sail on the bay. The church in Hamilton is capable of seating about a hundred and fifty worshippers, and is well filled on Christmas Day and at Easter. It is under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Halifax. Father Parker is not only beloved by his parishioners, but is highly esteemed by all denominations there. When a Catholic fair is held it is opened with ceremony by the military governor amid martial music. The governor's initiative is the key to all success, social or otherwise, in Bermuda.

In another direction within the limits of Hamilton, on Mount St. Agnes, is the convent where sixteen Sisters of Charity have a delightful and successful school. About two-thirds of the pupils are non-Catholics. The building is open to visitors on Sunday afternoons, and many an invalid wintering in Bermuda,



DIVING FOR MONEY.



A TYPICAL RESIDENCE IN BERMUDA.

Protestant as well as Catholic, receives the Benediction there, and has left thank-offerings for signal answers to prayer.

One of the favorite Sunday resorts for guests after church is a beautiful natural grove on the North Shore near the military barracks, where the band executes an excellent musical programme.

Bermuda entertained last winter many clergymen from Canada and Nova Scotia, chiefly Catholics. L'Abbé Montminy, a



A PRIMITIVE LAUNDRY.

French-Canadian father in the Convent of St. George, Co. Beauce, was a guest at Dorchester Lodge, managed by Catholic ladies. The father's health was very precarious, and he probably had no great hope. He was cheerful, however, but spoke little of himself. He very much loved his convent and his pupils. By a single mail there came over sixty letters from his pupils, some of them tots, breathing prayers for his recovery. The father was deeply touched and wonderfully buoyed up by the incident.



His recovery was rapid and he returned in the spring completely restored to health and vigor.

There is a touch of pathos in the number of invalids who winter in Bermuda. It is plain to see of many of them that they are as ships passing in the night. But the greater number are seeking to escape Northern climates too severe for delicate constitutions. Generally they are happy and jovial, living out of doors, walking, riding, boating, fishing, etc., and there is not a little gaiety at times, with the presence of red coats adding a pleasant touch of color to the scene.

It is of interest to note also the colored people in Bermuda. They came originally from Virginia, but many also have drifted from the West Indies. There has been a tendency of late for

there does not draw upon their vital resources as in the case of the white population. Bermuda was once a slave country, but slavery was abolished in 1834. It was soon after that event that the American brig *Enterprise* put into the port of Hamilton for supplies, having slaves on board. The vessel was refused clearance until the slaves were brought ashore and liberated. It is recorded that one woman with five children preferred to continue the voyage.

There is, however, one blot upon the habits of the Bermudians, if what was told was fully true. One wonders at the great quantity of barrels that are rolled out of every vessel and steamer unloading at the wharf. He is told that they contain Jamaica rum, and that nine-tenths of the money spent in Bermuda goes for that commodity. It seemed incredible, and the fact brings to mind the large British traffic in spirits and opium with India and China. From the vast demoralization wrought by their means this traffic seems more inhuman than traffic in slaves.



A CENTURY OF CIVILIZATION IN FRANCE.

BY REV. P. FARRELLY.



AMERICANS travel extensively in France, because they find much to admire in that beautiful country, and because too, perchance, there is a sympathetic feeling arising partly from the republican form of government and partly from a recollection of past favors. To us France is an intensely interesting country, because its history during the century is very largely the story of planting in not very congenial soil the tree of Republicanism. The French Republic seems to have been a hapless child from the beginning. Its life has been scarred and seared by many untoward circumstances, and there are not wanting those who predict for it a sudden and unprovided death.

AN INTERPRETER OF FRENCH CIVILIZATION.

Mr. Bodley has recently written two portly volumes, and with a very large pretence of fairness reviews the history of French civilization.

Very frequently throughout this work the author contrasts French customs and ways of acting with what the English do, or would be likely to do if placed in similar circumstances, and not once, as far as I can now recollect, to the advantage of the French people. Undoubtedly Mr. Bodley adopted the best manner of procedure to succeed in acquiring a good knowledge of his subject and in fitting himself to write unbiassedly about France and its people, if such an end were easily obtainable. He went over to France, lived there for seven years, traversing it from one end to the other, associating and comingling with all classes. At one time he lived with a duke or an earl, at another with a member of the Chamber of Deputies or a parish priest; again, we find him sojourning among the working classes or the tillers of the soil. He frequented places of amusement and public assemblies of various kinds. Indeed, his method differs very much from the course pursued by many other writers, when preparing to publish their impressions of foreign nations, who content themselves with flying trips made to a country, then return home and publish their preconceived notions, formed from what they had heard or

read years before, introducing into their narrative here and there an incident of their own observation, or an anecdote, so as to make it appear that the facts are all of their own collating and the ideas original. Mr. Bodley was broader in his views, more honest in his conceptions, even if not much more successful in his results, than such a class of flying critics.

FRANCE A HERO-WORSHIPPER.

Relying on his assurances, and judging from the breadth of the scope intended, many may take up this work of Bodley expecting to find in it a comprehensive account of the different phases of French life to-day. Any one who expects to find such knowledge in it will be sadly disappointed. With all his opportunities for study, Bodley has written his work to prove a preconceived opinion of his own; namely, that France to-day is ruled and governed by the Napoleonic code, which code, he intimates, was taken bodily from the English constitution. The whole centralized administration of France, which in its stability has survived every political crisis, was the creation of Napoleon and the keystone of his fabric (vol. i. p. 108). The day will come, he says, when no power will prevent France from hailing a hero of her choice. The republic, according to him, is a mere figment, the nation subsisting solely on the traditions of the immediate past. This is his explanation of the now well-known phenomenon, that the very frequent changes of ministry produce so very little impression, and are regarded with such complete indifference by the country at large, solely because the people consider the Chamber as little else than an assembly for assessing and collecting taxes. Hence it happens that those sudden outbursts, which in the opinion of uninformed outsiders threaten to wreck the Republic, pass off like a slight mist clearing before the noon-day sun, without leaving any traces. Mr. Bodley has partly succeeded in his undertaking, in proving that France is still the creation of Napoleon, and is living in his traditions; but we would be slow to follow him in the last part of his conclusions, that France is only waiting for the opportunity when an individual of strong character will present himself, in order to cast her present makeshift government aside and throw herself into the arms of a king, an emperor, or a dictator. This conclusion can scarcely be the result of the author's own observations among the people, where, if he had made as close investigations as he claims his opportunities afforded him a chance to do, he would have discovered that the

people are tolerably contented with their present material conditions, and are very much averse to changing them for a monarchical or imperial form of government. With these latter they associate past recollections of strifes, wars, and all the hardships and sacrifices which accompany them. This is not denying that should some strong character intoxicate the susceptible French mind by some wonderful feat, he might succeed in proclaiming himself a dictator.

SUPERFICIAL RESEARCH.

Mr. Bodley's readers soon become convinced that it was wholly unnecessary for him to spend seven years in France in order to collate the amount of knowledge which he furnishes in this work; he might have collected the same kind of information without ever quitting Paris. Had he settled down in Paris for two or three months, read the journals closely, studied the French constitution, observed the customs of the capital—this, joined to the extensive knowledge of French history which his work proves he possesses, would have supplied all the data for the volumes he has published. No one, in truth, would say his writings are so much the result of his own observations as of his researches.

Mr. Bodley has chosen an ungrateful task; France is great, not because of her government, but in spite of it. France has passed through many trying vicissitudes, and has emerged from all of them still great, still powerful, holding a foremost rank among the nations; if by chance, through perverseness, she lost for a time some of her prestige, she quickly regained it and reasserted her former title of leadership among the nations. Mr. Bodley himself, with all his pro-English prejudice, is forced to admit that France is in the forefront of the nations, in the lead with England. These two nations, he says, are the leaders of the world. He fails, however, to give sufficient recognition to the power of the inherent forces of French national life, which operate to overcome the evil results of the sudden upheavals. It is these native forces which produce that general good order, stability, and conservatism which Mr. Bodley is astonished to find everywhere throughout France. He follows too closely such men as Thiers and Michelet, seeming to ignore such authors as Balzac and Stendhal; he scarcely quotes Balzac, Stendhal not at all. The *Comédie Humaine* is a light thrown on French emotion; *Les Mémoires d'un Touriste* (to name only one work) eclipses the sputtering illuminations of a

thousand blue books. Mr. Bodley is devoid of poetry; he makes no reference to French art, his sympathies are with the harder truths.

Much of the evil influences discernible in French public and official life to-day are directly traceable to the Revolution. The words Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity are to be found engraved on the walls of most of the public buildings, as well as on many private residences, in the larger cities, relics of that insane fury which well-nigh ruined France. Everything in those days was done in the name of liberty, whereas in truth there was no liberty, the will of the party in the ascendant for the time being supreme. As Charles X. said: "In France they do not understand at all what liberty is; every one desires liberty for himself and for his own opinions, but restraint and oppression for others, especially for the clergy."

FALSE CONCEPTIONS OF LIBERTY PREVAIL.

The same erroneous ideas of liberty obtain in official life to-day, the government claims to hold the true conceptions of liberty, and whatever does not correspond with its ideas, no matter how perverse these may be, is opposed to liberty. Hence the existence of a state of affairs totally different from what prevails in most other civilized countries, a system of espionage which includes all walks of life in its ramifications. Religion is hemmed in and its sphere restricted. We wonder at the restrictions placed on religious celebrations or the refusals to allow public demonstrations of a religious nature. How is it that religion receives such treatment in a Catholic country? This is the question which so many ask when they read the account of these happenings in the papers, and to which they cannot always get a satisfactory answer. A villanous system of intolerance is systematically carried out. Much of this spirit is directly traceable to the revolutionary period, when religion was prescribed; a whole generation grew up without any ideas of religion. Napoleon saw the need of religion and re-established it with a view to suit his own purposes. The systematized intolerance of to-day emanates from the central government. The functionaries of the Republic seem to be everywhere animated by the same spirit, which in many instances is the mere subserviency of position and place. French intolerance is different from all forms of persecution known in history, in that it is not only practised in the name of liberty, but it aims at laying official disability on established religion.

THE RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE OF THE STATE.

No direct vexatious restraints are placed on the Catholic faith, but a subtle, systematized effort is made to prevent it receiving recognition of any kind. Last June General Jamont, generalissimo of the French armies in case of war, presided at the distribution of prizes at the College of Albert the Great of Arcueil, where his two sons are studying. The Guard Républicaine played as the general entered the hall; in his speech he took occasion to inveigh against the critics of the French army. Père Didon, the famous Dominican, president of the college, followed with a long and animated address on the French military spirit. The whole affair gave great offence to the free-thinkers and their sympathizers; the *République Française*, M. Melin's organ, vehemently protested against these speeches. A circular was soon afterwards forwarded to the commandants of army corps, stating in what circumstances and under what conditions military chiefs might preside at prize distributions. A town councillor heckled the prefect of the police on the presence of the band of the Republican Guard at Arcueil. Such is the much vaunted French liberty. The people's liberties are more restricted than are those of almost any other country; they are hemmed in on all sides, laws and decrees are made and enforced regulating the minutest details, matters that would be left to common sense in other countries are subjected to statute laws in France. It is true they enjoy some liberties not accorded to the natives of other countries. A species of liberty amounting almost to license is allowed them in some things; they are free to remain in the streets all night, and frequently do so, spending the time in singing or carousing in the cafés. But, on the whole, liberty in France is misunderstood; the anti-clerical is a great fanatic; always ready to accuse others of fanaticism; he himself is the bitterest and most oppressive of fanatics. Under the guise of free thought, he would willingly prevent others from thinking differently from himself; being violently and despotically narrow, he would fain stifle all thought opposed to his own. He is even more: an aggressive persecutor, a meddler in affairs which do not concern him. Should he happen to be a town councillor or other functionary of the government, he exerts all his influence to set up irreligion as the standard of citizenship. A government employee is not always free to accompany his wife to Mass on Sunday. A postmaster in a western town of La Vendée, of Catholic fame, was one day surprised by a visit from a fellow

government official, who accused him of clericalism, warned him to beware lest it might reach the government and prove injurious to his prospects. "It has been noticed," he continued, "that you accompany your wife to Mass every Sunday; furthermore that one of your daughters sings in the choir, another takes up the collection." The good postmaster was troubled; fearing for his position, he went to consult his pastor. This good priest, conscious of the narrowness of the intolerant spirit abroad, said to him: "Tell your daughters not to take any active part in church affairs; there is no need of your jeopardizing your position for such trivialities."

SERVILITY OF GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.

The majority of the government officials advisedly abstain from attending church; it seems to be a sort of official etiquette. President Faure has not been to church since he was seated in the presidential chair except on a few special occasions, and then he was present more in his official capacity than because it was an expression of his religious belief. When the Czar of Russia visited Paris, a couple of years ago, he expressed a wish to visit the church representative of the belief professed by the majority of Frenchmen. This was a stinging rebuke administered to the officialdom of France. President Faure accompanied him to Notre Dame in his capacity of head official representative of the nation, but by no means because he was grateful for this act of courtesy shown to his religion, nor because he recognized in it a public acknowledgment in favor of the religion professed by most of his fellow-citizens. On the whole, in no country is liberty so frequently invoked and so wantonly outraged. Only the other day M. Jaurès, the Socialist, was derided by his followers for allowing his children to be baptized in the waters that came from the Jordan. The word God is expunged from the text-books used in the schools. In one word, every possible effort is made to rob men of their liberties under the false assumption of liberty.

EQUALITY ALSO MISUNDERSTOOD.

As narrow and illusive as we perceive the office-holding Frenchman's ideas of liberty to be, his notions of equality are even more erroneous; in fact, his claims in this regard are so exaggerated as to convey an idea that Frenchmen do not consider themselves as belonging to the human race. De Tocqueville expressed well this French idea of equality: "No one shall be in a better position than mine." Such was the cry

of the Jacobins. The same was the watchword of Camille Desmoulins and Robespierre; as some one expressed it, Liberty, Equality, or Death. The French want all to be on a level, are totally opposed in *theory* to one being placed higher or better than another. This levelling process would exclude all idea of superiority of any kind; the holders of such opinions deny, by their own admissions, the existence of variety of talent or of physical endowments. Yet we must accept humanity as we find it; we cannot refashion nor remould it, nor add one cubit to man's stature. There is a vast difference in individuals, the talents which they possess or the physical qualities with which they may be endowed.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD RÉGIME.

The strangest thing connected with the rise and spread of this false notion among the French is, that it owes its origin to that very class which suffered most from its effects—the old nobility. The French society of the old régime was immeasurably superior to its degenerate successor. That was the age destined to change the history of the world, and produce revolutions; little did the men and women who dictated the fashions of the day dream that society, and their own caste, in particular, were being wrecked by those same philosophers whom they patronized. The unbelieving philosophers were lionized by them, their sayings were treasured up and repeated at every turn. It was in the famous château of M. d'Holbach that Diderot planned his most audacious theses. Rousseau composed *Émile* for Madame d'Epinay; Voltaire held court at Ferney, whither the noblest and most refined of French society went in pilgrimage. The titled classes courted the non-believing philosophers to their own destruction. Still some of them have attained distinction in literature: De Mun, D'Haussonville, De Vogué, De Broglie, D'Hulst, and before their day Châteaubriand, Lamartine, Lamennais, Barante, Alfred de Musset, Balzac, Montalembert.

Though the levelling process of the Revolution has had direful consequences, it produced some good; to it may be traced that grace and refinement of manners observable among all classes in France. Co-education in the schools and lycées brought all classes together; this intermingling, which was afterwards continued in the army, had some good results. This assimilation of the masses has sent civilization farther down the scale in France than in any other country; hence the ease and grace of all classes, the air of comfort, the neatness of service, the excellence of cooking to be met with in the homes of ordinary

working families (vol. ii. p. 173). A man of low surroundings will astonish you by his knowledge of scientific points, and express himself much better than men of the same scale in any other country. Industry, thrift, family sentiment, artistic instinct, cultivation of the soil, cheerful performance of patriotic duty and collaboration of woman in the plan of life, constitute the secret of the grace, the charm, the prosperity of France.

Notwithstanding all this, and in spite of their vaunted love of equality, class distinctions are more sharply drawn among them than with any other people. Their system of travel, where these distinctions are so palpable, is of itself alone sufficient to prove this. Obedience, respect, social as distinct from moral abnegation, religious sentiment, discipline, self-devotion, are not in a flourishing condition in France.

THE SHIBBOLETH OF FRATERNITY.

The third member of this familiar revolutionary group has been equally abused with the others. Fraternity under different nomenclatures, as with us the brotherhood of man, is a familiar cry in many countries, meaninglessly used by fanatics of all kinds. In France it was not only used in a meaningless way, but as a cloak for barbarous cruelty. At the very time they were flaunting this war cry men were being put to death, former friends were led to the slaughter, brother was arrayed against brother. It was this anomalous state of affairs that caused Prince Metternich, who was reaching manhood at the time the French Revolution was erecting the guillotine as a symbol of brotherly love, to cry out in later life, after his visits to Paris: "Fraternity, as it is practised in France, has led me to the conclusion that if I had a brother I would call him my cousin." This conclusion must, however, be tempered somewhat. The French are an affectionate, chivalrous people; to their eternal credit be it recorded that there is no word in their language for wife-beating; rarely is a case reported to the tribunals of children leaving the charge of their parents to the parish. The Frenchman can be extreme in his hatred, and show his hatred. The discipline of war alone saved the Revolution from degenerating into an orgy of primitive barbarism. "We will make a cemetery of France," said the atrocious Carrier, "rather than not regenerate it according to our fashion." The French are at times intemperate in conversation and invective; they will descend so far as to publicly charge one another with the most heinous crimes, such as that of following a degraded occupation or other offences which, if brought into a court of

justice, would be tried behind closed doors. Much of this is an acceptance from the philosopher Rousseau, who was wont to inveigh with the keenest invective, or from Marat in the *Ami du peuple*; *Homo homini lupus*. The atrocities of the Commune bear ample evidence to their exaggerated habits in this line, to conduct so unbecoming a civilized people. The journals of France, particularly of Paris, reek with infamous epithets, which cannot be found in the dictionary; their reports of the parliamentary debates are full of such epithets.

EXAGGERATIONS OF CHARACTER.

This tendency of the French character to be intolerant, unmeasured in thought and speech, is not confined to any one class, but extends to all; we find traces of it among those very classes where we should least expect it. M. Dumont, of the *Libre Parole*, a conservative paper extensively read by the clergy, strongly anti-Semitic, wrote very bitterly about Count de Mun, who incurred the execration of the royalists because he actively espoused Pope Leo's policy. When De Mun fell sick he had this to say of him: "God has heard our complaints and has sternly smitten De Mun. He has said to him: 'I have given thee eloquence, and thou hast kept silence when men were waiting to salute thee as the champion of justice. Thou shalt never speak again.'" He did, however, and he still continues to be a conservative though fearless champion of religion and right.

The Frenchman can dance and make merry in the midst of massacres and internecine strife. This is amply illustrated by public life during the Revolution and since. When men were crying loudest for fraternity their actions revealed feelings and intentions the very opposite to this spirit. In no other country is such a cry raised for liberty, equality, and fraternity; in none are they more wantonly violated or greater abuses practised in their name. Notwithstanding all this, the rank and file of the French people are conservative, sober, industrious, and progressive.

INTEGRITY OF THE FRENCH CHARACTER.

It is gratifying and astounding to find so much goodness in a nation that has passed through such depressing periods. In a great measure it may be said this is so in spite of the government; there is an inherent force in the French character which enables it to finally overcome all difficulties and to ride triumphant over all obstacles at times when her enemies and even her friends felt that France had sunk never to rise again,

What is it that gives to France this vital power enabling it to weather all storms? This is the question that has been frequently asked and not so easily answered. Mr. Bodley, while recognizing the strong qualities in the French character, is not so much inclined to give credit to these characteristics for the supremacy of French national life as he is to attribute it to the imprint of the Napoleonic genius, and to the general stableness which Napoleon's government impressed on the masses.

After passing through frightful crises, blood-stained days, France emerged from it all firmly clutched in the grasp of a powerful intellect, who made France vibrate from one end of the country to the other, from the shores of the Atlantic to the banks of the Rhine, infusing his ardor and spirit into her soldiers, carrying her banner triumphantly through all Europe. He made her laws, gave her a cohesiveness and a consistency which has enabled her to survive the rude shocks dealt to her from within and from without ever since. We cannot fully coincide with this view of the question; France was great before ever she saw Napoleon. There are innate qualities in the French character which are not of recent growth, that constitute her greatness. The French mind is very methodical; this is noticeable even in the unmatured, untrained minds of the school children, those of the primary grades giving proof of a remarkable precision and method for their years. The French are influenced by tradition, and although a general unrest is observable in the higher government circles—so much so, in fact, that all their presidents have resigned except the one who was shot—still there is a great stableness of routine government throughout the country. It is not unusual to find the same man mayor of his borough for from thirty to forty years, under the varying dynasties of empires, kingdoms, and republics. The French have not completely forgotten the glories of Louis XI., Henry IV., Louis XIV., nor the importance of their nation in those days. All classes, both of the clergy and people, are outwardly very respectful to their ministers and public functionaries. This is a relic of the past, when all classes were expected, in fact obliged, to show great respect to all public functionaries and ministers.

The French have great respect for the rights of property. This is one of their cherished claims, the right of each individual to his possessions and to his belongings. This is the more agreeably surprising that they have been so long taught to look on property as robbery—*La propriété est la vol.* There are comparatively few discussions or lawsuits about property in France.

THE CHASTENING INFLUENCE OF THE PRIESTHOOD AND THE SCHOOLS.

The stability of France to-day is largely attributable to the wholesome influence of the priests, the discipline of the army, and the teachings of the professors in the higher schools of learning. Mr. Bodley draws attention to these wholesome influences, but fails to give them due recognition. The priests of France are an exemplary, devoted, self-sacrificing body of men whose energies are directed to the maintenance of law and order. The beneficial effects of their example and teaching are seen to best advantage in the towns and country districts, where they receive the most respect; for while unrest and turmoil exist in the large cities, the country districts and towns remain conservative and stable.

The discipline of the army impresses the soldiers with clear notions of order and obedience. All the young men of the country are compelled to serve a specified time in the army; at the end of their years of service they return to their homes, bringing with them strong convictions of their rule of duty as prescribed by law, which influence them during life and react on their surroundings.

The professors of schools, lycées, and colleges, a devoted set of men poorly paid, continue, with few exceptions, to instil into the minds of their scholars true notions of justice, respect for the rights of others, a love of country, and a great reverence for the laws of the land.

France is greatly indebted to the chastening influences produced by these causes for much of the stability and contentedness to be met with everywhere throughout the country.

NEGLECT OF THE BALLOT.

If, then, we find so much to admire in the French character, so many noble traits, so strong a love for stable government, how are we to explain these sudden ebullitions which cast the country into a ferment and endanger its national life? Or what explanation is to be given for the notorious fact that, although the country is overwhelmingly Catholic, the Catholic religion is studiously ignored and despised? Various reasons might be advanced in answer to these questions, but at present the principal one seems to be the indifference of the people in things political. The government is well aware of this indifference and treats the masses in consequence, insulting them at will, who, if they would only unite for the common good, could overturn it at will. The abstention of the better class of

Frenchmen from politics, combined with the growing materialism of the ruling classes, cannot be viewed with indifference. Frenchmen seem not to know the power or value of the ballot, nor to prize the privileges of their franchise; many of them would not miss an excursion for the sake of voting. The government alone is politically active. This activity is as pernicious as it ever was at any time during the empire; all its functionaries, judges, collectors, schoolmasters, road inspectors, etc., do campaign work for the government candidate. Most infamous means are adopted to increase the vote of their candidate; dead men vote in battalions. In 1893 at Toulouse, for instance, the register contained three thousand fictitious names; these dead-heads voted as one man. There was no cry raised against this infamous proceeding. There is no bustle at the approach of, or on the day of an election, except among the candidates and their immediate partisans, and the party press. Men do not stop one another in the streets to discuss the issues nor to express their preferences for one or other of the candidates. The elections are very corrupt, money is freely used. The contesting deputies publish all they know about one another; nay, even at times more than they do know. They will even go so far as to encroach on the private life of their opponent, telling whether he pays his bills, whether his domestic life is happy or not.

POLITICS IN UNWORTHY HANDS.

Politics have driven most of the able men out of public life. We no longer find in the French Chamber the class of able men who formerly trod its halls; the Chamber is not representative enough of the manufacturing and professional classes; there are too many small men in it of the low professional type. The priests scarcely meddle in politics, although we occasionally hear of a deputy being dispossessed on the plea of undue influence; while in truth if elections were to be challenged in other countries for the same amount of clerical influence, very few would go unchallenged into the house of representatives of any country.

Politics are controlled by groups; they are in nowise directed by party lines, as in America. A man may be and frequently is replaced by his own group, and not by the opposition; Gambetta was dethroned by his own followers, so were also Jules Ferry and many others. This condition of affairs in France fully exemplifies the saying of Montesquieu: the tyranny of a prince is not more ruinous for a state than public indifference to the common weal in a republic.

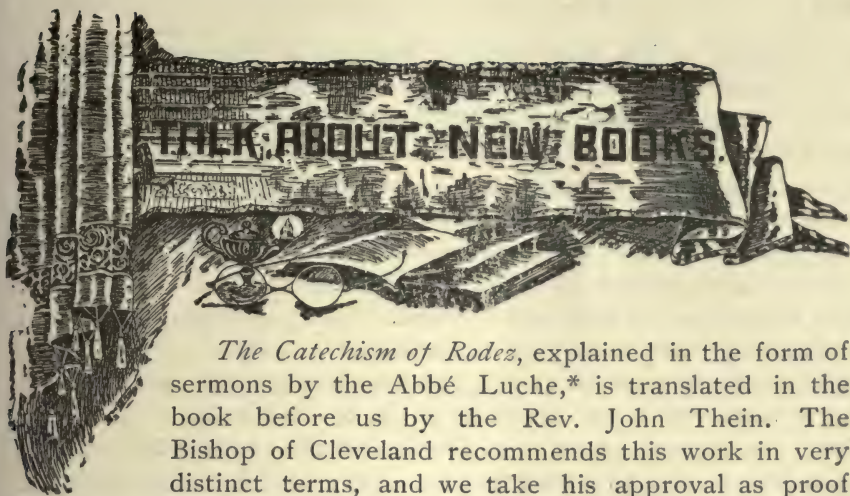
THE GREGARIOUS FRENCHMAN.

This indifference on the one hand and excessive activity on the other explain the abnormal state of affairs existing in France to-day: a government of the few making laws for the many, laws which deprive the majority of the people of their most cherished liberties, in many instances robbing them of their most sacred treasures. Yet the people appear to suffer on, contenting themselves with an occasional growl. French patriotism is very exclusive; the Frenchman is contented nowhere but in France—there he is industrious and saving. Frenchmen are loyal in their nationality, have almost a blind confidence in their government and army, which they are led to believe makes a nation respected or ignored. Because of these characteristics they are not successful colonizers. Consequently, to meet the needs of the increase in population, patrimonies have been divided and subdivided until there is no longer any room for division; the holdings are very small, hence the general unwillingness observable to have large families and the consequent non-increase of population. The smallness of the possessions, in many cases, increases the appetite of the male portion of the population for government employment. The government caters to this taste by the multiplication of positions, in order to increase its own clientage. The absence of a colonizing spirit, which would furnish an outlet for the surplus population, is hampering France in its progressive movements. The government is only too anxious to foster a spirit of colonization; whether its object be to increase its possessions, and with them the opportunities for the inhabitants to secure a livelihood, or to distract the attention of the nation from its own misdoings, it is not for us to say. The fact is, the government gives all the encouragement possible to those who show a disposition to colonize. The Duc d'Uzes, who developed a taste for foreign travel and colonization, was lauded by the government; a representative of the government was in attendance at his funeral, although he belonged to that hated loyalist party, and notwithstanding the fact that it was his mother who gave \$600,000 to Boulanger, the scheming enemy of the Republic. But all to no purpose; the French cling to their beloved France.

All in all, it is difficult to speculate on, or attempt to account for, the sudden changes which have been succeeding each other with lightning rapidity in that much

abused country. Nothing, in truth, explains them unless it be the very suddenness of these changes, the unpreparedness of the people for these changes, and the volatile character of the inhabitants. After being buffeted by the stormy winds of trial governments, the French finally cast themselves into the arms of one of their own making, whose personality was such that it has left it difficult for ordinary mortals to succeed him. They look for various qualities in their ruler; some want him to be of the bourgeois class, others that he be of noble extraction, others again that he be a mixture of both, *capax imperii nisi imperasset*. They make fun of their rulers in a light-hearted, thoughtless manner; in places of public amusement the vanities of Félix Premier are held up to ridicule night after night without a word of protest or a shudder of resentment. A popular singer has only to call Mlle. Faure the Dauphine to be greeted with roars of appreciative laughter. When the Czar visited France, his meeting with President Faure was styled the meeting of the two emperors, Félix and Nicholas. The French are a diplomatic race, trained in its traditions; their language is the diplomatic language; all this tends to increase the difficulty of pleasing them with a ruler. The discussions and bitter recriminations of the Seize May have left embittered feelings, both among the ultra-republicans and clericals or conservatives, which it will take time to heal. These recriminations would, it seems, have disrupted France long since were it not for the cohesiveness given to it by the family life of the country, which is strong and sacred. The French have a great family love; this family feeling is the root and foundation of their national life.

The policy of Leo XIII. towards France has been to consecrate and solidify the legitimate aspirations of the people for freedom and nationality. Catholic France has too long been identified with the monarchy, and of a necessity placed in opposition to the Republic. This attitude has prevailed very much to the detriment of religion. Leo says, "Accept the Republic and better it." In this lies the secret of the regeneration of France. The French people are Catholic to the heart's core, and can be nothing else. A large element of this Catholic spirit must be infused into the official circles. The best flowering of the Leonine policy in France will be peace for the Church, freedom for religious teaching, higher standards of public morality, and a perpetuation of the prestige of France into the century that is coming.



The Catechism of Rodez, explained in the form of sermons by the Abbé Luche,* is translated in the book before us by the Rev. John Thein. The Bishop of Cleveland recommends this work in very distinct terms, and we take his approval as proof of the correctness of the translation. The original work has been for the last forty years a standard source of reference for the clergy and laity of France. It has gone through fourteen editions, and in Europe the word "edition" means a good deal more than the word "issue." The author's object was to sum up the points of doctrine condensed in such a manner from the Catechism of Rodez that the preacher might be able to go over them all in the course of four years. He has availed himself of the assistance of the most accredited catechists and supported himself by the contemporary theology of Gousset and Gury. The book can be relied upon for its soundness, since it received in manuscript the favorable judgment of the "Committee on Books" of the diocese of Rodez, and in further confirmation the approbation of Monsieigneur Delalle, the Bishop.

The Catechism is divided into four parts: 1st, Faith and the Creed; 2d, Hope and Prayer; 3d, Charity and the Commandments; 4th, Grace and the Sacraments. As a specimen of the excellence of the treatment of his subjects we take at the very first Abbé Luche's method of handling the matter of faith. The reader will see at once what a resemblance it bears to the clear and luminous presentation of the subject in Cardinal Manning's *Interior Mission of the Holy Ghost*. It is, indeed, in some respects more condensed than in the last-named work; but so far from losing attractiveness by that, this quality is enhanced for Abbé Luche's purpose by a system of sub-headings. These headings state a point of doctrine, a quality, or a use in a manner to fix them in the preacher's memory, and so to serve as a centre for the others to revolve around. However, he does

* *The Catechism of Rodez*. By Rev. John Thein. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

not always follow this system throughout the work. Where paragraphs and divisions of these are the natural aids to reflection and memory, he employs them; and finally, every instruction is almost interwoven with texts of Scripture. It is, we think, impossible to speak too highly of the work, and of the debt due by American priests and laymen to Father Thein for translating it. To priests particularly, who have not much time for the preparation of sermons and catechetical instructions, the volume is of very great value. Every address is cast in such a way that it may be made either a sermon or a catechetical instruction, as the reader pleases. He has this in his power from the form of the address, which by the unity of the subject, the connection of the ideas, and the uniformity of the style enable him to widen out the scope of the ideas expressed by combining them with others suggested in a very direct way from themselves, or by some of the one thousand links of association which unite all the ideas of a particular subject into one group.

We are not going beyond the bounds of just praise when we say that the hard-working parish priest possesses in this book a little library under his eye and hand. No doubt, for the use we refer to, a certain amount of reflection is necessary, but not anything like the time which would be spent in committing to memory the substance of the very sermon a man himself had written. We shall conclude this notice by saying we are again reminded of Cardinal Manning's book above mentioned by the treatment of Grace and the Sacraments, and this is about the highest praise we can give the explanation of Christian Doctrine before us.

Impressions and Opinions, by Walter Lecky.*—The papers called by the title of this notice need very little commendation. The versatility of the writer is recognized in this country and in England, and we have evidence of that quality in this little book. Though there is a sort of unity in the subjects which may be said to refer them to one leading literary principle, namely, the art of criticism, they are still independent enough of each other to give variety of entertainment. The style is sometimes homely with a characteristic sharpness which reminds one of Crabbe, but not unfrequently, when the theme has stirred the subtler springs within the writer, it becomes eloquent, dignified, or pathetic. We have instances both of the

* Boston : Angel Guardian Press.

Crabbe-like rough sagacity and of the acuteness of criticism and exactness of diction in the essays entitled "A New Poet," "A Second Book," "Just a Little Book," and "An Irish Singer." He is very Crabbe-like in "Amiel and Pessimism"; and that means he has good sound sense and a knack of making people see that shams are to be honestly despised and put down, instead of being treated with indulgence or possibly looked upon as chivalries. The paper entitled "M. Zola and his Art" is trenchant and that on "Catholic Literature" admirable. By the way, he makes an observation in it which is, of course, as true as anything can be, namely, that in England "a prohibition was placed on Catholic books." . . . "Yet our Catholic forefathers fought strenuously against intellectual death." The first proposition says quite enough of the policy of English-speaking Protestantism, the second is a vindication of that love of learning which seems an inheritance of the Catholic. We have heard Catholics in this country who happened to possess the little education symbolized by a degree in arts attribute the backwardness of Catholics to ignorance of the new philosophy, just as if there were such a thing as new philosophy at all. Philosophy is the science of causes, and not the classification of instances or the report of experimental results. The modern man of science makes the mistake of confounding philosophy with theory, and so his half-taught disciples wipe away the Greek and Latin schools with the unknown systems of Egypt and the East inherited by them, wipe away the almost inspired application of the teaching of those schools by means of which the Fathers of the church and the Schoolmen anticipated and solved every question that now disturbs society. We are obliged to Walter Lecky for the two remarks we have quoted, if only because they have given the opportunity to express our scorn and contempt of the half-taught Catholic of the public school and the degree-conferring body of a lecture institute called a college, who believes that "culture" is non-Catholic, but fears that wisdom is Catholic.

The Cup of the Tregarvans, by Frances I. Kershaw.*—The writer is Sister Isabelle, author of *Mrs. Markham's Two Nieces* and other works; and she gives us in this story a vivid picture of the evils of intemperance. By the command of an admirable style and the possession of much knowledge of old family

* *The Cup of the Tregarvans*. By Frances I. Kershaw. London: R. & T. Washbourne; New York: Benziger Bros.

history and old usages she lifts her "novel with a purpose" out of the dry leaves of that species of composition. We were refreshed by the writer's modesty as much as we were pleased by the easy grace with which she flung an interest on incidents commonplace enough, and the exercise of habits degrading and disgusting to the last degree. The tale is written in the hope it will do good. We ask for it a hearing. It deserves one for the success with which the writer triumphs over the difficulty of an uninviting subject, and for the benevolence which opened to the wretched drunkard a life of repentance without impairing the value of the lesson inculcated in the shame and violence of his early days.

Let no Man put Asunder, by Josephine Marié,* is a very clever story by the author of *Love Stronger than Death*, and one that can be safely recommended for its sound knowledge and moral elevation. It would hardly be fair to indicate the points of the story—we prefer that our readers should go to the book itself for these, but there are some of the circumstances—what in illustrative painting is called the decorative side—which we shall notice because they afford tokens of the ability of the author. The first chapter, what might in a play be called the first scene of the first act, opens in a hospital, where a young girl is found in attendance on her dying mother. She is a clever and accomplished girl of good birth, but only seventeen, and when the mother dies there is no protector. The physician who attended the mother, Dr. Thorndale, takes a great and compassionate interest in the orphan. Esperance is her name. He takes her to his home—he is in leading practice—and Mrs. Thorndale, the doctor's wife, and his two sons, Donaldson and Anselm, receive her, and she becomes one of the family. The Thorndales are Episcopalians; Esperance is a Catholic, with but one friend in New York who had known her in childhood in England, the Jesuit now of Sixteenth Street, Father Searlington. Dr. Thorndale, suspecting his *protégée* is pining, calls on Father Searlington, and carries him off to dinner to meet Esperance.

From this time life moves in Dr. Thorndale's family in a round of quiet, well-bred repose; the doctor at his practice, the boys at their studies, and the guest now to all intents and purposes an adopted child, and the gracious wife and mother shedding around the influence of a gentle and noble character.

* *Let no Man put Asunder*. By Josephine Marié. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The respective dispositions of the boys, or rather of the young men, are drawn with remarkable force and precision. Donaldson falls in love with Esperance, who returns his affection, but he goes to Paris to finish his studies for the medical profession without making known his sentiments. He prosecutes them with distinguished success. A curious complication arises—it seems a little far-fetched, to be sure—but as a result of it an advertisement and a paragraph appear in the *New York Herald*, the first announcing, the second giving details, of a rather peculiar kind, of the marriage of Donaldson Thurston Thorndale and Marienette L'Estrange, at the English chapel in the Rue d'Alma. It was known from Donaldson's letters that his intimate friend was a student of great promise named Pierre L'Estrange. It is well to bear in mind that the old doctor had died before Donaldson's departure for Europe, and both Anselm and Esperance were anxious to keep from the mother the intelligence which appeared in the paper.

Believing that Donaldson was married, though she found it difficult to think him capable of disloyalty, Esperance agrees to marry Anselm. There was deep treachery towards his brother in the conduct of Anselm. A slight but suggestive study of the descent of a weak and attractive character from selfishness to dishonor marks this stage of Anselm's wooing. The marriage takes place, Donaldson returns home. At his unexpected entrance Anselm becomes deadly pale. The former notices this, but for the time passes it by as without significance. Other circumstances point to a mystery, which is finally revealed by the determination of Donaldson, doubtless inspired by the instinct of affection, to find out the truth. Then comes the silent tragedy of a life which, under the influence of religion and suffering, becomes refined and elevated in the young wife. Her example, the sweetness of her patience, and her conscientious regard for duty redeem the husband. With this meagre outline we dismiss the reader to find out for himself the art with which the points are woven into a story consistent enough, notwithstanding the rather unusual, if not wholly improbable, coincidences upon which the plot turns. The mere fact that certain occurrences are possible are not legitimate forces to be employed in the conduct of a work of imagination, unless they spring from, or are directed in some way by, one of the characters endowed with power to produce the catastrophe. The paltry incidents, the slight circumstances, which wreck the name, fame, and life of Othello, are not only ren-

dered probable in the effect aimed at, but are an irresistible influence when employed by the profound insight into character which Iago possessed.

The subjects treated in this volume of historical papers* belong to the past in their interest, and in a secondary sense only to the present. That is, they have a value as side-lights showing certain conditions under which the struggle between the church and the forces against her has been carried on since the Reformation in England. One paper, called the *Hungarian Confession*, would at first sound appear to be outside this area, but as political misrepresentation abroad has been a considerable factor in influencing English opinion on the church as a social fact, it is very far from being irrelevant.

The other articles are, one on the "English Coronation Oath," in accordance with which the sovereign enters upon his office over his Catholic subjects by swearing that their religion is superstitious and idolatrous. This, which is a learned article by Father Bridgett, C.S.S.R., may open a way to new historical appreciations on the part of our non-Catholic friends. The paper entitled "Blessed Thomas Percy, Martyr, Earl of Northumberland," by Father Phillips, is a chapter in the struggle of the church with the masterful policy of Elizabeth and her ministers. One value, at least, in papers of this kind, when they can be relied upon—and these can be fully trusted—is that they help to fix the memory of the general historical events of a period and at the same time enable one to judge of their relation to each other; but possibly better still, to the formation of a sound habit of thought with respect to great movements which they are sure to foster in minds of some capacity.

The other papers are, the "Landing of St. Augustine," by the learned editor, and the "Reformation at St. Martin's, Leicester," by Dudley Baxter, B.A. The "Landing of St. Augustine" is a well-reasoned essay, the point of which may be well gathered from the form in which he puts certain questions formulated by the Bishop of Stepney. This prelate in the form of his questions implied and assumed so much that was not merely controversial, but what any historian except a mere churchman would decide against him, that it was necessary to cast the matter at issue into this form, in which it could be fully and at the same time conveniently discussed. "Did he

* *Historical Papers*. Edited by Rev. Sydney T. Smith, J.P. London: Catholic Truth Society.

(St. Augustine) come to found a church which should be independent of the See of Peter? or one which should look up to it as the necessary centre of unity and the necessary source of all ecclesiastical authority?" Whether the Anglicans are departing from or merely returning to the "Reformation settlement," one has an excellent means of judging from the parish and other entries in day books and account books given in Mr. Baxter's essay named above.

Concerning the utility of discussions on the comparative number of the saved and the lost for the general reader there may be a good deal of difference of opinion, but there can be none as to the interest with which speculations on such deep and absorbing topics are regarded by the vast majority of people. The profound and vital problems springing from the Creation of man, the Fall and the Redemption, in all their aspects and bearings on the human race, were fought over in the Scotch churches from the reign of Mary until the Revolution, and outside the churches were fought over by country gentlemen at the head of their tenants on the one side, and wild fanatics and well-paid mercenaries under the Reforming nobles on the other for awhile; and for awhile by the forces of the crown on one side and the fanatics without the mercenaries on the other. Then their interest departed. In what way it can become a question of practical utility—this one of the relative number of the saved and lost—we fail to see, unless a very considerable tract is employed in defining the meaning of terms. What are the respective numbers required? What are the claims of God's justice? What are the materials for judgment in estimating the proportions of good and bad men in any age, and again in every age? Father Walsh offers* an interesting examination of Massillon's two sermons entitled "On the Small Number of the Elect"; and with respect to these we cordially agree with our author that the great preacher is to be admired for the apostolic spirit which alone could have inspired him to address sermons of the kind to a king like Louis XIV., and a court such as that which turned with each "vary" of his like the "halcyon beaks" Kent describes with such force and spirit.

Under another title much of what Father Walsh presents to us would be invaluable in correcting erroneous notions of

* *The Comparative Number of the Saved and the Lost.* By Nicholas Walsh, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

the church's teaching with regard to God's dealing with mankind. At the same time we do not mean to say that the purely speculative form of the title impairs the value of what he says about the church's teaching on this matter. In this he states the doctrine of the church; but if we take, for instance, the question of what she holds concerning those outside the fold, apart from the comparative number of the saved and lost of the whole human race, a practical question of vital interest to those persons is immediately raised. He presents this point himself with great felicity, but who would expect to find it in a "study" into which as an element of computation the number of baptized infants must largely enter? "We Catholics," he says and says well, "are no doubt singularly privileged, the petted children of God, but we must not do an injustice to him by imagining that we have so absorbed his privileges and love that he has not much left for our poor pagan brothers and sisters."

A Harp of Many Chords, by Mary F. Nixon,* is a brightly told account of experiences in foreign countries by an American heiress and her aunt. They wander from one country to another and have had the advantage of mixing with really good society, which is a very different thing from fashionable society. The first visit is paid to a country family in the North of Ireland, and the elements of a romance arise there between the heiress and an "English-Irishman." We are informed he has the merit of combining the "staying power of the Anglo-Saxon" with the "passionate purity inherited from his Irish ancestors." Some way or another outside people with the best feelings—we mean people not brought up in Ireland and not racy of the soil, but with kindly sentiments towards that race—are invariably blundering in their estimates of its character and disposition.

The American ladies meet a very polite and somewhat melodramatic Austrian baron in the Tyrol. Pages of lively description of scene and incident make the stay there pleasant for the reader. Curiously the English-Irishman turns up while the heiress is spending some heart-sick moments in the cathedral of Innsbruck. She says she is "awfully" glad to see him. However, in a confession for advice—she had no intention of putting her sins on another's shoulders, which it seems Catholics do when they confess in the Sacrament of Penance—

* *A Harp of Many Chords*. By Mary F. Nixon. St. Louis: B. Herder.

she informs him that the baron saved their lives when a pair of horses ran away, but he made her uncomfortable. There was a mistake in the matter of identification which, though not quite new in works of fiction, is very amusingly wrought out, much more so than the similar one in *Quentin Durward*. Let us be understood: "more amusingly" we say, but there are circumstances in the adventures of the Ladies of Croye not often approached in interest. A very unusual thing in a book of this kind, a difficulty is solved by overhearing a conversation; the eavesdropping is accidental at first, but for the honor of listening to the conversation we have not even Edgar's excuse for opening his brother's letter. There was no necessity to dig secrets out of hearts. There is talk of a duel and the baron says to the "English-Irishman": "Otto von Diesko does not fire twice." Unless we are greatly mistaken no Austrian gentleman would make this boast, though it is the kind of thing that draws down the gallery in a transpontine theatre. The next incident, and the whole company would be called before the curtain, as the detective, like an amiable *deus ex machina*, solves a difficulty complicated as a problem in sociology proposed by a Chicago professor.

The book is entertaining. It appears you do not escape advertisements in North Africa; no one would suppose you escaped them in the South—that is, at the Cape—or wherever British commerce, equivalent for religion, has found its way; but in Tangier, unless we are mistaken, Sozodont is painted on the walls. Dr. Hunt, whose acquaintance is made in Africa, impresses the heiress. She reviews the men whom she met in the short period since she left the convent in Paris and who were an "interest" to her. The number, though respectable, is not appalling, and we beg our readers to remember our word "interest" is not a word of very restricted signification. However, a romance springs out of this acquaintance, with a shadow or two of sadness, but somewhat melodramatic. Miss Nixon is best at descriptions of scenery, and she sometimes works out her conversations with naturalness and piquancy, but she suffers from the mania of the time, a desire to be brilliant, when instead she is, like Mr. Marion Crawford, only smart or flippant, with the flippancy of the oyster-bar or the music-hall. This may seem severe, but it simply demonstrates that this author has taken her impressions of men and women and of their ways from poor novels; mainly from shallow and vulgar books like Balzac's, Mr. Allen's, and that crowd of money-

seekers who have not only destroyed the literary taste of our time, but have introduced an epidemic of coarse thought and an infection of bad manners into what those persons represent as good society. The result is that it is almost impossible to expect a good book for purposes of relaxation. It will portray a society which never existed except in the fancy of the writer. If the men and women of such a book are shown in illustrations, these are no more like the author's drawing than Rosinante resembled the war-steed for which he stood in the imagination of the immortal Knight of La Mancha. You could worship the image of every man or woman in the pages of Balzac, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Grant Allen, or of some others, without being guilty of idolatry, because that man or woman would be like nothing in heaven, or on earth, or under the earth. We could say no less for certain reasons, but we can very fairly add that Miss Nixon's book is a pleasant one; and an enjoyable hour or two may be derived from it by any reader whatever.

The title of the 39-page pamphlet before us* naturally leads one to expect patriotic songs, such as might be supposed to spring into life within the brain of one who rejoices over the German, Austrian, and Italian league, but the author had in mind a sweeter, holier, and more enduring union—the triple alliance mentioned in a text of St. Paul's, "Now abideth Faith, Hope, and Love, these three." It is not to be thought, however, that these are sacred songs. Their character is, indeed, ennobling and distinctly religious, but their themes are more earthly than divine. It is the love—noble and pure—of man for woman, of parent for child, of a strong, true soul for its country, for the beauty of created things, for the hero, the poet, and the benefactors of human kind, that fills the author's heart and is embalmed in his words, though ever and anon the sublimer strains of faith and trust in God and of love for him break on the ear.

There are in all twenty-two poems, and not one lacks in either thought or expression the clear impress of a true and skilful poet's care, while some have high worth, displaying as they do elevated thought and a rich, chaste imagination, as well as an excellent choice of words and rhythm. One will not meet in the whole book a single stiff or limping verse, nor more than a few imperfect rhymes. There is in this work,

* *Staves of the Triple Alliance*. By St. James Cummings. Published by the Author, Charleston, S. C.

however, one jarring note. Though, to our own thinking, some of these poems may not unfittingly win a long life in the memories and affections of men, still it would have been better had the author not told us that they will be treasured through the ages to come—

“ If one good listener’s heart continue warm
Towards lives kept pure and beauty that is fraught
With cheer for those who struggle through the storm.”

In the race for lasting fame these songs may be outstripped by rivals of late birth, as they are by many a sweet and wholesome predecessor, and yet men’s hearts will thrill with love for the beautiful and pure.

A bit of Yankee enterprise is illustrated in the making of the book *Jack Curzon*,* by Archibald Claverling Gunter, just at this time. Mr. Gunter might, indeed, be reasonably suspected of being a shrewd advertising agent employed by various steamship companies, hemp manufacturers, and various other commercial affairs, besides killing another bird with the same stone for himself. The best word that can be said for *Jack Curzon* is that it is just vulgar. It is an up-to-date story of our late brush with the Spaniards, and it has all the “extras” of the newest burlesque. Mr. Gunter’s eye to stage-setting might rival Irving’s own. Nothing has been overlooked in the way of “properties.” The very latest thing in the way of Philippine friar villany (and the very oldest too in the way of slander) has been “brought on” in the panorama which he spreads before us. His manipulation of names which are now household words, Hobson, Dewey, Aguinaldo, Weyler, *et el.*, and the way they serve to dress up his little tale, would, it seems to us, make the profession of the yellow journalist a far more profitable business to this enterprising author than either novel writing or advertising. Yet it is a pity that such remarkable talent and facility with the pen should be employed in no more ambitious way than he has used it, even though it may pay. And a book like *Jack Curzon* will undoubtedly pay, since the same enterprise which dictated the writing of it is employed in getting it before the public, as we understand that Mr. Gunter publishes his own books.

* *Jack Curzon*, (being a portion of the Records of the Managing Clerk of Martin Thompson & Co., English merchants doing business in Hong Kong, Manila, Cebu, and Straits Settlements). A novel. By Archibald Claverling Gunter, author of *Mr. Barnes of New York*. New York: The Home Publishing Company.

What a pity that man rarely is aware of the arrival of that auspicious moment in his life when the tide of his affairs is at its flood and *might* lead on to fortune. If this book had been written without the trail of the serpent that winds in and out through the fair scenes and the glowing pictures of love and war, romance and chivalry, which he has depicted in its pages, Mr. Gunter might have proven the American Cervantes of the coming century. Perhaps he may have aspired to this when he selected his theme. He could not have reached out more boldly than he has for something startling and extraordinary and altogether fascinating. His principal creation of an American Spanish beauty, or beauties, for there are two of them, daughters of an old New England pirate who has abrogated his rights of American citizenship in his greed for Spanish gold obtained by trading in her colonies, is a masterpiece of imagination and a decided "hit," in stage parlance. He might easily charm two continents with such a creature, for he has kept intact in her every Spanish charm and grace inherited from her Castilian mother while blending with it the quintessence of fin-de-siècle American girlism, sending her to Vassar College, and from thence to "Miss Browne's fashionable academy on Fifth Avenue, and from thence to Kansas to vote" and become a full-fledged "citizeness" of the United States! so that even the far-away twentieth century triumphs yet in store for the American girl may be anticipated for this beautiful creature. But there is some absurd anti-climax in the author's attempts at tragedy and pathos, which are very much like the serio-comic touches of genuine burlesque. He can neither be wholly tragic nor wholly pathetic even after he has created the most sublime situations. Neither can he resist spoiling some of his most delicate touches with a smudge of coarseness. His love-making is vulgar, though apparently intended to be worthy of Bayard himself in *sans peur et sans reproche*.

His ideas and opinions of the native Filipino are original, to say the least, but quite what might be expected from one who knows nothing about them while pretending to know it all. "Dear, fascinating, brave, merry little Filipinos; a race with man's muscle, but woman's nature; brave as women, impulsive as women, vindictive as women, fickle as women, who love like women, hate like women, and fight like men—who are sometimes fierce as devils, and at other times tender as nursery rhymes." Concerning their religion, he thus sums up the

only part of it which was in evidence to *him*: "Though whatever their former creeds have been, Buddha or Vishnu or Mohammed, or worshippers of that mysterious being that strikes them down by lightning thunderbolts that they call Cambunian, they all, men and women, girls and boys, carry candles and march in religious *festins*, and cross themselves and go to confession and salaam to their *padres*, as members of the Church of Rome; all these hating Spain, yet bowing to the flag that floats over the citadel of Santiago."

Perhaps the one pure human touch in the whole book is the dog-like faithfulness of a Tagal boy to his imperious American mistress, or perhaps it is the gentle old Philippine friar, Mazie's confessor, whose invariable advice as to the vexing question of her marriage with the English officer is to "marry the man she loves." It is one admission, though a questionable one from Mr. Gunter, that these greedy friars can listen to other promptings of human nature besides the baser ones.

On the day of Newman's conversion to the church, and thenceforward, Dr. Pusey was acknowledged leader of the Tractarian movement in the English Church. It is owing to his prominence in that position that his name is known all the world over, that Puseyite and Puseyism were coined into the English language, and that a Greek newspaper even spoke of Pouzeismós. But there was another side to the man and less well known, forming the chief matter of interest in the present volume.

The lofty plane on which his private life was pitched, and the recognized earnestness and self-denying virtue of the great divine, made him a man apart. He cultivated to the end of his life that craving for spiritual development and growth in holiness which had been the inspiring note of the original Tractarianism, and spent his days in consistent practice of those high ideals he had preached, living simply and piously, as far as he could in seclusion, working early and late for friend and stranger, rich and poor alike, interesting himself in all who applied for his assistance, and giving them of what he had. Famous for deep scholarship, literary activity, and leadership in ecclesiastical politics, it must not be forgotten that Dr. Pusey was likewise a comforter of souls, the standby and support of thousands, to whom no clear light had come in their religious difficulties, and for whom he, unassisted, must do duty as friend, guide, confessor, bishop, and *church*. Throughout

his life such perplexing questions as sisterhoods, confessions, ritual, and ceremonial were constantly coming forward to be submitted to his ultimatum, and even more personal questions, as personal beliefs, pious or penitential exercises, were placed before him, with a readiness and hope born of earnestness and unselfishness recognized as proper to a man who sold his horses that he might give more generously, and whose wife parted with her jewels as an offering to the London churches.

The private, inner sentiments of such a life naturally find freest and truest expression in personal letters. Hence, the editors of the great volumes recently published expressed their intention of publishing Dr. Pusey's Letters to supply the gap necessarily left by the biographer in the record of that busy life. And so here* we have collected a considerable portion of that immense correspondence carried on by him, in dealing with the difficulties of individual souls. The portion of most interest, and most properly the one to which largest space is given, we think to be that dealing with trials in the spiritual life of those who sought his counsel, partly because advice on such matters is of universal and undying interest, partly because it so clearly portrays the writer's personality and strongest traits, and partly, too, because his theological position and arguments are well enough known and sufficiently available elsewhere.

Those of the letters dealing with affliction and death are most characteristic, perhaps doubly impressive, when we remember the touching and romantic attachment which Dr. Pusey bore for ten long years towards her who finally became his wife, only to be separated a few years after, leaving a sting in her husband's heart that attested at once the purity of his affection and the strength of his religious submission. Letters of advice to unbelievers, and to those trembling on the verge of the Roman tide, likewise outline clearly the characteristic bent of the writer's mind, and give us an idea at once of that unshaken, never-hesitating confidence of position mentioned by Newman, and again of the immense difficulties that had to be faced in doing duty as the sole channel of orthodox belief to a whole church's doctrinal and spiritual aspirations. The book is a necessary supplement to the work on which Dr. Liddon spent so many years, and will be thoroughly appreciated by those who have followed sympathizingly the details of a great man's life.

* *Spiritual Letters of Edward Bouverie Pusey*. Edited by the Rev. J. O. Johnston, M.A., and the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The translation of another of Father Grou's works * will be welcomed by every one who can appreciate spiritual writings. This volume is but a portion of the author's *L'École de Jésus Christ*, but makes up quite a complete treatise, sure by its title to win a large number of persons carefully to scrutinize it. For we have yet to meet the earnest Christian who is not ready and eager to be instructed on how to improve in the practice of that essential of spiritual life and progress, prayer.

Our most extravagant admiration could lend no further value to a work of Father Grou's than what it possesses as a birthright, for the author is of unquestioned excellence as a pious, deep-thinking, sensible, clear, and impressive expositor of Christ's teaching and the science of the saints. We dare only note, for our readers' sake, how strongly this master of the spiritual life insists on the fact that "spirituality" and piety and great growth in God's service are not rare, exceptional gifts closely monopolized by the few; but that to every one of us God is calling to approach him more nearly, to make of our souls the great, glorious, beautiful things their Creator planned them to be. A further comment we cannot refrain from is, that a sifting of the Lord's Prayer—the prayer *par excellence* for all time in heaven and on earth—supplies Father Grou, concise and brief as is his style, with matter for *nearly a hundred pages*. We commend the memory of this fact to those persons who measure progress by the *number* of times they can race through this or other vocal prayers, thinking that one hundred and eighty-six Our Fathers will certainly do twice as much good as ninety-three.

The Christ, by O. C. Auringer and J. Oliver Smith.†—We have in the work just named what the authors call on their title-page a poetical study of the life of the Lord. They are not Catholics, but they are largely imbued with the Catholic spirit; and this may be saying that they are poets too. It is not remarkable to us, who know the reason, that the highest and sweetest thought by which soul communicates with soul comes from the sentiment and emotion informed by the Catholic intellect. Poets whose doctrinal or speculative opinions were as hostile to the church as those of her declared enemies have said their finest things when for a moment they stood in

**How to Pray*. From the French of Abbé Grou, S.J., by Teresa Fitzgerald. Edited, with preface, by Father Clarke, S.J. London: Thomas Baker; New York: Benziger Bros.

† New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the penumbra of her teaching. Her mind alone realizes the nature and dignity of man, and her heart the pathos of his weakness and the power of temptation. She loves man in a sense profounder and more far-reaching than the Greek love of his intellect and shape; she loves him as her Spouse did, despite the leprosy of his sin and the loathsomeness of physical disease. So, when a pure and elevated sympathy found expression here and there in the tumult of Byron's passion, we were reminded of the Catholic heart; when a truth concerning the brotherhood of man and its relation to the common Father comes out in Faust, we think that Goethe's meditations led him towards the light; the same with Wordsworth and with Tennyson; the same with the authors of the poems before us.

They have not, indeed, the varied power and intensity of "the lords of song," but they possess the power which belongs to purity of thought and loyalty to conscience; the power which brings men of high ideals, and earnestness in pursuing them, to the mountain tops where prophets breathe as their true atmosphere an air too difficult for men of selfish aims.

There are speculative errors in these poems, and in these we invariably see that the singers lose the magic of their touch, a something of subtle discord as though another spirit leant upon the strings. In such differences we perceive their inferiority to the great poets to whom the high frenzy of intellect or the passion of genius revealed a truth amid the whirlwinds of human feeling, or the results of powers trained merely in speculative thought and the imitation of the most perfect models. It is such heights to which genius alone can rise that show how much greater one man may be than another. That the writers before us could pursue a thought through windings of the awful and mysterious, we have evidence in the faulty poem "Gethsemane"; that in language and the music of words they possess the skill of imitative art in a degree scarcely excelled by Tennyson, is apparent in "The Journey of Mary to the Hill-Country." Yet in the latter, admirable though its execution is, we do not find one instance of that perfect relation between thought and word which can be found scattered through the poems of Tennyson, of Shelley, and of Byron.

Heroes of the Middle West, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood,* is a small volume, but it deserves more than a brief notice and

* Boston : Ginn & Co. ; The Athenæum Press.

we are sorry we can spare only a paragraph or two in noticing it. The starting of Father Marquette's expedition to the Upper Mississippi from the missionary station of St. Ignace, in 1673, is described with animation. The party consisted of seven: the priest himself, Louis Joliet, and five trained woodsmen. The governor of Canada, Count de Frontenac, thought the enterprise sufficiently important to send Joliet and the woodsmen with Father Marquette. There are some allusions to the family of the latter which ought to possess interest for Americans. One is that three Marquettes fought for Independence under Lafayette. We learn that at the time the confederacy known as the Five Nations only counted twenty-two hundred fighting men; and yet these were the most formidable savages on the continent to European settlers. It may be readily enough inferred that almost as many millions of people as there were then hundreds now derive subsistence from the region over which those savages fished and hunted for precarious support.

The first meeting with Indians was at a village not far from the great river. They were a branch "of the great Algonquin family." Marquette and Joliet being led to the principal lodge, found outside the door an old Indian awaiting them in full court dress arranged for the occasion, as in Paradise before the Fall. His gestures are described as graceful and dignified as he welcomed them with the words, "How bright is the sun when you come to see us, O Frenchmen! Our lodges are all open to you." Within the wigwam the visitors were offered the pipe of peace—what Artemus Ward calls the "calumet" of that relation between high contracting parties. Marquette took the pipe, though that part of the ceremony seemed a hard penance to him. Well, in diplomatic intercourse, from the earliest days, much smoke has been blown and some swallowed against the will. Joliet did his part in this branch of the ambassadorial functions with the zest and energy of a veteran cloud-compeller.

The interview with the chief, who resided in "a town" some distance from the village, is a picture of rare value as a sociological study, and given with much grace and animation of style. It suggests some speculation of a kind in direct conflict with the theories of that highly amiable school of social philosophy represented by Spencer. The lodges of the savages possessed evidences of comfort which could not be found in laborers' dwellings in England at the close of the last and the

beginning of the present century. After presenting cloth and beads, the missionary stated they were voyaging in peace to visit nations on the river. With more presents he declared he came to announce that God their Creator had taken pity on them, and sent them to make Him known to them. With more presents he informed them that the French had established peace by overcoming the Iroquois, and with more presents he concluded the address by requesting all the knowledge they could give about the sea and intervening nations.

The compliments paid by the chief to the Blackgown were high flown enough in all conscience, but in incomparably better taste than her own courtiers and foreign ambassadors used to offer Elizabeth. The earth had never been so beautiful, he said, the sun so bright, as on that day; but he put it rather strongly when he attributed the even flow of the river to the retirement of the rocks at the approach of their canoes; however, he could speak from experience when he added that his tobacco had never had so fine a flavor as on that occasion.

The banquet was a hospitable affair. We shall give a portion of the menu: First course, sagamity, or corn-meal, boiled in water and grease; the second, fish; the third, dog; the fourth, buffalo; but we infer this would not have appeared only that the missionaries shrank from the preceding course. Manners are, like usages, dependent on surroundings and so on. The chief spoon-fed his guests with the corn-meal, like children. Three or four spoonfuls to Marquette, then as many to Joliet. Nothing could be more distinguished than the politeness with which he dispensed the fish. He picked out the bones with his own fingers, blew on the fish to cool it, and—we give the rest in our author's own words, for which we cannot just now think of any at all so expressive—"stuffed the explorers with all he could make them accept." The chief made a present of a boy to Marquette, and begged of him to stay with them as an intermediary with the Great Spirit. A calumet dance was held in honor of the visitors, a very remarkable ceremony, and on the following day, after promising to return to instruct their hosts, they were accompanied by several hundreds of the friendly tribe to their canoes. An interesting memento was that of their seeing the two painted dragons high up on the rocks above the water before they came to the place where the turbid rush of the Missouri sweeps in like a storm on the clearer stream. They only escaped being massacred when they came to the wide expanse near the mouth of the Arkansa. River by the coolness

of Marquette and his holding up the Illinois calumet during the rain of missiles until it was observed by the assailants.

Now we come to Marquette's illness, and soon after his death ; and we close this notice of a book which the reader will find an excellent chapter in that history of daring and adventure, of fortitude and fidelity to high purposes, which serves to purify men's spirits amid the selfish pursuits and the petty routine of ordinary life, with the word that there are other heroes told of later on.

A Cruise under the Crescent, by Charles Warren Stoddard.*—The sketches accompanying the letter-press of Mr. Stoddard are very suitable to the matter in which they are framed, and help to illustrate it in a pleasant, easy way. The ground traversed is familiar to us in every kind of composition. It has been regarded from every point of view and by every order of ability. Vanity desiring to see itself on a title-page has written its inanities, or employed other hands to put in shape its impressions. Norway has not yet been overdone, but it is so fearfully suggestive of novelties to the yachtsman or the Cockney that it cannot remain longer safe from the fate of the South and East. Mr. Stoddard's style is something of a luxury. It puts one at his ease. There is a kind of charm like that of good conversation on everything he tells about, whether it be about the Bethlehem shop-keepers who pull your skirts that you may buy, or the man who offers to tattoo your arm in memory of Jerusalem.

One might almost cry out in despair on the first glance at Jerusalem, seeing the mercenary spirit of its inhabitants, which penetrates even the most secret and sacred of shrines. "Ye have made it a den of thieves," he adds in a quiet, convincing way. A quiet word or two about a Moslem cemetery—a tiny garden-plot in the Via Dolorosa—puts its flowers and thistles fat and thriving before you—nay, you rest in its serene and secret loveliness as if you were reading a little poem on death which is not altogether sad. The impression produced by this picture, painted with such mysterious power over tranquillizing thoughts, makes us look upon Gray's "Elegy" as a blatant profanation of man's last resting place, which should be always held sacred to soft and solemn memories.

He conducts us to the most singular and solemn spectacle which could have been witnessed anywhere since the daughters of Sion wept by the waters of Babylon. It was at the Jews'

* Chicago and New York : Rand, McNally & Co.

wailing-place. It was a wail raised at the foundations of the Temple, where men and women and young lads poured out their souls in agonies of grief and prayer over the place that is desolate, destroyed; over the walls no longer there, the departed majesty of the people, their glorious dead, their priests who had stumbled before God, and the kings who had despised him. We can almost fancy we hear, as our author thought he heard, the name of Jerusalem said over and over a thousand times, as the antiphon praying for mercy on Sion, for the calling together the children of Jerusalem—Sion and Jerusalem ending the alternate lines was chanted by each in turn. We confess to have been deeply touched by this memorial of the despair of an outcast people, even though the mingled sounds of the hopeless sorrow and the fierce energy of the prayer of long desolated hearts were no more than a fancy wrought in us by words.

Beirut has a word or two from him which reminds one of the effect of a cameo of many colors; but he is disillusioning when he comes to the fertile Troad, the wind-swept Ilium, the Hellespont. Curtius' *History of Greece* is quite poetic amid its philosophy in treating of these scenes where the homicide Mars bellowed and the wise Ulysses and the other well-greaved Greeks left to all generations such a record in policy and arms as will not be surpassed by the perfected race which Positivism is to produce. Fancy! when he comes to the Hellespont, Mr. Stoddard says Leander swam it; "so did Byron, so did we—in a ship." We can only add, in sorrow, so did "Mr. Ekenhead," but not in a ship. He seems grateful to Homer for burning Troy because the fertile Troad is a bleak plain.

When he gets cruising between the Pontus and Propontis he is a very pleasant companion, as indeed everywhere. What memories are associated with these shores! Going hither and thither through the book, as the author swings in his ship from the European to the Asiatic side and back again, we enjoy the scenes he opens, the curious notes on men—never caustic, though sometimes droll with the very slightest flavor of malice—a suspicion of Attic salt—and we give him our thanks for a delightful time.

How to Enjoy Pictures is a tasteful little volume,* excepting the color of covers. Its distinct purpose is to help the uninitiated properly to appreciate pictures and photographs. All the workmanship, writing, illustration, and binding is well

* *How to Enjoy Pictures*. By M. S. Emery. The Prang Educational Co.

and gracefully done, each serving its end admirably. The limitation of aim forbids our criticising the plan as defective. Still, one must realize that a personal study of great masterpieces is apt to be arbitrary; and the writer here, necessarily, reads her own ideas into the subjects passed under review. This, of course, will scarcely educate the reader in the art of critical appreciation; whether it may or may not result in successful attempts at criticism on similar lines depends on the student's ambition and energy. On the whole the book is very welcome, as being another effort to develop good taste and lofty thought among the many. A foundation in the principles governing successful composition is pretty sure to be the gain of any intelligent reader of Miss Emery's work. Nothing striking or original is ventured; and, of course, nothing but the ordinary views proclaimed. The illustrations are a well-chosen series of reproductions from the great masters, ancient and modern, the most familiar and popular pieces being selected, as is very wise. The series, too, is fairly representative of Catholic work and Catholic masters; and a novel feature is a consideration of illustrations produced in current standard magazines.

Accomplished gentleman and courteous, as M. Bourget proved himself on occasion of his visit to us, still he is capable of writing *The Disciple*.^{*} It seems wonderful to us. Perhaps we are less used to such anomalies on this side of the water; but certainly a man among us who attains to M. Bourget's station would carry something better to the publishers than the manuscript of a work like this.

If the lessons of the book are needed by the typical young Frenchman of the day, then well may the men of letters "tremble at their own responsibility." Poor, shallow, spiritless *canaille* is the youth of France, if such volumes are its gospel. How different from the generous spirits that thronged the universities a half-century ago!

Psychology amateurish, characters undeveloped save in one instance; plot, plan, aim not discernible. Heaven forgive the writer of a book so thoroughly lacking in justification of existence! Situations of dramatic possibility are uncultivated, wild traits and abnormal dispositions are multiplied, the *dénouement* is laughably, grotesquely flat. We give the author *carte blanche* to depict the passionate—for M. Bourget does not feed

^{*} *The Disciple*. By Paul Bourget. (Translated.) London and New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

upon filth and gloat over coarseness—and he produces so dismally powerless a picture that we are fain to cry out: Was it for this I waded through weary pages of analysis and minute study?

Nay, M. Bourget, give us some clever little sketches of men and things and do not pose as the leader and teacher of a rising generation, and never again write so grand a preface to a similarly disappointing work.

Let us add that the person who translated this book should never again be entrusted with a task of that sort; not even the poverty of the subject matter can justify such atrocious slaughter.

NEW BOOKS.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

German Higher Schools. By James E. Russell, Ph.D.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO., New York:

Laurel Winners, Portraits, and Silhouettes of American Composers.

SILVER, BURDETT & CO., New York:

Through the Year. Book I., September to January. By Anna M. Clyde and Lillian Wallace. *Through the Year.* Book II., February to June.

Poetry of the Seasons. Compiled by Mary I. Lovejoy. *Braided Straws.* By Elizabeth E. Foulke.

SWEDENBORG PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, Germantown, Pa.:

God Winning Us. By Rev. Clarence Lathbury.

CHISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLISHING CO., New York:

Symbolism of Early Christianity from the Catacombs of Rome. Three Lectures by Right Rev. F. S. Chatard, Bishop of Indianapolis.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

A Harp of Many Chords. By Mary F. Nixon. *The Ideal New Woman.* From the French of the Countess Ernestine De Trémaudan.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., New York:

The Message of Christ to Manhood; being the William Beldon Noble Lectures for 1898.

THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Ind.:

The Tales Told Us. By Mary E. Mannix.

MACMILLAN CO., New York:

Three Studies in Literature. By Lewis E. Gates, Professor of English in Harvard.

AMERICAN BOOK CO., New York:

The Story of the Thirteen Colonies. By H. A. Guerber. *Selections from the Correspondence of Cicero.* By J. C. Kirtland, Jr., Phillips Exeter Academy. *Ten Orations of Cicero.* Edited by William R. Harper, Ph.D., President University of Chicago, and Frank A. Gallup, A.B., Professor of Latin, Colgate Academy.

AZARIAS LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, Syracuse, N. Y.:

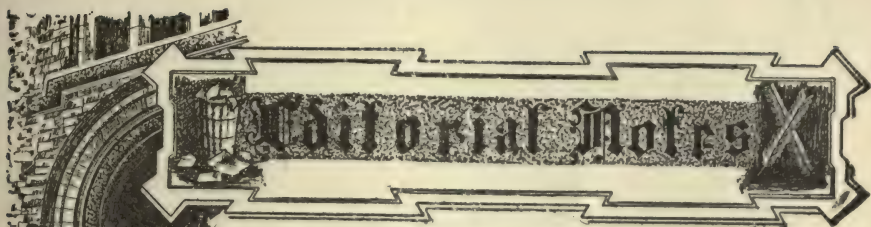
Culture of the Spiritual Sense. By Brother Azarias.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:

Bible Stories in Bible Language. By Edward T. Potter.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Ceremonial for Servers. Part I., Low Mass. *Christianity or Agnosticism.* By Abbé Louis Picard. Authorized translation revised by Rev. J. G. Macleod, S.J. *Historic Nuns.* By Bessie R. Belloc. *Life of St. Edmund of Abbingdon, Bishop of Canterbury.* By Frances De Paravicini. *The Saved and Lost.* By Rev. Nicholas Walsh, S.J.



THE official directory of the Catholic Church in the United States has just been issued and a comparison of published figures with the previous years indicates a growth to be sure, but still only a meagre growth. The total Catholic population on January 1, 1899, is but 50,790 in excess of the figures published for 1898. From a total Catholic population of 10,000,000 there ought to be a natural increase of 500,000 instead of the 50,000 above reported, and then besides it is estimated that a half of 50,000 comes by conversions to the faith. What is the matter? Are we at a standstill or is the difficulty to be found in the inaccuracy of the published figures?

The figures show 4,512 fewer children in the parochial schools and 2,000 more orphans cared for, making the number of children under Catholic tutelage this year 956,784 as against 958,959 for the previous year. The normal growth however asserts itself again in the increase of the clergy—11,119 this year as against 10,901 for last year—a net increase of 108, while 432 new churches have been built. It is not without its value to call attention to these figures, for if one would judge by the way some people talk and act they consider the church is quite large enough.

The "Americanization" of the new possessions is going on merrily. Now and then a little bit of friction appears. This latter to some extent may be expected and one can readily overlook it, if the main work goes along in a sympathetic way. When we see army officers using their official position to play into the hands of Protestant missionary societies, or what is worse insulting the religious convictions of the people over whom they are placed in command, we are inclined to cry out, and cry out loudly, that apart from the imprudence shown in such a policy, conduct like this places the government in a false light and may result in strained relations and the expenditure of no end of money.

A catechism of united English nonconformity has been published. It is an effort to put into definite form the many teachings held in common by all the Evangelical churches in England. By yielding to a vagueness in terms, and a diffuseness in thought, some success has been attained in securing a common platform of religious belief. It remains to be seen how far this platform will be accepted. It has no binding authority now.

The more this doctrinal accuracy is indulged in, the more will bright and enquiring minds among the nonconformists be alienated from religious standards. The principle of private judgment is essentially centrifugal in its movements. It tends to disintegration. It has been stated that what keeps people out of the non-Catholic churches is the insisting on the finality of theological teaching. The only way to keep them in is to talk vaguely of taking on Christ. "Less of churchianity and more of Christianity," is what is wanted—they say. This movement excludes the making of catechisms or defining anything dogmatic.

The Samoan trouble simmers down to just this: The people by an overwhelming majority want Mataafa for king. By a mere fiction of the law the Chief-Justice, who is an American, sets aside a great man, as men go among the native Samoans, for a mere boy. The legal fiction is, when the Berlin Treaty was made Bismarck had it tacitly understood (it was not incorporated into the treaty) that Mataafa, because of some disregard of German interests, should never be recognized as king. The German consul is just now the one who supports him. It seems very evident that the religious question has entered into the decision. Mataafa is a good Catholic, while the boy who is *de jure* king is a scholar in a missionary school. The great American principle of permitting the people to rule through their duly chosen representative is violated, and the support of the American and English government is given to a child who is practically under the thumb of the Bible societies.



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER WILLIAM B. BARRY, U.S.N.

CATHOLIC OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER WILLIAM B. BARRY,
U.S.N.

Lieutenant-Commander William B. Barry, was born October 20, 1849, in New York City. His father Garret V. Barry, late Pay-Director in the U. S. Navy, was the son of the rightful Earl of Barrymore, his mother the daughter of the late Thomas Glover.

In 1862 he was sent to the Jesuit College of St. Francis Xavier in Fifteenth Street, New York City, where he remained three years completing the grammar course. He entered the Naval Academy in July, 1865, at Newport and completed the then four years course in June, 1869.

In September, 1883, he was ordered to the Naval Academy as instructor, and in 1886 he was detached and ordered to the *Alliance* in the South Atlantic Squadron. In 1888 he made a cruise through the Straits of Magellan, and in November, 1889, he was ordered to the Bureau of Navigation where he served under Francis M. Ramsay.

In 1891 he again joined the Asiatic Squadron and after a cruise of two years was attached to the office of Naval Intelligence at Washington. In August, 1897, the *Cincinnati* was repairing at New York, and Lieutenant-Commander Barry was ordered to her as Executive officer. The revolution in Brazil necessarily demanded the presence of a U. S. ship and thither he was sent. When the excitement died away a cable despatch indicated serious difficulties with regard to Cuban affairs, and the *Cincinnati* was ordered to the northern limit of the station. Upon receipt of the news of the "blowing up" of the *Maine* the *Cincinnati* received permission to return north and arrived at Key West, where was assembled the most powerful fleet ever under the U. S. flag. The *Cincinnati* sailed for Cuba and established the blockade off Havana, then she was sent to the eastward to blockade Matanzas and Cardenas. About this time, the whole nation was disturbed by the report that the *Cincinnati* was wrecked. The report was caused by the debris marked *Cincinnati* which had been found after she had cleared for action. On April 27 the *Cincinnati*, with the *New York*, opened fire on the batteries at Merrillo Point. May 1, with crippled boilers, the *Cincinnati* was ordered to Key West—word having been received that Admiral Cervera's fleet was at Curacoa. In spite of orders the *Cincinnati* left Key West to scout off the western end of Cuba and to prevent the Spaniards doubling up the weak blockade along the northern coast.

The *Cincinnati* again returned to Key West, and was ordered south. In the meantime Cervera's Squadron had been destroyed and Santiago had fallen. The war was over. Later the *Cincinnati* aided in the landing at Ponce, and during an attack made by the Spaniards on the lighthouse occupied by U. S. soldiers the *Cincinnati* swept the neck of land with her fire,

connecting it with the main island. The attack was unsuccessful. On August 14 the town informed the ships of the armistice and Lieutenant-Commander Barry, the first American to visit the town after war was declared, went to call on Captain-General Marcias to learn the situation. The *Cincinnati* remained in the vicinity of Cuba until after January 1 of this year, and participated in the flag raising at Havana.

In due time she reported at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where she is now being overhauled. The regard with which the crew hold Lieutenant-Commander Barry can not be better shown than by an occurrence that took place during one of his foreign cruises. He was given command of the boats for practice, to keep the men away from the town. The tropical sun was beating upon the poor men, and he, touched by their suffering, gave them permission to leave the boats. All but one returned, and of course when they returned to the ship the young lieutenant was placed under arrest until the man should be found. That night every man who had his liberty asked permission to go ashore, and arranging themselves into several scouting parties did not return until they had found the deserter and freed their beloved Lieutenant. "Barry," said a Navy Officer, "is one of the best informed men in the Navy, a faithful officer, a devoted student, a practical sailor. Of his daily life the following tribute was paid by an observant comrade." "He is a magnificent Catholic, a conscientious Christian." His characteristic love of study was manifested in a statement he was heard to make a short time back: "I am glad the war is ended, I can now get back to my books, I have not read anything for months." In the hands of such men we need not fear to trust our nation's honor or the peoples interest.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

IN this department of the CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE the claims of Catholic authors to recognition by the reading public have been stated in various ways since the year 1889. The members of Catholic Reading Circles became active in disseminating the opinions put forth in these pages, so that now it is gratifying to observe a general tendency to encourage the circulation of books representing the culture and learning of Catholic writers. Every Reading Circle formed among Catholics should endeavor to assist in this good work of cultivating a feeling of loyalty to their own representatives in the world of letters. From one of the most devoted friends of this movement, to give honor to whom honor is due, we have received the following notice of an author, Mrs. Miriam Coles Harris, who entered the one true church about two years ago:

Rutledge, the first and best known novel written by Mrs. Harris, was published in 1860 and its appearance was considered a literary event. It had a wider circulation than any novel except *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and the mystery surrounding the author piqued the public curiosity; but it was not until her two succeeding novels, *The Sutherlands* and *Louie's Last Term at St. Mary's*, were given to the public that Mrs. Harris became known as the author of *Rutledge*. Her novels show that she has been a keen observer of people and things. The characters are flesh and blood creations possessing all the virtues and yet the weaknesses too of human nature. Although a woman of deep religious feeling she does not intrude this upon her readers by any forced attempt at the pietistic. She knows how to tell an interesting story without attempting either a purpose novel, with its figures working out a moral pattern, or an analytical novel with its scientific dissection of mind and heart. Her books are both wholesome and palatable, and can be safely recommended to the attention of Reading Circles, through which medium it is to be hoped that they may obtain an entry into many Catholic households.

Unlike most American authors Mrs. Harris has not been a contributor to magazines, having done no writing outside of her novels with the exception of two devotional books written while she was a member of the Anglican Church. Her most recent publication, *A Corner of Spain*, is therefore somewhat of a departure, but gives unmistakable evidence of her ability to succeed in lines other than fiction. Appearing as it does at a time when everything Spanish is invested with a peculiar interest, it should be very widely read. When Mrs. Harris made the visit to Spain which furnished the experiences she has recorded in these pages, she was not a Catholic. The people and things described she viewed as an intelligent observer, devoid of partial bias. Her opinions ought, therefore, to carry much weight to the minds of thinking people who are anxious to know Spain and her people as they really are.

Here is a complete list of her books, published by Houghton, Mifflin Co.:

Rutledge, *The Sutherlands*, *Frank Warrington*, *St. Philip's*, *Richard Vandermarck*, *A Perfect Adonis*, *Happy-Go-Lucky*, *Phoebe*, *Missy*, *Louie's Last Term at St. Mary's*, *A Corner of Spain*.

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The Hecker Study Circle of Memphis, Tenn., was founded by Miss Clara Conway. It has for officers, Mrs. M. Gavin, president; Mrs. W. Floyd, first

vice-president ; Mrs. G. Garvey, second vice-president ; Mrs. C. H. Russell, secretary and treasurer ; and Miss A. Rice, corresponding secretary. As a motto these words have been chosen : " The responsibility of tolerance lies with those who have the wider vision." In the attractive pamphlet containing the constitution and by-laws it is stated that the objects of the association shall be the study of Catholic truth, and the promotion of Christian unity and fellowship. No written papers shall be required, as the work is to be conducted chiefly by conversation and discussion. Among the religious leaders selected for study are Pope Leo XIII., Cardinal Newman, Father Damien, and Father Hecker.

* * *

We are informed that the eloquent address of Bishop Spaulding, recently delivered at Washington in behalf of the new Trinity College for women, will be published in pamphlet form. It will be welcomed by Reading Circles as a powerful statement of the advantages to be gained by women who have the time, inclination, and ability to pursue higher studies under the patronage of the Catholic University. Some extracts are here given to suggest topics for discussion :

" The Christian ideal is moral rather than intellectual. The followers of Christ find themselves in a school of religion and virtue, not in a school of philosophy. A pure and loving heart yearning for peace and righteousness is to be preferred to a mind curious for knowledge and busy with speculation about what is beyond man's reach. . . . It is but natural, then, that the Christian world should have turned its first thought and devoted its prime energy to moral culture. Nay, it is forever true that knowledge without conduct is worthless, that the science which does not make man better is as though it were nescience. . . . Let us therefore be patient as we watch the slow progress of the world in things of the mind. . . . Nevertheless reason is man's highest attribute. . . . The more we learn to live in the serene air of delightful studies, the longer do we retain the fresher arts and charm of youth ; the more adaptable also do we become, the more capable of high and ennobling companionship. In marriage as in friendship, or in whatever sphere of life, human relations are chiefly spiritual ; the more thoroughly educated a woman is the more able is she to fulfil in a noble way the duties of wife and mother. The primary aim, however, is not to make a good wife and mother any more than it is to make a good husband and father. The educational ideal is human perfection—perfect manhood and perfect womanhood. Given the right kind of man and woman and whatever functions are to be fulfilled, will be well performed and well fulfilled. Woman's sphere lies wherever she can live nobly and do useful work."

* * *

A very notable event was the celebration of its thirtieth anniversary, by the Woman's Club of Brooklyn in the Pouch Mansion. The club's development along social, literary, and educational lines was a topic for discussion, and the principal speakers were the Rev. Dr. White Chadwick, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbot, Dr. Truman J. Backus, and Dr. St. Clair McKelway.

Dr. McKelway's speech was received with great appreciation and applause. He said in part :

There are men's clubs with collateral arrangements for the admission of women to their privileges. I know of no women's clubs with like arrangements for men. The best we can do is to accept your invitations to annual or semi-annual occasions, and we must pay for the honor with speeches. Those of you who know law, and those of you who are studying law, can say whether such

speeches are a valuable consideration or not. If you think they are easy to make, try the experiment under circumstances which would put you in our places.

I am not sure as to whether your clubs are better than our clubs. I am sure that as the mind and the heart—though within the body—are superior to it, that what appeals to them should be rated above what appeals to it, and what appeals to them—through literature, through narrative, through music, through reasoning, through opinions, and through the polite arts generally—is constantly in evidence at your meetings. This is the case, if reports are to be believed, if narrative is accurate, if impression is correct, or if intimation is suggestive. Such appeals are rare among clubs of men. They occur monthly or only now and then. And the attraction must be especially strong to make them acceptable or popular, even when they occur.

Men go to clubs to meet other men, to exchange views, plans, and news with them; sometimes also to break bread with them. You thus see that what purposes men carry out through clubs with men, women carry out with women through luncheons, five o'clock teas, an exchange of calls and the like. The occasional man who shows up at a five o'clock tea has to plead guilty, though he is generally able to submit extenuating circumstances.

There is nothing in Brooklyn which can do for men what the Woman's Club does for women—except the lecture course of the Institute, and there the proportion of the sexes is about as three to one in your favor. It follows, therefore, that the intellectual and æsthetic fields open to women in these times and in this borough exceed those available to men. Men have only such occasions of that sort, as a rule, in which women join them and do largely outnumber them, while women have those very occasions to start with and the secret meetings of their clubs into the bargain.

The natural inference would be that the women of this generation are far ahead of the men in knowledge, alertness, perspicacity, and the like. I wish to be polite, but I wish to be just, and I do not believe that I can pay to you such a compliment. The percentage of activity along intellectual lines among women is larger than among men of the same social classes in the world. But that fact is a feature of recent times, and has not been a feature of all times. The fact that it is a feature of recent times is due to the desire and determination of the women of this generation to make up for lost time, and to put their sex further forward on the path of knowledge in this century than it went in any preceding century. Indeed, this is the century of the awakening of woman. I have lived long enough, from the middle into the latter half of that century, to know and to test that fact. Within my own time, I think, the first woman to earn daily pay by daily work with the pen on newspapers began to do so. Within that time the first woman to learn to set type began to do so—so far as I can affirm—in America.

If you will let me say that your sex had considerable lost distance to make up, I will do it. But I shall say it with the consciousness of its reflection upon my own sex, which did not throw open the doors of culture and of education in the past to both halves of humanity. Yet my sex may take the credit of having opened the doors or of having let your sex break them in. I have no doubt that this organization, while subdivided into many parts, each with its specific function, yet all converging upon the purposes of a common benefit and a common welfare, is consciously or unconsciously doing just what organizations rightly inspired and rightly employed are doing for men.

M. C. M.





"And on the Sabbath Day they rested according to the Commandment."

SATURDAY MORNING ON MOUNT CALVARY.


THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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NO. 409.

THE PAPAL LETTER AND THE "OUTLOOK."

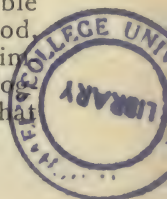


ABOUT the only religious publication which has taken any very serious exception to the recent letter of the Holy Father on the subject of "Americanism" is the *Outlook*. Other periodicals have demurred at some of the statements or have found fault in a trivial way with the dignified and authoritative claims made by the Holy Father as the exponent of the one true Church. This might have been expected, because of the different points of view from which the letter is looked at. But the *Outlook* takes issue with the words of the Pope on deeper and more fundamental grounds, no less than "the interpretation of the religion of Jesus Christ as embodied in the Four Gospels." Let us quote here the exact words of the statement from the *Outlook*:

"But the larger question, Does Pope Leo XIII. correctly interpret the religion of Jesus Christ as it is embodied in his life and teachings contained in the four Gospels? concerns the Universal Church. The *Outlook* does not believe that he does. We recognize the self-consistent attitude of the Roman Catholic Church, but not that this attitude is consistent with the liberty wherewith Christ makes free. Nevertheless we are glad to have it stated with such explicitness, for it will help clear thinking. For between the position that religious faith is a dogma once for all delivered to the saints, and either transcribed in an infallible Bible or committed to the custody of an infallible Church, and the position that every man is a child of God, may have direct communion with God, and may learn for himself by that communion what the will of God is, that no dogma can possibly state spiritual truth in a permanent form, that

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philosophical definitions of spiritual life must change with changing philosophy, as the language in which they are expressed changes with changes in language and literature, that truth is more than dogma and life is more than discipline, that neither truth nor life has been or can be ossified in a written record or a traditional ecclesiastical decree, that, in a word, the kingdom of God is like a seed planted in the ground, which grows, men know not how, and that when it ceases to grow it ceases to live, and therefore ceases to be the kingdom of God—between these two attitudes there appears to us to be no middle ground. The Roman Catholic Church is the self-consistent exponent of an infallible, unchangeable dogma, an immobile, unalterable life. Protestantism will never be self-consistent until it stands with equal courage for the opposite doctrine—adaptability of religious institutions to changing circumstances, the mobility of religious life as a perpetual growth, and the continual change of dogmatic definitions, always inadequate to express the ever-enlarging spiritual life of the individual and of the race."

As a thoughtful and representative periodical the *Outlook* has a very high standing. It voices the religious sentiments of a large and intelligent class of non-Catholics who have turned their back on church authority and ecclesiasticism, and are facing towards "rationalism" in religion, in the stricter sense of the word, as opposed to the acceptance of the authoritative teaching of the external order.

It is not at all to be wondered at that the *Outlook* should manifest some little uneasiness at the beautiful spectacle of the Catholic world here in free-thinking and liberty-loving America listening with reverential docility to the voice of an old man away off in Rome. But in doing so Catholics neither confess to any servility to the opinions of another, nor to any intellectual slavery. The only intellectual servitude we know is the subservience of the mind to a human teacher whose authority on questions of divine truth does not transcend the skies and whose sources of knowledge are no more or no less than just what any one may acquire by natural ability. It is no slavery for the mariner who is tossed on the wide expanse of ocean that he must stand at midday and watch the passing of the sun across the meridian, and that he must accept the dictation of the sun as to the regulation of his daily life. He perchance might be freer if he had the arrangement of his own time, if he might go on the bridge and announce the hour of twelve when it pleased his fancy or suited his own convenience. But even then he could not get away from the principle of authority. In order

to get any one to accept his arbitrary arrangement of time so that there might be some order in the watches, and not everlasting confusion on board, he would be obliged to impose his arrangement on all the others by authority. Many, moreover, seeing that the only principle whereby the hour of midday was fixed was the captain's own pleasure, would very soon rebel against one man's pleasure setting itself up against another's, even if he were the captain of the ship.

How much more harmonious it is to have the authority of the sun, which no one disputes and whose regulation of time every one freely and willingly accepts. As we look over the non-Catholic religious world, where the principle of authority is denied, there are duplicated the divergencies and differences that would characterize the condition of affairs on shipboard if the captain would put aside the sun as a guide and set up his own convenience as the standard.

In accord with this spirit of obedience, when the letter of the Holy Father was published the Paulist Fathers immediately sent the following expression of their adherence to the teaching of the Holy Father:*

As soon as we had read the letter of your Holiness regarding the errors to which the name of "Americanism" is given, and addressed to his Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, as this letter was given in English in the New York daily papers, we immediately, fully, and willingly embraced the doctrine laid down in this Pontifical document; and we signified this without delay by telegraph to your Holiness. And for the letter we cordially thank your Holiness, because, in the discharge of your office of supreme Doctor and infallible Teacher, you lead us in the way of truth and keep far from us the darkness of error; and in the same spirit Father Hecker, if he were still living, would with filial veneration have received the Pontifical decree.

But the reading of the letter of your Holiness gave us no little comfort, because therein it is stated that the errors reprobated by the Holy See are rather to be ascribed to the interpretations of the opinions of Father Hecker than to those opinions themselves. But if there be anything, either in the doctrine or the "Life" of this Father, which is ordered by the wise judgment of your Holiness to be corrected, we willingly acquiesce in the

* The Latin text of this letter may be found at the end of this number under the caption "Editorial Notes."

sentence of the Holy See, both because the Roman Church is the pillar and ground of the truth, and because it is commanded as follows in the Rule of our Institute: "Let a prompt and cheerful religious submission to the Holy Church, and to every lawfully constituted authority in it, and to all the ordinances established by its authority, be a principal and evident characteristic of our society and of all its associates. First of all, let this obedience be shown to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and to the Holy Roman Church, and to all the decrees and instructions of the Holy See, whether relating to doctrine or to discipline." This manner of obedience is deeply imprinted in our hearts, so that we have never thought of departing from the integrity and strictness of Catholic doctrine. But if, according to the judgment of your Holiness, we have either had this tendency, or have appeared to have it, or by our way of acting have given any favor in any way to such a tendency, we gratefully receive the paternal correction of your Holiness.

The Constitutions of our Institute strictly require us to aim at perfect orthodoxy, and to have for our standard not only the definitions of the Church, but also its instructions, and the writings of approved authors concerning the spiritual life, and to promote the devotions which the Church fosters and recommends. And in these Constitutions the following declaration is to be found: "To all, including the priests, it is prescribed to use spiritual direction, according to the principles laid down by approved writers." In these and in all matters we declare that we shall follow the instructions laid down in the letter of your Holiness, and we likewise profess full obedience and faithful adherence to your Holiness and to the Holy Roman See.

The principle of authority in religious matters, instead of being a hindrance to the growth of real religious life, is a most decided help. The *Outlook* does not seem to appreciate this fact. It looks on an unerring church or an infallible pope as an oppressive incubus which kills all spontaneous growth beneath it, shutting out all direct communication with God himself. It would seem to think that under such a system the spiritual life must of a necessity be etiolated and jejune. But the facts are, fortunately, not in accord with such imaginings. Catholic hagiology is full of the life-stories of men and women who have attained the heights of heroic sanctity while living

under this system. It is quite certain that one may go up and down the avenues of New York City and meet devout, prayerful Catholic souls who, though clad in hood or tattered garments, are as prayerful as the fathers of the Thebaid, and are as instant in season and out of season in resisting the demands of the inferior nature, and all because their hearts have been touched by the divine love. Authority in religion is not an overhanging cloud to shut out the sun, but is rather like the railroad track to guide and to facilitate the progress of the train. The engineer as he starts from the depot knows every inch of his way, the rails will keep him from wandering across fields and being wrecked in the ditches, and instead of hindering him from reaching his destiny only the more readily help him to attain his end. It is easily conceivable that a people who have no worrying cares about their doctrinal beliefs can far more readily turn their attention to the fixing up of their lives from an ethical point of view. While, on the other hand, they to whom the question of "what must I believe" is like an open sore, will very soon find that their moral life will get into the same unhealthy condition.

The *Outlook* seems to have some curious notions about objective truth. It would appear that "spiritual truth" is only a mental impression. It has no permanent or pervading existence outside one's own comprehension of it. The writer says: "No dogma can possibly state spiritual truth in a permanent form." The prevailing idea of "spiritual truth," like any other truth, is that it is permanent—yesterday, to-day, and for ever unalterably the same. Truth, like God, is unchangeable. The Ten Commandments—and what more comprehensive "spiritual truths" are there than these?—are just as true to-day as they were when uttered on Mount Sinai, and will be just as true at the crack of doom. Dogma is only an expression of a divine fact, as the Commandment is the expression of a moral fact. These divine facts were revealed at sundry times and in divers ways, placed in the deposit of truth to be faithfully kept and infallibly declared by the one whom the God of truth has constituted as the guardian of the deposit.

The world will never be converted to the truth by *minimizing* its meaning or explaining away and softening down its plenary signification to suit the hard heart and dull ears of a worldly generation. There is such a thing as an attractive presentation of truth, but instead of lessening its value such a presentation only heightens its importance.

Father Hecker frequently gave expression to these statements. There is no one who wooed divine truth with such a lover's devotion as he, and there was no one who was prouder of its attributes, so ever ready to speak of them in any assemblage, and almost frantic in his desire to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth. He would have counted it treachery, and himself a traitor, to have explained away or to have apologized for one iota of the truth. One of the best statements against *minimizing* was written by Father Hewit in an article entitled "Pure vs. Diluted Catholicism," published in 1895.* In fact, the whole non-Catholic mission movement, from the day of its inception to the present moment, has constantly held in its front the statement "that we shall never lead our erring brethren to a knowledge of the truth by making light of the differences which exist between them and ourselves, or by mitigating the doctrine that out of the Church there is no salvation. Almighty God having instituted a way of salvation, has instituted no other."

But while there is in the Catholic system this "infallible, unchangeable dogma," this continuing "in one and the same doctrine, one and the same sense, and one and the same judgment" (Const. de fide, chap iv., Conc. Vatican), it does not necessitate an "immobile unalterable life." For the spiritual life is undoubtedly a growth through the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. "He that believeth in Me, as the Scripture saith, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. Now this he said of the Spirit which they should receive who believed in him" (St. John vii. 38, 39). This same Spirit is the one who originates the good desire as well as the one who bestows the grace to carry it to completion. He is the one who has regenerated us by instituting a new relationship between the soul and God whereby we are enabled to cry, Abba, Father. He plants the seeds of a Christian life in the regenerated soil of our hearts and by the abundant showers of his grace he germinates that seed. He fosters it in its growth until truly we can say that "I live, not I but Christ liveth in me." "The charity of God is poured out in our hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given to us" (Rom. v. 5). Herein is established that wonderful union between the soul and God, far more close than that between friend and friend, so close that very often the soul is called the spouse of God.

As in a city there are the external ramparts which protect

* *American Catholic Quarterly*, July, 1895.

the city in its outer defences and guard the people from being carried away into the darkness of slavery, so also there is the internal civic life whereby the laws are kept and the refinements of civilization are cultivated, libraries established, and art galleries fostered. In just the same way in the city of the soul: while there are the external barriers of defined truth, the dogmatic teachings which preserve the soul from straying away into the slavery of falsehood and error, there is also the inner life begun and carried to the "full stature of Christ" by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.*

To most Catholics who live godly lives the existence of the outer ramparts is rarely felt. They have a consciousness that they are safely protected within a fortified city of truth, and with a sense of security they are enabled to cultivate the higher life, to cleanse, to adorn, and to decorate the temple of their souls in which the Spirit of God dwelleth.

In this city of the soul the Holy Ghost rules both as civil governor to promote the higher life of the citizen as well as military commander to guard the outer ramparts of the commonwealth. While he inspires each one to action, he also dwells in the church to guard the deposit of truth. It may happen at times that one seems to be inspired to do what the external authority forbids. In which case such private inspiration is to be forsaken, for only to the external authority has the gift of infallibility been imparted. No one expresses the synthesis of this double action of the Holy Ghost better than Father Hecker in the following passage:

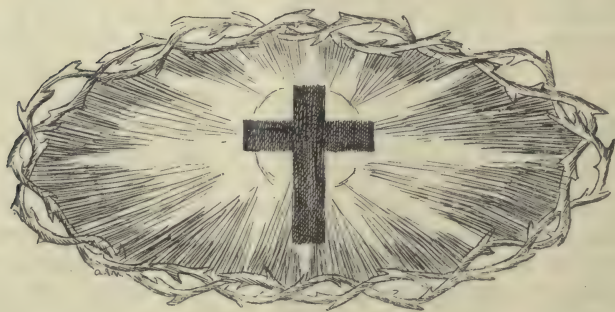
"The Holy Spirit, which, through the authority of the church, teaches divine truth, is the same Spirit which prompts the soul to receive the divine truths which he teaches. The measure of our love for the Holy Spirit is the measure of our obedience to the authority of the church; and the measure of our obedience to the authority of the church is the measure of our love for the Holy Spirit. Hence the sentence of St. Augustine: 'Quantum quisque amat ecclesiam Dei, tantum habet Spiritum sanctum.' In case of obscurity or doubt concerning what is divinely revealed truth, or whether what prompts the soul is or is not an inspiration of the Holy Spirit, recourse must be had to the divine teacher or criterion, the authority of the church. For it must be borne in mind that to the church, as represented in the first instance by St. Peter, and subsequently by his successors, was made the promise of her

* These relations of the Holy Spirit in the individual soul, as well as in the one true Church, are most clearly and beautifully expressed in the Encyclical Letter of the Holy Father on "The Office of and Devotion to the Holy Ghost."

Divine Founder, that 'the gates of hell should never prevail against her.' No such promise was ever made by Christ to each individual believer. 'The church of the living God is the pillar and ground of truth.' The test, therefore, of a truly enlightened and sincere Christian will be, in case of uncertainty, the promptitude of his obedience to the voice of the church. . . . The criterion or test that the soul is guided by the Holy Spirit is its ready obedience to the authority of the church" (*Church and the Age*, page 34).

This statement indicates as well what an obedient and submissive child of the church Isaac Thomas Hecker was, and were he alive to-day he would be the very first to signify his adherence to the teachings of the Holy Father as announced in the late letter to Cardinal Gibbons.

We have every reason to be grateful to the Holy Father for the luminous exposition of Catholic truth as well as for the condemnation of the many errors which have been paraded under the garb of "Americanism." It has always been of the genius of error to snatch the robes of respectability and wrap itself about with the mantle of truth. But the Holy Father as watchman on the tower of Israel has seen through the disguise, and with a masterly hand has snatched away the false mask and revealed the errors in all their nakedness.



AN EASTER SYMPHONY.

The air is stirred with tuneful sounds and sweet
With joyous murmurings. Every glad, free thing
That breaks the sod or lifts a rapturous wing
Essays its note of praise. Yet incomplete
The song: as though orchestral fairies meet,
With timid fingers trying string on string,
Or striving each his little part to sing,
Yet waiting for the master's rallying beat.

Arise, O man, and lead the eager choir!
Look past the Spring-sun's liberating rays;
Thou only see'st the Risen Lord beyond.
Sound "Alleluia's" keynote on thy lyre,
Then shall a symphony of finest praise
Link all earth's music in harmonious bond.

M. A. BLANCHET.





“RAMONA’S” HOME.

BY M. B. JORDAN.



IN this age of railroads and newspapers, of electricity and vitascopes, with all of the burdens of civilization pressing in upon us, California with its eventful past, its dreamy atmosphere, and quaint old architecture seems a veritable Eldorado, the entrance, as it were, to those long looked-for “Castles in Spain.” The admixture of foreign blood has left, so to speak, a dash of color, of romance, on the most remote homes and unattractive landscapes. In the out-of-door life, the soft flowing speech, and the freedom from prudential wisdom one traces everywhere the results of climate and alien instincts. To a student of language the fact that to-day, in even the common speech, one hears a gully called a barranca; a water-jar, an olla (oy-yah); a street, a calle; a house or home, casa or residencia, shows the history in a nutshell of Russian, Spanish, English, and Mexican supremacy.



From San Francisco south, one can almost trace the epochs through which California has struggled from those early days of romance and passion when, as Bancroft says: “California was the elf-child of the Union, not yet regularly baptized into the family of States—a child which felt the isolation of its foreign blood, the pride of her dreamy ancestry, and the self-assurance of unbounded native resources”; those times when the fourteen Franciscan missions were the centres of life, spiritual, mental, and physical, down to the present when those missions stand, partly in ruins, desecrated, robbed of their lands, their money, and their prerogatives.

In no part of California is to be found a more typical example of Spanish influence than the Camulos Ranch, which,

situated on the oldest grant of mission land forty miles back from the sea, is the scene of Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona*. In the early part of this century the Camulos Ranch covered the area that is claimed for it in the story. Its lands, which consisted of gifts from the church and commandants, stretched from the San Fernando Mountains down to Santa Barbara, touching the sea at Buena Ventura, giving the old señora in the story her bit of sea-shore.



The old mission built in 1780 still stands in Santa Barbara, where the wedding of the first Moreno is described as taking place. This mission is of mixed Spanish-Moorish architecture, somewhat more pretentious than the others. One can still see the beautiful gardens with their famous Old Mission grapevines, the olive and orange orchards, the severely plain interior of the chapel, the irregular steps winding up to the bell tower, the shady, pillared corridor off which the priests' rooms opened, and the school for Indian children, all serving to give the picture a most un-American setting. Back of the mission on the mountain side a broad white scar may be plainly seen—a scar made there over a century ago by the timbers which were dragged down from the forests beyond by Indians to build this little chapel. In this day of strife and strikes over hours and wages this furrowed mountain side is a powerful reminder of the compelling force that the Franciscans exerted over those lazy, lawless bands of Indians.

Following in the footsteps of Father Junipero Serra, a party of us, wishing to visit "Ramona's" home, took the path leading along the coast from Santa Barbara to Buena Ventura. From Ventura we followed the dry river bed of the winding Sespe, back through the beautiful valley, sometimes yellow with jungles of wild mustard, sometimes sweet with the fragrance of orange blossoms, by the grazing lands of the Sespe,



which had been used as early as 1780 by the mission flocks; gradually rising until we found ourselves in the valley owned by the Del Valles, the proprietors for more than a century of the Camulos Ranch.

Never was treatment more realistic than the setting "H. H." gave her story, but surely realism was never more perfectly ideal than the way in which the old ranch, with its vineyards, its fragrant orchards, its old Spanish house of adobe brick, its cross-capped hills, and even its crowd of Indian and Mexican children, fitted into the plot of *Ramona*. Howells himself could scarcely have been more correctly minute in his descriptions of this quaint old home and its surroundings than was Helen Hunt Jackson.



Just as one would expect from the story, after the highway was left behind the low, open barns and sheep corrals came first in sight, then the back of the house, as you remember that the old señora in *Ramona* thanked the saints every day that her house expressed the scornful attitude she always longed to take toward the "usurping Americanos." Owing to its almost entire lack of windows, the exterior of the house was forbidding enough, until the front, or southern exposure, was reached, and there was the vine-covered porch with its irregular steps, its quaint Mexican water-jars, and its beautiful carved old benches from the desecrated mission of San Luis Rey.

The old adobe house was built in General Del Valle's time, after the plan of Spanish houses, in the form of a hollow square around an open court or quadrangle; the servants' quarters at one end, with the store-room, the living-rooms, the old priest's room all opening, as did the windows, upon an inner porch which extended entirely around the court. In this open space, perhaps one hundred feet by eighty, there were beautiful roses and fragrant Cape jasmine growing around splashing fountains. Among the orange and pomegranate-trees south of the house was the tile-roofed chapel with its chime of bells, the centre one brought



from Spain ; there was the grape-arbor, and, as if to make the illusion or the realism more perfect, as we sat there reading the opening chapters of *Ramona*, down the porch came an aged but queenly looking woman, whom one would have sworn was the Señora Moreno herself. After we had talked with her of the history of this interesting place, we felt that "H. H." had not only given a wonder-



fully accurate picture of the surroundings of her heroine, but had caught and put in her characterization of the señora some-

thing which made us feel too "that this señora before us had had a life that would have made a romance to grow hot and cold over—eighty years of the best of Old Spain and the wildest of New Spain, Bay of Biscay, City of Mexico, Pacific



Ocean! The waves of all of them had tossed destinies for the señora, but the Holy Church had kept its protecting arms about her all these years."

She wore the scant black serge gown which, with its crucifix and beads, reminded one of a priest's robe. The madame must have been a woman of rare strength of character and culture, for at the time of the expulsion of the Franciscans she was, by special permit from the head of the church, given the power to perform the



three sacraments of baptism, marriage, and burial. With the courage of a man and the gentleness of a woman she had worked for years among her serving people, and accomplished what many a priest had sighed to do.

In her possession are some of the rarest relics of the early life of California: annals of the oldest missions, reports of the work of the blessed Father Junipero, records of the English and Russian supremacy, of Fremont, of Pico, of Castro. of the first newspaper, the first home manufacture, the railroad, the gold fever—indeed one might almost say that in her chapel at the Camulos Ranch the madame had not only the annals but the real life of California of the past.

Though there can be no doubt that the madame and her son were the originals for the portraits of Señora Moreno and Felipe, and that every touch in the descriptive part was true to the scene before us, yet it was with something of a pang that we learned that Ramona and Alessandro existed only in Helen Hunt's brain; indeed, that such sensitive refinement, such pathetic simplicity and faith, among the Indians had long since passed away. But in that ideal world of letters, where everything is possible, they lived and loved and suffered, and all day we followed them, living over in imagination the uneventful life of the child Ramona. From her earliest memory she had been coldly repulsed by the unswerving justice of the señora, but she had always reached out toward love and beauty with all of the strength of her Spanish blood. In this isolated life, cut off from all friendship and sympathy, she had grown up a deeply religious child, full of love for the church service and the beautiful flowers.

When Alessandro, the son of one of the converted and intelligent San Pablo Indians, first came to the ranch, Ramona was strongly attracted towards him, and when the señora cruelly disclosed to the girl what was



to the world a bar sinister across her name, that her mother had been an Indian, Ramona, with all of the force of heredity, blood, and instinct, turned to her people, glad that, as one of them, she could help the man she loved.

At the south-east corner of the house we were shown Ramona's window, before which she sang her sunrise hymn and under whose casement Alessandro watched and waited when she was in need of him. There was the porch where Felipe passed his long convalescence listening to Alessandro's violin-playing. There, too, were the sheep-shearing booths and the orchard walks where Ramona first met Alessandro; the chapel, the mustard thickets, and back of all the mountain where race instinct taught them to flee from the señora's wrath. The

story of their flight from one refuge to another, the worthlessness of their land titles, are but a pathetic version, set down in every history, of those troublous times when land commissioners played fast-and-loose with promise and grant made alike by church and state.

All day the story of Ramona seemed most visibly before us, for under the willows at the end of the arbor the most desultory sort of washing was going on in a brook, the apparatus consisting of a paddle and the stones over which the water trickled. The Indian men and boys were picking up almonds, while



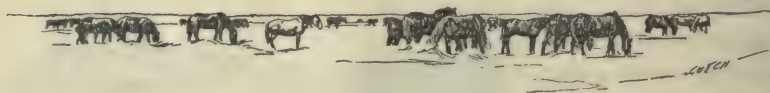
the women and children shucked them under the trees; here also their dinner was served to them. Thus the whole domestic economy took place out of doors, accompanied by a great deal of singing and not very vigorous motions.

The Camulos Ranch has shrunk sadly from its dimensions in its prosperous days, when it reached from the San Fernando Mountains to the sea; but there, on all the neighboring hills, the crosses still stand, outlining the boundaries of what has been one of the strongest influences in the life of California—the Franciscan idea of patriarchal government.



The last effective touch was given to this day spent in so foreign an atmosphere when, as the sun's last rays touched the crosses on the eastern hills, the bells began to chime and, led by a youthful acolyte, a procession headed by the madame, who was followed by her family and

all her serving people, wound through the garden to the chapel, solemnly chanting their sunset hymn. And as we went out into the world of progress with the sound of that intoned evening service in our ears, we were content that Ramona and Alessandro should have been ideals, since the real life we had seen that day had so much of romance about it.



LOVE'S RESURRECTION.

BY EDITH GRAINGER CHARLTON.



HERE, that un ain't wuth nuthin'."

Jacob Stern pushed the small woolly animal out of the way with his foot. It certainly did not look worth much, that wee lamb only two days old, as it lay on a bunch of straw gasping its little life away. It was very small, very thin, and very ugly. It seemed all legs. If its eyes had been either open or shut it might have excited more pity, but there was something almost repulsive in the half-closed orbs that had the death-film over them.

"Yes, it'll be as dead as a door-nail in half an hour, I tell ye," the man continued, as he gave his attention to other more likely lambs of his flock. But Sarah Stern watched the dying creature with a growing pity in her eyes. She had stood near her husband when he kicked it, and a pain shot through her heart when the big, coarse boot touched the helpless thing. A moment longer she watched, then stooping down she gathered the ugly, shivering lamb into her checked apron and started for the house.

There was nothing to suggest tenderness or pity in the retreating figure of Sarah Stern. Her back was stiff and straight. Determination and repression were written on those broad, flat shoulders and in that springless walk. There was nothing to awaken a thought of pity in the awkward figure in its short, scant skirt, flapping the tops of the heavy shoes, as it took a near cut to the house across the corner of the ploughed field. Her face, when she turned an instant to see if she were followed, was scarcely more attractive. It was wrinkled, yellow, and dried, and resembled a leaf which had withered in the unfolding. The eyes were cold, the lips firmly pressed together, and the iron-gray hair was wiry and lifeless. It would never occur to any one to ask Sarah Stern for sympathy, but just now, when she opened one corner of the blue and white apron and looked again at the motionless thing she carried, there was a strange expression on her face. New and strange as it was, it did not look out of place on those homely features.

"I believe he's gettin' harder every day," she muttered, as she hurried along. "Laws, I guess we've both bin gettin' harder and colder sence—"

The sentence was left unfinished, but the heavy sigh and the one word "Mamie" that quivered through the thin lips told there was much not said in that unfinished sentence.

"You'll live, little lamb; you'll live just for the sake of them old days." The woman was crooning over the lamb now as it lay on a ragged shawl under the kitchen stove. Sarah Stern, who had never been known to say a caressing word in twenty years, was lifting that morsel of life with the tenderness she might have bestowed on an infant. She coaxed a few drops of warm milk between the lamb's nerveless lips, covered it snugly with the shawl, and then sat down beside it to await results.

When Jacob came into the house an hour later the lamb had recovered sufficiently to open its eyes, and its breathing was more regular. Sarah's face wore a brighter expression than it had for years. Jacob saw it and wondered.

"Queer creatures women be," he muttered. "There, she's looking more pleased over that mis'able lamb than I ever sed her look at me sence—"; and Jacob stopped abruptly when he reached the point in his sentence where his wife had faltered an hour before.

Like other men, when Jacob Stern was puzzled he was apt to be unreasonable. He strode over to the stove, lifted the shawl none too gently and looked at the lamb.

"'Tain't no use coddlin' that thing. I told you it wunt wuth nuthin', and it ain't. Ye'll see it'll die and ye'll hev ye're trouble fur nuthin'."

"If I want to waste my time over a sick lamb it ain't none of your affairs," was the gruff answer that Jacob received for his prying.

Between the preparations for dinner Sarah found many opportunities to visit the corner behind the stove and watch the struggle between life and death that was going on there. Sometimes her eyes were bright and sometimes troubled, when she went back to the potato-paring or table-setting; it all depended on the progress nature was making in its fight with death. At dinner the man and woman were silent. They were never talkative, but there were frequently remarks to exchange about the condition of the weather or the crops; to-day there was none. But twice they looked at each other and caught a look in the other's eyes that made the shadow of some remem-

bered thought flit over their faces. Each was conscious of it and each wanted to hide it from the other. Cold and apathetic as these two were, there was an undercurrent in their lives that was being stirred to-day. Sarah showed it by being more cold and reserved than ever. Jacob showed it by being more than usually irritable. The lamb seemed to be the cause of his ill-nature. It was able now to bleat feebly at intervals, and there was an occasional wriggling under the shawl that betokened greater activity shortly.

"You surely don't expect to keep that creature around the house if it should live a day or two. 'Twon't last more 'n that I know," Jacob said, while he changed his old house-coat for an older one that he wore about the barn.

"I haven't said yet what I was a-going to do, and I guess you hev your hands full with them other lambs at the barn without troubling about this one"; and Sarah caught up the remains of the roast pork and went down cellar to escape further questioning. When she came back Jacob had gone and the kitchen was quiet.

"He don't seem to have any more heart than a stone. He can't seem to think about anything that isn't big and strong and will bring in money. Money! money!—that's all we either seem to live fur now. O Mamie! it might hev bin different if you'd hev stayed with us." The voice that was irritable at first sank to a wail of grief, the gray head dropped on the table, and Sarah Stern wept bitterly. Great sobs that shook her from head to foot sounded through the quiet kitchen and the stillness was oppressive with that terrible sorrow. Sarah did not cry often. Tears did not come readily to her eyes, her grief would have been lighter if they had. Deep sorrows, like deep waters, are not easily stirred; when either is moved there is a change in consequence.

The clock struck the half-hour since Jacob left the house. The dinner-table was still covered with the remains of the last meal. The fire had gone out and the lamb under the stove was very quiet. The woman's head was still bowed on her arm. Her sobs had ceased and she sat there motionless. In the silence of that hour Sarah Stern saw a pleasant vision.

It was twilight in the summer-time. The evening meal had been finished an hour ago, and Sarah sat by the open window, through which the sweet-scented honeysuckle nodded, and hemmed a child's white frock. Jacob's broad back could be seen

in the distance leaning over the gate he had just closed on his herd of cows. The sleek creatures were wading knee-deep through the dewy grass looking for the juiciest bite in that luscious field of clover. They were not hungry, and soon they laid down one by one among the rank grass and were satisfied. In the pool over by the woods the frogs were croaking and an occasional June-bug flew against Jacob's hat in its flight towards the light. The air was heavy with the perfume of clover and wild flowers. Nature was in her most delightful mood and man and beast were content. The stillness in the house was broken by a childish voice saying, as a little figure stepped over the door-stone :

"Mamma, I want to sleep with my pet lamb; he's all alone to-night."

"What 'll mamma do if Mamie sleeps in Billy's pen? She'll be all alone then."

"Oh! you've got papa, and poor Billy hasn't anybody to keep him company. Let me sleep with him just for to-night, mamma?"

Sarah put down her sewing and took the little one in her arms. She was a sturdy little miss, her big hazel eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, were troubled now when she thought of her playmate spending the night alone. The mother pushed back the mass of yellow curls and looked in the baby face that already had a woman's tenderness dawning in it.

"Will Mamie leave mamma and sleep out-doors with Billy? She'll be very cold I'm afraid."

"'Tisn't a bit cold to-night, mamma; and besides I'll lay close beside Billy, and his wool is very warm you know. Do let me go, mamma."

What was the use of arguing? The child's heart was set upon it, coaxing would not convince her, so better let her find out for herself the foolishness of her plan.

"Get your night-gown and pillow, then, and mamma will undress her little girl."

The child needed no second bidding and in a moment was back on her mother's lap trying to hurry the undressing process. All the time the mother talked about how dark Billy's pen would be after awhile, how there was no soft bed in it, and no one would be near to hear her if she called. But the little girl was firm, and taking her pillow she started for the garden. The mother followed, for the first time thinking it might be difficult to make the maiden change her mind.

It was very quiet in the lamb's pen. The twilight had deepened into night and only a few stars looked down from a dark sky. Billy was lying in the corner, quite oblivious to the concern of his little mistress for his comfort. She peeped through the bars at the lamb curled up on the grass, then she looked up into her mother's face. There was a short mental struggle ending in a sigh of perplexity, then two arms were reached up to the mother's neck and a quivering voice said:

"It is dark, isn't it, mamma? and Billy doesn't seem to care's much as you do; so I guess Mamie 'll sleep with you and papa."

An hour later Sarah was telling it all to Jacob as they stood by the bedside and watched their sleeping child. The mother laughed for the fulness of her love and the father stooped to kiss the sunny curls on the pillow, then kissed his wife as she stood beside him.

The scene changed, and time turned back a few more years in its record. Now Jacob and Sarah Stern' were standing hand-in-hand in the kitchen of their home. It was a plainly furnished room, but there seemed to be a halo over the common deal table, the painted chairs, and the bare floor. The man and woman had been married a few days before and had come for the first time into their new home—the place dearer than all the world to them, the centre of their ambitions and their hopes.

"We'll gather the sunbeams together, love, and we'll go hand-in-hand through the shadows," Jacob said tenderly as he drew his wife close to him.

"Yes, Jacob, we are all the world to one another and life cannot be very hard," Sarah answered.

Another shifting of memory's pictures and now a thick, dark curtain seemed to obscure the light. Jacob and Sarah were standing on either side of a small casket, looking down with dry, strained eyes on a dead baby's face wreathed in sunny curls. The happy, loving, laughing Mamie, the most precious part of that home, had been taken out of it, and the father and mother refused to be comforted. The blow had been so swift, so cruel; a few days of acute suffering that no human aid could ease, then the hazel eyes closed under the long lashes and the sunshine went out of that home and never since returned to it. From that day there was a change in Jacob Stern and his wife. Instead of sorrow bringing them closer together, it rested as a barrier between them. The little

child had been the idol which each worshipped, and now that it was broken each seemed to blame the other for the loss. They grew indifferent, then cold and hard, and farther apart as each year passed. They tried to forget their grief in gaining wealth, so they clutched their possessions with a selfish, greedy grasp.

Slowly the years passed in silent review before Sarah's vision as she sat with bowed head in the quiet kitchen. She recognized them all, no incident was forgotten. Gradually the consciousness came that there had been a mistake, that life had been hard because it had not been travelled together, because she and Jacob had not gone hand-in-hand through the shadows. With the conviction came the longing to hear again the tenderness of her husband's voice as he spoke to her in those early days. The longing became more intense until the woman's body quivered beneath it. Just then the lamb under the stove began to bleat and Sarah arose; the vision had vanished.

Mechanically she gave the creature a few spoonfuls of milk, stirred the fire into a blaze, drew the kettle of dish-water over the flames and gathered up the dinner dishes. Her face was pale and set, but down in the depths of her eyes there was a gleam that had not been there for twenty years. Carefully she performed her afternoon tasks, then took her sewing-basket and sat down near the stove to patch one of Jacob's faded shirts. There was no sign of emotion in her face or actions, nothing but that new gleam in her eye. Evening came and she set the table for supper. She laid it with unusual care and apparently unthinkingly brought out the dishes she had used in her early married life. Almost unconsciously she prepared the same things for supper as she did on the night she and Jacob took their first meal together. There was the same kind of cake, a plate of hot biscuits, and she emptied a can of plums into the same glass dish that had held the same kind of fruit on that night. Sarah Stern was a careful, methodical woman; there was little outward change in her home in all those years. When supper was ready she went to her bedroom and drew a piece of faded blue ribbon out of the bureau drawer. She tied it round her neck, then smiled grimly at the delicate color against her sallow face; it was the same ribbon she had worn when a bride.

"What's the use of it all? 'Tain't likely he'll notice anything; he don't care fur sich things now," she half sobbed as she looked again in a bit of broken mirror and then went out to put the tea to steep.

Strange what destinies shape our lives! Strange how the thoughts in one mind are those uppermost in another's! Jacob Stern saw many of the same pictures that afternoon that his wife had seen. They came to him as he tended the sheep and looked after the rest of his stock. Every time he went to the sheep-fold the figure of a little girl with golden curls seemed to walk near him, and each time he passed into the cow-shed a woman's pleading eyes seemed to follow him and a woman's voice seemed to say, "We'll go through life together, Jacob."

"It's all nonsense," the man said as he brought in the straw to bed the cows, "but I wonder if she'd notice if I tried to act a bit as we did that night"; then he laughed to himself as he thought of gruff, ugly old Jacob Stern making love to his wife.

They drew their chairs silently to the supper-table. Neither had spoken since Jacob came into the house, but Sarah noticed that her husband had gone to the stove to look at the lamb when he thought she was not looking. Jacob saw the faded ribbon round his wife's neck and there was a queer clutching at his heart, but he made no remark on his observations. The meal was almost finished, though neither had eaten much. Jacob had broken one of the hot biscuits, then pushed it from him, and a moment later he choked on a mouthful of plums. Sarah made scarcely a pretence at eating. In a moment Jacob would push back his chair and go out to the barn again; she could almost hear her heart while she waited for him to go. Just then the lamb gave a feeble bleat, and the man and woman, looking up at the same instant, saw that new, strange gleam in each other's eyes.

"Sarah!"

"Jacob!"

It was all they said, but time rolled back twenty years in that instant and love that had been dead all that time was alive again. As they stood with their arms about each other and their faded, wrinkled faces pressed close together Jacob said:

"We went through the shadows apart, dear, but we may still find a few sunbeams at the last."

And Sarah answered: "Yes, Jacob, we'll be all the world to one another and life will lose its hardness."

Again the lamb under the stove gave a feeble cry.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF BROWNSON'S CONVERSION.

BY REV. WILLIAM L. GILDEA, D.D.



IN the well-known work *Catholic Belief* a list is given of some of the more eminent converts to the Catholic Church in America. The list includes statesmen, judges, generals, authors of note, famous men of science, and distinguished ecclesiastics; but one name towers like a mountain peak above the rest—the name of Orestes A. Brownson, who is stated, by the author of *Catholic Belief*, to have been called by the famous English statesman, lawyer, and man of letters, Lord Brougham, the “master mind of America.” We have never met with this statement elsewhere, though an allusion to it may perhaps be found in a letter addressed to Brownson, in 1841, by R. Barnwell Rhett, a well-known South Carolina congressman of that time. In his *Review* Brownson had criticised favorably a speech delivered by Mr. Rhett on a matter of importance which was then much engaging public attention. In a letter of thanks, printed in the very interesting volume entitled *Brownson's Early Life*, which Mr. H. F. Brownson, the son of the eminent writer, has recently published, Mr. Rhett wrote: “If I needed encouragement to sustain me in the advocacy of the great truths which lie at the basis of our free institutions, and which I have endeavored to elucidate in this speech, it would be the strong voice of cheering and approbation from him whom the first mind in England has pronounced to be the greatest genius in America.” But, whether the statement ascribed to him was actually made by Lord Brougham or not, there can be no doubt that Orestes A. Brownson was one of the most eminent thinkers and writers that America has ever produced. The conversion of a man like Brownson was no mere passing incident. It was a turning point in the history of the church in America.

MANY MENTAL PHASES.

Brownson's mind passed through many phases before it found rest in the Catholic Church. His boyhood and youth were passed amongst Congregationalists. At the age of nineteen he became a Presbyterian. A few months later he declared him-

self a Universalist; and in the year 1826, at a session of the New Hampshire Universalist Association, was "set apart to the work of the ministry by solemn public ordination." In 1830 he seceded from the Universalists, and early in the following year was preaching in Ithaca, "as an independent minister, not connected with any sect or denomination." In the summer of the following year he became a Unitarian minister, and such he remained till a short time before his reception into the Catholic Church. It might perhaps be inferred from these many changes that Brownson's earlier religious views were wanting in earnestness and sincerity. Such an inference would be, however, entirely false. Religion was always with Brownson the most serious factor in his life. He had a solid reason for every step that he took, as we shall proceed to show.

HIS STUDIOUS YOUTH.

Brownson's boyhood was a studious one. He had no master to instruct him—the family circumstances did not permit of this—but he had learned to read, and if he did not possess books of his own, he could at least borrow those of others, and the books thus obtained, to use his own expression, he "devoured." He has left a list of the books he read before he reached his fourteenth year. We find no "children's books" amongst them. They are all of a solid, serious cast: historical works, classical works of English literature, even philosophical works, like Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*—a most astonishing list for a self-taught boy. But of all the books read by him at this time none, as he himself tells us, was read with "a more intense interest" than the Bible. What is this Book? he often asked himself. The Word of God? Clearly, in a certain sense, it must be that. The word of God is found in all truth. The word of God is especially found in the higher and sublimer truths. And what truths so high and sublime as those that are found in the Bible? What book or collection of books can set before us so high a standard of morality or so perfect a system of doctrine? But is the Bible, in very truth, the Word of God? Were they who wrote it inspired by God, moved to write by the impulse of God, guided as they wrote by the hand of God, freed from the risk of error by the watchful care of God? This was the question that Brownson set to himself. It is a question that he cannot answer. The honest farmer folk with whom he spent his boyhood were, as Mr. H. F. Brownson informs us, "not very religious in their practice, though strict in their morals." This we take to mean that

though they led decent, sober, God-fearing lives, they attended neither church nor chapel. They can bring no light to dissipate his darkness. There is no one to solve the doubt, and the doubt remains.

FIRST SERIOUS DOUBTS.

In the year 1822 we find Brownson engaged as a journeyman in James Comstock's printing-office, at Ballston Spa, Saratoga County, New York. His doubts are with him still. Indeed, they have increased with the lapse of time. This state of uncertainty is intolerable to him, for his nature is profoundly religious. But how can the uncertainty be removed? He has no power to remove it. He has done his best, and his best has failed. Are his doubts, then, insoluble? Must they dog his steps through the whole course of his life? Surely, if the Bible be the Word of God, there must be somewhere the means of proving it so. God cannot have left his Word without an adequate warrant and protection. Reason can give no certainty on the matter. Then the decision must rest with ecclesiastical authority. He must place himself, then, under the guidance of ecclesiastical authority. And thus, in the year 1822, and at the age of nineteen, Brownson, who till now had belonged to no religious denomination, became a member of the Presbyterian Church, "prepared," says Mr. H. F. Brownson, "to yield to ecclesiastical authority with the blind obedience of a Jesuit."

Brownson, then, has decided that private judgment cannot avail to establish the divine origin of the Bible. He seeks the proof in ecclesiastical authority. But he is not long in discovering that Presbyterianism lacked the authority he sought. "How do you know the Bible to be the Word of God?" he asked his Presbyterian pastors. "It is perfectly clear," they replied, "that it is the Word of God. No reasonable man can doubt that it is. We have been always taught to consider it so." "In short," replied Brownson, "you individually, or, if you will, collectively, but with no greater authority than belongs to you as a mass of individuals, believe the Bible to be the Word of God. And that is all that you can say. I call that private judgment, be it ever so multiplied. I demand something higher than that, if I am to believe. I demand the voice of one that speaks in the name and with the authority of God. I fail to find that voice with you. You admit yourselves that it is not with you. Henceforward, your way lies in one direction, mine lies in another." And thus Brownson, after a few months of membership, severed his connection with the Presbyterians.

PATH THROUGH UNIVERSALISM.

Though he had abandoned Presbyterianism, Brownson had, as yet, no wish to finally break with Christianity. If he could not convince himself that Christianity was true, he had not yet convinced himself that Christianity was false. Was there any religious denomination, calling itself Christian, of which, in his present state of mind, he might without hypocrisy become a member? Such a system seemed to offer itself in Universalism. All that Universalism required of its adherents was that they should uphold the doctrine of universal salvation. They might unite to this doctrine a belief in the divine origin of the Bible, and in the divine personality of Christ; or they might reject these latter beliefs. In either case they were good Universalists. The *tessera* of the sect was the doctrine of universal salvation. So Brownson became a Universalist, and was ordained to the ministry in that sect. But Universalism did not long retain him. Doubt yielded to scepticism. He convinced himself that the Bible was not the word of God. The *raison d'être* of his connection with Universalism had thus ceased, and Brownson seceded from the sect.

In 1831 Brownson came before the world as an Independent preacher. Supernaturalism in every form he had now discarded. He believed in God and in the moral law. But the basis of his belief was not revelation but reason. Where reason could carry him, thither he was prepared to go, but no farther. He was an advocate of a merely natural religion, a devout-minded rationalist.

HE BECAME A UNITARIAN.

In the following year, 1831, we find Brownson once more connected with a sect, the Unitarian. There was no reason why Brownson, in his then state of mind, should not become a Unitarian. Unitarians, like himself, accepted a merely natural religion. On the other hand, there was good reason why he should become one. He had taken up preaching, not as a respectable means of earning a livelihood, but as a means of doing good to others. It was clear to him that, as a recognized representative of an influential religious organization, his power for good would be greater by far than if he spoke in his own name merely. Influenced by this consideration, Brownson accepted a pastoral charge amongst the Unitarians.

Brownson was now very far from the church. But the fault was not his. He had never sinned against the light. He had not first held the truth and then rejected it. He had never

known the truth. As little was there fault in his logic. His reason had told him that, if the Bible were the Word of God, God could not have left it without an authentic custodian and interpreter. He had sought this custodian in Presbyterianism, but had failed to find it there. Indeed, the Presbyterians had expressly informed him that it was not to be found amongst them. They repudiated any claim to infallible authority. They made private judgment their sole and sufficient basis. And as it was with Presbyterianism, so it was with every form of Protestantism. Without exception they rested on fallible private judgment. Brownson was quite right in inferring that, if the Scriptures were, in very truth, the Word of God, they must, of necessity, have their divinely appointed custodian and interpreter. His error lay in his assumption that this divinely appointed custodian was to be found in Protestantism or nowhere. The ideal of the office and work of the true Church, which Brownson, even as a youth, had so accurately formed for himself, finds its reality in the Catholic Church. But the Catholic Church was, as yet, unknown to Brownson.

HE GRASPS THE CHURCH IDEA.

As a Unitarian Brownson stood in the very foremost rank. His eminent talents as a preacher and lecturer, his singleness of purpose, his tremendous force of character were gladly and universally acknowledged. He exchanged pulpits with the most prominent Unitarian divines in America. A sermon that he preached for Dr. W. H. Channing in New York, in the year 1837, led to his acquaintance with the three brothers, John, George, and Isaac Hecker, who were amongst his audience on this occasion. The acquaintance thus formed ripened into a friendship, and the friendship lasted through life.

Brownson had, as we have seen, convinced himself that, given that the Scriptures are the Word of God, there must exist a divinely instituted church, whose office is to infallibly guard and interpret them. But he had equally convinced himself that, given the existence of a divinely instituted church, her task and duty must also be to watch over the interests of the poor. On this latter task and obligation Brownson laid great stress, in the first number of the *Boston Reformer*, which appeared, under his editorship, in July, 1836, not indeed as a characteristic of the true church, for Brownson had long come to the conclusion that there was no divinely instituted church, but as the office and work of any religious society which could, with any confidence, claim a hearing of the public. The Boston

Pilot, reviewing this article in its issue of the following day, exhorted Brownson to study the history of the Catholic Church, and assured him that he would find in that church all that he vainly sought outside it. A few years later Brownson did set himself to the study of the history of the Catholic Church, at least of that portion of her history which has been most misrepresented and maligned, with momentous results to himself and to the future history of the church in America.

THE HISTORIC CHURCH.

Brownson, who was an orator of a very high order, was in much request as a lecturer. In the winter of 1842-43 he delivered a course of lectures on the Middle Ages. He had prepared his lectures, as his custom invariably was, with the utmost diligence and care. He had read widely and reflected deeply. He learned, as he read, not without surprise, that the Catholic Church, in the middle ages, had been acquitting itself of that duty which he had called upon the religious societies of his own day to perform. He saw her lovingly caring for the poor, and withstanding kings and nobles in the interests of the oppressed and friendless. And as he saw the church so he described her in his lectures. His lectures were, in truth, a panegyric of the church. He spoke in terms of strong reprobation of the ungenerous prejudices of Protestants. These prejudices were, the lecturer affirmed, the outcome of ignorance or malice. They were especially to be deplored in the case of those Protestants who accepted a supernatural Christianity. What is Protestantism, as a supernatural religion, but a mere reminiscence of Catholicism? To the Catholic Church Protestants of this class owe the preservation of the Scriptures, the writings of the Fathers, and the liturgical works which had supplied the basis for their own books of piety and devotion. Even those Protestants who, like the lecturer himself, were unable to accept a supernatural Christianity, owed a deep debt of gratitude to the Catholic Church. If they did not admit the divinity of the Scriptures, they insisted, at least, on the dignity of man. Now, what human institution had laid so much stress on the dignity of man, as such, as the Catholic Church in the middle ages? The reign of absolutism dated from the revolt of Luther. Till that revolt kings and governments had been forced to confess that there existed a power superior to their own; and that power was enrolled in the service of humanity. To Luther's revolt is due the present sad condition of the lower orders of society. "The rejection of the authority of

the Catholic Church left men free to follow their own natural selfishness, and left all social matters to be regulated according to the dictates not of Christian charity but of the self-interests of governments and individuals."

COINCIDENCE BETWEEN HIS IDEAL CHURCH AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Brownson's sympathies were now fully given to the Catholic Church, as it existed in the middle ages. But he believed that the church had fallen from her high estate and no longer stood forward as the champion of humanity. This impression was a false one, and Brownson had no desire to persist in it. It was due not to malice but to ignorance. He would gladly have seen it removed. And it speedily was removed. Brownson's course on the middle ages was followed shortly afterwards by courses delivered on the same subject by Bishop Hughes, of New York, in Baltimore and Philadelphia. The views set forth by the bishop on political economy were precisely similar to Brownson's own, and were read by Brownson with equal surprise and pleasure. "He had long ago decided," writes Mr. H. F. Brownson, "that the Catholic Church had outlived its mission, and here was that church, in the person of one of her most influential prelates, proclaiming the doctrine which he thought most needed at the present time with the vigor of a living and thinking friend of the people. This not only gave him a favorable impression of the bishop, but greatly increased his growing sympathy with that church."

It was now clear to Brownson that the Catholic Church possessed the second characteristic of his ideal church. It was the church which cared for the poor. Might it not, he asked himself, possess the first characteristic too? Might not the Scriptures be, after all, the word of God, and the Catholic Church their divinely appointed infallible custodian? The Catholic Church claimed that this was the case. Might not possibly her claim be true? In any case the question deserved attention, and attention it should receive. Brownson accordingly commenced a thorough investigation into the supernatural claims of the Catholic Church. His mind became full of the subject. He loved to discuss it with his friends. He was once engaged on the topic with John C. Calhoun and James Buchanan, when, as we learn from Mr. H. F. Brownson, the party was joined by Daniel Webster. "We were talking about the Catholic Church," said Buchanan, "and I, for one, am pretty well convinced that it is necessary to become a Catholic to get to

heaven." "Have you just found that out?" said Webster. "Why, I've known that for years."

DIFFICULTIES DISAPPEAR WITH CONVERSION.

Brownson's difficulties rapidly disappeared as he continued his investigations, and his progress towards the church was visible to all his friends. Some of them wrote to him in tones of mild remonstrance, like Franklin B. Pierce. Others, like his intimate friend, Isaac Hecker, who was later to render such splendid services to the church, advanced along with him. But whether they approved of his progress or not, he still retained their friendship and respect. By the spring of 1844 Brownson had approached so near to the church that he felt obliged to retire from the Unitarian ministry. In the May following he called upon Dr. Fenwick, the Bishop of Boston, to seek his advice. Anxious though the bishop must have been to secure a convert whose conversion must make an immense impression upon the religious world of America, he contented himself with saying to Brownson: "It is best not to be hasty. The question is serious, and you will do well to inquire further and longer." A week later Brownson called again; and a fortnight later still he called once more, this time to declare that his mind was fully made up and that he was determined to become a Catholic. The task of preparation and instruction was entrusted to Bishop Fenwick's coadjutor, Bishop Fitzpatrick. The latter was every whit as adverse to anything that savored of a hasty reception as Bishop Fenwick himself, and it was not till Brownson had gone through a preparation extending over more than four months that he consented to receive his abjuration and admit him into the church.

The soul which had craved for truth had now at length found it. The wanderer on many seas was now in the haven of rest. Sacrifices many were called for; sacrifices common to every one that becomes a Catholic, and sacrifices peculiar to Brownson's position in the community. But the sacrifices were gladly made. They were scarcely so much as reckoned. "He thought," says Mr. H. F. Brownson, "not of sacrifice but of gain." The gain was indeed great to Brownson; but it was great too to the church of his adoption. During the thirty-two years of life that still remained to Brownson the splendid gifts of the "master mind of America" were spent in the service of the Catholic faith.



*"And I have heard Thy white-robed angel say:
'He whom ye seek is risen. He is not here!'"*

SURREXIT CHRISTUS SPES MEA.

Jesus, my risen Lord, to Thee I pray:

Show me Thy wounds. Thy voice, oh! let me hear.

Drive from my fainting heart all doubt and fear;

For I have sought Thee at the dawn of day,

And I have heard Thy white-robed angel say:

“He whom ye seek is risen. He is not here!”

Lord Jesus, wilt Thou not to me appear,

And walk a little with me by the way?

E'en though I knew Thee not, I still would feel

The sweetness of Thy presence in my heart;

In joy and wonder I would bid Thee stay,

Nor at the eventide from me depart;

So, would Thy love at length to me reveal

Who with me walked a little by the way.

MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN.



A HAVANA HOLY WEEK.

BY M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN.

IT was in the spring of the closing year of the great Civil War. Out from the City of Mobile a brave little blockader had dashed past the Northern guns at Fort Morgan, and swept over the Gulf to the shadow of Morro Castle. How well it comes back to me—dark, frowning Morro and the vista of the beautiful City of Havana. I was a very young blockader—a Mobilian being borne back to the old land of Erin from whence my fathers came. Some time I may tell you more of that trip, that wonderful “running the blockade,” that stands out so clearly in the visions of the past. I can hear the waters of Mobile Bay, I can hear the whispers of the watches, I can see the lights of Fort Morgan. I can even see the dark, gliding fleet that waited for just such daring craft as ours. I can see and hear and live it all over again, through the years and years that have passed. But to-day I want to tell you of a girl’s war visit to Havana in Holy Week.

Our vessel swung into the wharf; and I was so excited at the thought of being in Havana, so interested in the strange sights, the strange faces, the strange language, that I was

almost speechless. And then—ah, then, I was to see my father! the dear father whom I had not seen for so many, many months.

While I was looking in every direction at once, trying to see everything at the same time, a tall, bearded man held me close to his heart, and I could only say over and over again:

“O papa! O papa! How glad I am!”

Being something of a heroine, I suppose I am entitled to some sort of a description, as all real nice authors give you a pen-picture of their heroes and heroines. But I was only a small, pale child, with big blue eyes and flaxen braids. My costume, however, I am sure is worth describing; for in those war days the mammas had to be very skilful to get anything at all for their little children to wear. In Mobile we had been tightly blockaded, and we had depended so long on the Northern States for so many things that it was funny to see what the ladies could contrive to do. Now, my hat—how I remember that hat!—was home-made of plaited palmetto. It was not very well bleached and was quite heavy. Then the shape—it was just like a door-mat with a sunken centre, where the crown should have been. My dress, a revised and condensed costume of one of my elders, was quite gorgeous—a bright green and red plaid silk, with such very large stripes. So the little misses, who are so fas-



A COMFORTABLE CUBAN
HOME.



DARK, FROWNING MORRO.

tidious about their dresses in these days, can just picture little Eily Hinton, after she had run the blockade, and stood on the wharf in Havana in the year of grace, 1864.

I was too young to feel the depression of war clothing very deeply, but the ladies of our party were unwilling to enter Havana in their absurd palmetto hats. So the mate of the vessel had gone ashore and bought some very pretty French bonnets for these ladies.

"Now, Miss Eily," he said, handing me the bandbox, "just hold this a spell, till I see after the luggage."

So I took the box and stood on the wharf, watching my father as he went back and forth up the gang-plank. The Cubans gathered around me, for it was not usual to see ladies and children come in on a blockader. They called me "Nina," "Chiquita," and "Poor little American," but they never criticised my queer costume.

"Come, Elenita," called out my father, from the end of the gang-plank, giving me the pretty Spanish version of my name.

I started with that fateful bandbox to make the ascent to the deck. Such a hurrying, jostling crowd for one poor, small girl to get through by herself, to say nothing of that bandbox. I struggled on up the gang-plank, my flaxen braids swinging out after me, my huge palmetto hat flapping in the breeze. I grasped the cord of that bandbox desperately, when lo! some evil spirit sent a sailor down the incline. He tried to avoid bumping me, and the bandbox received the shock. The bottom promptly fell out. The wind caught up the contents, and three elegant French bonnets went sailing down Havana Bay, like three gorgeous aquatic plants. I immediately lifted my

voice and wept. A crowd gathered around me. The Cubans grew excited, and all talked at once. Several long fishing-poles were put out, and presently the three bonnets were drawn in, limp, wet, and ruined.

I think a deluge of reproach would have been poured upon me, but my father drew me into his arms. "Never mind the bonnets, girls. I thought my own little Eily, my 'Elenita Chiquita,' as these folks will call her, had gone overboard. It is all an accident, and she is frightened enough already. Here come the volantes. Come along, Eily. I want you to have your first volante drive."

So we climbed into the queer carriages used in Havana, a high buggy as it were, drawn by a horse at some distance from the vehicle, and upon whose back sat the driver or postilion. The ladies whose bonnets I had drowned had thrown black lace shawls over their heads, and leaning back in the volantes, looked quite like picture ladies.

"Eily, my pet," said my father, surveying my head-gear, "where on earth did you get such a hat? It looks like it



PALACE OF THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL.



THE MANUFACTURE OF SUGAR IS THE CHIEF INDUSTRY OF CUBA.

could better carry you than you can carry it. It is an umbrella as well as a hat."

We drove through the narrow streets and stopped at our hotel. Into an arched driveway, at the side of the house, the horses entered. "O papa!" I cried out, "just see! We are going right into the house, horses and all. Oh, look! there's the parlor!"

We drove through the long marble hall and stopped at the parlor door. It seemed so queer to go rattling along right through the house.

With an immense flourish of his whip, the postilion dismounted and helped us to alight. Then he remounted and drove out of the end of the hall, through a courtyard, to the stables.

We had luncheon, and then I went into the large, marble-tiled parlor and looked out of the high, iron-barred windows into the street. Such a commotion on the street! Such hurrying and talking! A tall, dark Cuban was gloomily dusting the parlor. My father came in and joined me at the window.

"Gregorio," he said to the servant in Spanish, "here is my little daughter, the Señorita Elenita." Gregorio made a profound bow, saluting me with the dust-brush. "Now, Eily," continued papa, "you must teach Gregorio to speak English, because he is very anxious to learn; and he will teach you some Spanish." This contract was translated to Gregorio, and he seemed delighted.

The crowd on the street grew larger. "What is the matter, papa?" I asked. "Where are all those people going? It is just like Mardi Gras in Mobile."

"Oh! I forgot to tell you, Eily. This is the day they hang Judas Iscariot. This is 'Spy Wednesday.' I expect you have

lost sight of Holy Week in the excitement of running the blockade. Well, on to-day, Spy Wednesday, in Havana, they hang Judas ; and this evening, on the plaza, they will hang and burn him. I must surely take you to see that. We will hurry up and get you some sort of a dress, and certainly a new hat." Papa looked at my war-time costume and laughed very heartily.

In a little while the lady who kept the hotel, and who had come from New Orleans, sent her daughter out ; and she bought me a new outfit. It was very stylish, I suppose, and all according to the prevailing fashion, but I cannot help smiling when I recall that costume. The predominant feature that constantly asserted itself was a pair of enormous hoop-skirts ; for



A STREET IN HAVANA.

the smallest Cuban children wore these. My dress, of bright blue silk, was voluminous and greatly beruffled. My good, honest Confederate brogans of red, untanned leather were exchanged for a pair of high-heeled slippers, whose laces were strapped around my white, open-work stockings. My panta-

lets were deeply embroidered and touched my ankles. My wide hat of French leghorn was tied down with yards and yards of blue ribbon and loaded down with white feathers. As I was a small, thin child, one may make the absurd picture for one's self. I was a sort of miniature balloon. I could not manage those dreadful hoop-skirts. I knocked down chairs and tables in my difficult progress. In those days I learned to envy the graceful little Cuban girls, who would spring into a chair, and have no explosions or collisions with the enormous hoop-skirts, which were worn down to the tenderest age.

I wish I could delay to tell you of that Havana dinner, in the large, cool marble hall; but we were in a hurry to witness the execution of the traitor Judas.

Down on the plaza an immense crowd was gathered. It was



ON A FESTIVAL DAY.

nearly dark; but in the clear twilight we could see, hung aloft, the absurd figure or effigy of Judas. There was no attempt to follow the costume of Iscariot's own time. His effigy was attired in a very ragged postilion costume, with a pair of very long cavalry boots. A straw hat and gay necktie finished the attire. Imagine one of the Apostles in cavalry boots and spurs, with a straw hat!

"Now, Eily," said papa, "they are going to swing him up."

Slowly the uncouth figure was lifted to the top of the scaffold, while the crowd jeered and cursed the traitor.

"Judas is full of gunpowder and fire-crackers," my father told me. "His clothes, too, are saturated with oil; so presently you will see a great sight, Eily, when they burn him."

"Burn him! Fire him!" shouted the crowd. Torches were brought out, but none of them could reach the figure. At last, a soldier on horseback rode under the scaffold. He carried a long pole with a lighted candle at the end.

"Bravo! Bravo, caballero!" sang out the excited crowd. The smoking candle touched poor Judas, and then such an explosion! The whole effigy was a mass of flames. The gunpowder and the fire-crackers were exploding in all directions. Pieces of burning cotton fell over the crowd, who yelled, cheered, and sang until the effigy burned out.

"Come, Elenita," said my father, "you have seen the last of old Judas Iscariot."

The next morning, Holy Thursday, we were out early to see the grand procession of the Blessed Sacrament, as it wound its way around the city. Those who have only seen this solemn service in non-Catholic countries can form no real idea of its grandeur in a Catholic city. Every official, every religious and social organization, joined in the ranks of devout followers of the hidden God. How my child's soul exulted at the majesty and magnificence of that pageant!

The streets were thronged. Windows and galleries, and the flat roofs of the houses, which are promenade gardens in Havana, were filled. Children gayly dressed, ladies with their graceful black mantillas over their heads, looked from the verandas down into the crowded streets.

We had secured a good place to look at the procession on the veranda of a friend in Calle Obispo.

"You will never see such another sight in your life, Eily," my father told me, as we gazed down in wonder at the mass of people. We were near a corner, and there was a movement in the crowd.

"Here they come," whispered my father. We caught the soft strains of the military band, subdued to solemn music. Gleaming tapers sprang up. Every man and boy lifted his hat and sank upon one knee. The ladies drew their veils closer and devoutly knelt. I was awed by the solemn silence, the great hush broken only by the beautiful notes of the band. How I wish I could bring to your mind the beauty of that pageant as it glows in my memory to-day, the vision that delighted my childish eyes and heart!



"LADIES LOOKED FROM VERANDAS DOWN
INTO THE CROWDED STREETS."

Soldiers, civilians, religious orders, all in handsome regalia, marched past in rank upon rank. Near the venerable archbishop, who carried the Blessed Sacrament, were hundreds of white-clad children strewing flowers of great beauty and fragrance. We knelt until the procession had passed far out of sight. The scent of tropical flowers, the spice of incense, the echo of exquisite music, the vision of worshipping faces, lingered far after, even as, in my mind, that Holy Week in Havana lingers, sweet, solemn, bright, and fragrant. Even more impressive, because more sombre, was the service of Good Friday. The procession was a beautiful repetition of the day before. "Eily," said my father, as we went up to kiss the cross, "put this in the plate." He handed me a piece of gold. I saw upon the plate a large pile of gold coins, and after we left the cathedral papa said:

"A Spaniard never gives anything but gold to the church on Good Friday. They say that Christ was sold for silver,



PRIMITIVE METHODS OF TRANSPORTATION.

and to-day even the poorest will put a small gold coin in the plate."

How the bells of Havana rang out the "Regina Cœli" on Holy Saturday! All the ships in the harbor were decorated Easter morning, all the bells and whistles helped to ring in the great feast. At the cathedral a tall, magnificently dressed soldier stood in the centre aisle, just in front of the main altar. A small mulatto girl followed me, carrying a light cane



THE VISTA OF THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF HAVANA.

chair and a rug. When we reached the cathedral my father motioned to the little attendant, and she placed the chair on the floor, spreading out the rug in front of it. Then she knelt down behind me. There are no pews in the Cuban churches; but rows and rows of little chairs and rugs. My father dropped upon one knee, following the example of the Cuban gentlemen.

The drum major of the captain-general's band, for such was the gorgeous individual in the handsome red uniform trimmed with gold lace, paced up and down the central aisle, sometimes touching with his long gilt baton a man standing up, and making him kneel down. I was sure that this splendid creature must at least be a king, and they laughed merrily at the dinner-table when I expressed my belief in his royal character. A detachment of soldiers also stood in the aisle, and the military band joined with the organ and the choir. At the Elevation the soldiers knelt as one man, and their clanging swords rang impressively on the marble floor.

When we sat down to dinner that Easter Sunday, Gregorio, with many bows and flourishes, placed a small box at my plate.

"An Easter present for the Chiquita," he said. I opened the box. There was a whole nestful of lovely little candy eggs.

Gregorio reappeared with a long, slender tumbler. I tasted the beverage it contained. It was very nice.

"That is cocoa-nut milk and a little wine," papa told me. "If you were a man, Gregorio would put brandy in your cocoa-nut milk."

After dinner I was watching the waiters, tall, gloomy Gregorio and merry little Emanuelo, as they worked around the dining-room. The landlady was reprimanding Gregorio rather sharply. He lifted up his head, answering her defiantly. My father laughed aloud, and after awhile the landlady joined in the laugh.

"Why, Eily, you just should have heard your friend Gregorio."

"What did he say, papa?"

"Madame was scolding him, and he told her he was afraid of no woman on earth, only God and Isabella Segunda. That is his queen, the Queen of Spain. Come now, Eily, let's get ready for the concert in the captain-general's garden. They have such beautiful music there on Sundays; and as this is Easter, it will be better than usual."

A tired, happy child fell asleep on her little cot in the hotel that night. She dreamed of all the wonderful sights she had seen. Even to this day there is nothing more impressive or beautiful in her memory than that Holy Week in Havana.



RESURRECTION AND THE ANCIENT WORLD.

BY REV. JOSEPH V. TRACY.



Declaration made by the Apostles met with a less gracious welcome from both the Jewish and the Gentile world than their announcement that Jesus had risen from the dead, and that His Resurrection was the pledge of ours.

Among the Jews two powerful parties directed and controlled thought; to both the message of Easter was hateful, but to each for its own reasons. There were the *Pharisees*: the narrowly orthodox and intensely patriotic body whose leaders held firm influence over the masses of their countrymen. This sect and its adherents did believe in a future life and a corporal resurrection; but to make Him, who through their intrigue had been gibbeted, the foundation-stone of the doctrine; to maintain that He was the "first-fruits of them that sleep" (I. Cor. xv. 20), this was nothing less than blasphemy, and merited as a punishment, death! Therefore, when Stephen in the peroration of his masterly defence exclaimed: "Behold I see the heavens open, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God," at once his trial proceedings lost all semblance of order; the fanatical listeners became a lawless mob: "they, crying out with a loud voice, stopped their ears, and with one accord ran violently upon him; and casting him forth without the city walls, they stoned him"; and he, first of numberless martyrs yet to be, falling on his knees, "cried with a loud voice: Lord, lay not this sin to their charge" (Acts vii. 55, 56, 57, 59).

If the Pharisees thus opposed the Apostolic doctrine of resurrection, with even greater reason was it rejected by that other Jewish party, the *Sadducees*, a sect, though second in point of number, first indeed in nobility, wealth, learning, and social prestige. The high-priesthood and other priestly emoluments of value, as well as political alliances—always of service to ambitious churchmen—were theirs by right of long and legalized possession. In the Acts of the Apostles the cardinal articles of Sadducean faith are thus summed up: "The Sadducees say that there is

no resurrection, nor angel, nor spirit" (Acts xxiii. 8).^{*} Evidently this society was left no choice but to oppose the statement that Jesus had risen from the dead, and, consequently, that we would rise also. And the Sadducees were true to their principles: thus, when Peter and John, at that gate of the Temple known as "Beautiful," cured miraculously a cripple, and thence took occasion to preach Jesus Arisen, saying among other things: "Ye men of Israel hear, . . . Jesus . . . the author of life you killed, whom God had raised from the dead, whereof we are the witnesses" (Acts iii. 12, 15), there came upon them the Sadducean Temple officers, chronicles the faithful history, "being grieved that they taught the people, and preached in Jesus the resurrection from the dead. And they laid hands upon them, and put them in hold until the next day" (iv. 1-3). Again, on a later occasion, . . . "the high-priest rising up, and all they that were with him (which is the heresy of the Sadducees) were filled with envy. And they laid hands on the Apostles and put them in the common prison" (v. 17, 18). Truly, the record of the Apostolic preaching of resurrection among the Jews is a record of opposition.

On the part of the heathen world, to opposition was added contempt, and this in the East as well as in the West.

In the East: there religion and morality had been for long pervaded by a tendency of thought which finally crystallized and has become known to us as Gnosticism, a system that probably found entrance into Judaism by way of the Essenes, and may also be held accountable for some of the earliest and most pernicious corruptions of Christian belief and practice. In regard to this system it suffices for our present purpose to know that it conceived of matter as the principle and source of evil: matter of its very nature was malignant. Now, our bodies are composed of matter, and are therefore evil things, finally to be got rid of. And so to Gnostics, or to those leavened by Gnostic views, the Christian doctrine of resurrection, involving as it did in their mind the perpetuation and triumph of evil, since *the body* would be glorified, was wholly repulsive. By them, then, the message promulgated by the Apostles was sure to be despised; or, if individuals of this bias found themselves drawn to the new religion, their new belief was apt to be altered to suit their previous Gnostic conceptions. Hence

^{*} Cf. also Matt. xxii. 23-28, where Sadducees undertake to joke upon the subject of resurrection, at our Lord's expense.

we need not be surprised to find, in a letter of St. Paul to Timothy, mention of one Hymenæus and a certain Philetus, pseudo-Christian teachers, who maintained "that the resurrection was already past" (II. Tim. ii. 18), and managed to refine away the Scriptural expressions, in spite of their literalness, into allegories and metaphors. The Gnostic East certainly did not want "the great doctrine of the resurrection of the body, though in pushing aside that glorious hope men touched with their impious hand the corner-stone of all Christian belief—the resurrection of the body of the Redeemer."

In the West the reception of Resurrection was not a whit more cordial than in the East. Different incidents illustrate the truth of the remark. There was St. Paul's experience at Athens: "Certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics disputed with him, and some said: What is it that this word-sower would say? But others: He seemeth to be a setter-forth of new gods; because he preached to them Jesus and the resurrection. And taking him they brought him to the Areopagus, saying: May we know what this new doctrine is thou speakest of? . . . And when they had heard of the resurrection of the dead some indeed mocked; others only said: We will hear thee again concerning this matter" (Acts xvii. 18, 19, 32), a more polite but equally effective method of expressing dismissal and contempt. "So Paul went out from among them"; and we hear of him no more at Athens. Equally illustrative of the unsympathetic audience the Western world gave to the tenet, is the fact that after the acceptance of the Christian faith, resurrection remained for some converts, and these in number, an anxious problem. The Christian community at Thessalonica was gravely disturbed lest its members who died before the last and all victorious Return of Christ would have no part in the world to come (I. Thess. iv. 11, ff); and to crown all, in the church at Corinth some Christians seem to have gone to the extreme of denying the resurrection *in toto*—either of Christ, or of ourselves, body or soul. That this error was a menace to the community is evidenced by the lengthy, logical, and passionate passage which St. Paul devotes to the subject. In the fifteenth chapter of that epistle, which we know as his First Epistle to the Corinthians, he calls to their minds the unimpeachable testimony of Christ's appearances after death; testimony the greater part of which those to whom he wrote could verify for themselves, since most of the witnesses were still alive. . . . "I delivered unto you first of all," he

writes, "that which I also received; how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the Scriptures. And that he was seen by Cephas, and after that by the eleven; then was he seen by more than five hundred brethren at once; of whom many remain until this present day, and some are fallen asleep; after that he was seen by James, then by all the Apostles; and last of all he was seen also by me . . ." (I. Cor. xv. 3-8). After this clear declaration of Christ's Resurrection, a declaration strengthened by various arguments and analogies, he connects that fact with the dogma of the resurrection of ourselves, and, finally, closes his splendid period by the thrilling words: "For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise again incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruption must put on incorruption; and this mortal must put on immortality. And when this mortal hath put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is thy victory! O Grave, where is thy sting?" (I. Cor. xv. 52-55).

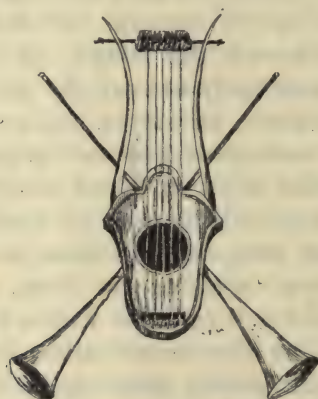
If any truth of Christianity has run the gauntlet of opposition and abuse that truth, above all others, is this of the resurrection:

1. The Apostles themselves had not expected it; and when it occurred they refused their credence until to further dissent would be to deny the reliableness of their own senses and judgment: "Jesus had to speak with them, be handled by them, eat with them, perform miracles for them, instruct and train them"—in a word, be for them after Easter all that he had been before Good Friday, ere they would allow themselves to admit that he was really back among them again in the flesh.

2. These men, so hard to convince themselves, had, in turn, to persuade a world whose dominant classes were prejudiced against the *possibility* and had reason to deny the *fact* of resurrection. The world had the Present, and its pleasures were tangible; the Future—what was it more than a surmise, maybe, as unreal as a dream! Even when converted many chafed under the restrictions the doctrine necessarily imposed, and sought, at the cost of heresy and disorder, to loosen these moral consequences.

Yet, notwithstanding the unwillingness of Apostles, the scepticism of the world, and the lukewarmness of neo-Christians, Resurrection, fact and dogma, did vindicate for itself a place in the deposit of Revealed Truth, and such a place that it has become the hope of the ages.

From the endurance and survival of this one dogma, may not we, who have religious truth, draw a lesson of comfort for all dogmas? Truth is truth and it will stand wear and tear. Philosophers or scientists may think that they have undermined the foundations of faith, and built up a system of doubt, or agnosticism, or negation. Whither they have brought themselves their own hearts and the great heart of the race will refuse to abide. Mankind never has been able to get on without God; and, as a result of the last nineteen hundred years, never can get on *now* without Christianity. "A thousand times more living to-day," Ernest Renan, sceptical to his own scepticism, confesses of Jesus, "a thousand times more loved since thy death than during thy passage on earth, thou wilt become the cornerstone of humanity to such a point that to blot thy name out of the world would be in truest truth to shake its foundations." *Resurrexit sicut dixit!*



RESURRECTION.

BY F. X. E.



NE April eve my sister-love
Went wandering with a homing dove
To rest beyond the stars above,
And all the house was still—

As still as April evenings are
Whilst Life is fading with its star,
And hearts their glory find afar
Within His cenacle.

FATHER FITZGERALD.*

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.



FATHER FITZGERALD! long live his name,
His hero deed and his soldier fame!

Not least is he, in brave renown,
With the men who captured Caney town—

Not least, tho' his steps were on mercy bent
As he marched with his gallant regiment—

Marched and fought, thro' the deadly loss,
As a valiant Captain of the Cross!

Down thro' the brush, with stroke on stroke,
The Twenty-second regulars broke—

*Chaplain of the Twenty-second Infantry (Regular).

NOTE.—At the reception given by the Aid Society to the Seventy-first Regiment New York Volunteers, Major Frank Keck, who led the boys in the charge on San Juan, was asked to tell of some notable exhibition of personal courage on the battle-field. The brave soldier, universally loved and respected by his men, said :

"On July 2, while the fighting was going on, I sent word to our chaplain to come to the front to officiate at the burial of comrades who had been killed in action. For some unexplained reason he failed to respond. A Catholic priest, the chaplain of one of the regiments of regulars in Lawton's division, volunteered his services, which were promptly and gratefully accepted. As he was reading the service over the body a Spanish bullet struck his left hand, in which the book was held, shattering it horribly. Without a change of voice the book was dropped into the right hand and the services continued without a moment's halt. The mutilated and bleeding hand dropped to his side. Having finished the burial services, he asked if he could be of any further service. My answer was a detail to get him to the field hospital as quickly as possible and my sincere, heartfelt thanks."

In answer to a question as to the name of this chaplain and the regiment to which he belonged, Major Keck replied : "I do not know either, but I think he was the chaplain of the Sixth or Sixteenth. A more heroic deed was never witnessed on a battle-field."

ON BOARD U. S. A. TRANSPORT "GRANT,"
En route to Manila, February 6, 1899.

CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE :

Your favor of December 1 was duly received. I have taken some trouble to ascertain the name of the gentleman to whom you refer. I have made diligent inquiries among the men of the command, and as near as I can find out it refers to Chaplain Fitzgerald, who was on duty during the campaign in front of Santiago with the Twenty-second U. S. Infantry.

Very respectfully,

H. W. LAWTON,
Major-General U. S. Vols.

Out on the sunken road they sped
With the starry flag well on ahead :

For they knew there was work enough that day
Where the forts of Caney blocked the way.

But little they thought would come so soon
The "Mauser's" whizz and the schrapnel's croon !

Sudden around, like a wintry gale,
Fell a hissing shower of leaden hail.

It seemed to fall from the skies and the breeze—
It seemed to spring from the earth and trees :

It leaped out here and it leaped out there,
Its message of blood ran everywhere !

But onward, with never a halt or rest,
The dauntless Twenty-second pressed ;

And, there, where the bullets whistled and flew
Father Fitzgerald was marching too—

Marching and working there in the van
As a soldier priest and a soldier man !

Out of the zone of fire he bore
Many a comrade, wounded sore—

From the foremost line of the fierce attack
To the mango-tree he bore them back !

Unto their wounds he gave a balm,
And unto their souls a holy calm :

To the ears that were closing for ever there
He breathed a word of comfort and prayer :

Over the brow, blood-wet from the strife,
He poured the blessed waters of life ;

The soldier saw, thro' the crimson mist,
The light of the Holy Eucharist,

And the shades of death were swept away
In the joy of the dawn of the Coming Day!

Thus, thro' the thick of the fight, he worked,
Nor ever an errand of mercy shirked.

His canvas jacket, tattered and worn,
By many a "Mauser" shot was torn:

But on he forged where the good flag went
With the men of the fighting regiment—

On, till the bugle charge was heard,
Till gallant Lawton gave the word—

Till the banner of Spain came, riddled, down
From the forts in front of Caney town!

Cheers for their valor and tears for our loss—
And our hearts to the Captain of the Cross



A MONTAUK INCIDENT.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER.



SURE your riverence could help me!"

I turned to look at the speaker, a plain, honest Irishwoman of middle age, with a stout, shapeless figure and broad, simple, snub-featured countenance that one immediately associates with washtubs and mops and brooms.

"What can I do for you, my child?" I asked. I was pressed for time, as many of my sick soldier boys were critically ill; the heat was intense, and the confusion still reigning at the newly organized hospital camp made it difficult for me to accomplish my visits as rapidly as I would wish.

She curtsied—"If you could find my boy for me, father," she said. "We saw by the paper that he was sick here, and I came up from the city to be with him; but they won't let me go round to look for him."

"What company is he in?" I inquired.

"Sure I don't know who his friends are here," she answered stupidly.

"What regiment is he in?" I explained as patiently as I could. "What company of what regiment?"

"Sure, I don't know his regiment, father, but his name is Larry Byrne."

"But his name is not enough; you must know the name of his regiment and the number of his company or you will never find him in a military camp," I exclaimed. Stupidity is always very irritating to me. I find it easier to love a sinner than a stupid person.

"I have never heard it, father, or else I don't remember it; but what difference does it make? Everybody knows Larry Byrne, and wasn't his name in the paper this very morning? That is how I came to know he was here at all. Just ask for Larry Byrne, father darlint, and sure they will all be telling you where he is!"

Poor soul! She had little notion of red tape, little idea of the utter hopelessness of finding plain, unvarnished, unnumbered Larry Byrne in that vast hospital camp. I questioned her further and found that she had already lost two boys on the battle-fields about Santiago, and that this was her youngest and her only support.

"I didn't want to have him go to the war," she explained, "but he was crazy to enlist. He had been loafing for a month, and he thought it would give him a little more money, so I let him go, though it's little good the money 'll do him now, poor lad! The two big boys died down there in Cuby, where I couldn't be with them; but when I heard my little lad was here and ill I had to come. I have never been outside the city before, father, and I couldn't have found my way at all but for this little girl here. Annie is right smart about finding her way."

I noticed then for the first time a pale, slender young girl, of fifteen or sixteen years, standing modestly near her. She looked tired and dispirited.

"How long have you been here?" I inquired.

"Since eleven o'clock, your riverence."

It was now two o'clock—the hottest hour of a hot, sultry day. They had not found him yet, and it was not likely they would ever find him, for they had no pass or permit of any kind, and could only hang around the outskirts of the camp appealing to such persons as appeared kindly disposed to help them.

"I will do the best I can for you, though it is little enough," I said, very doubtful of success. "I have many imperative sick-calls to make, so I cannot stop to search for him myself, but I will try to interest others to look him up."

"We will wait here, your riverence. God be with you and bring you to my boy!"

"Look for Larry Needle in Camp Haystack!" laughed the first official to whom I addressed myself. I saw plainly enough that there was little encouragement to be had, but as I passed from one hospital tent to another I persevered in questioning officers and nurses. All shook their heads doubtfully.

"There might be a dozen Larry Byrnes here, but we could only find them by the number of their company," they explained courteously, though I already knew this well enough. I turned somewhat sharply to reprimand a young volunteer loafing near who seemed inclined to joke at the expense of Larry Byrne's mother.

"Boss," he said, sobering down, "I guess you haven't been here long. We've seen mothers' sons dying hereabouts so often that we've forgotten how to care. You'll be indifferent yourself after a few days."

It was true that I had not been there long. I was temporarily filling the place of a volunteer chaplain, and this was only my third day at Montauk Point. I was sick at heart and torn with compassion at the scenes around me till I was almost un-

nerved for my duties. Hitherto I had frequently visited hospital wards and witnessed operations, and attended the injured in accidents—such duties came to me often enough in the exercise of my vocation, and I had always borne myself with calmness and self-possession. But the sight of these suffering, homesick soldier boys was too much for me. The long, hot, weary afternoon brought many distressing cases to administer to; there were confessions to hear, dying messages to record, lonely hearts to soothe, tired, fever-consumed eyes to close, disheartened sufferers to sustain and cheer. It was fully six o'clock before my rounds were over and I could return to the spot where I had left Larry Byrne's mother. I hoped she might not be there, that by some happy stroke of luck he might have been found. But she was still waiting, standing patiently, her lips moving mechanically as the beads of her rosary slipped through her fingers.

"No news?" I asked, though I well knew what the answer must be.

She shook her head sadly: "No, father, no one has found him for us yet."

"My poor child, you must come with me and have something to eat. You will be faint, standing there since early morning, and it may be some hours yet before we find him."

"I couldn't eat, father dear. It will be time enough to eat after we have found him. But Annie had better have a bite, poor little girl! She never was very strong."

The girl shook her head and I saw there was no use in urging her. She looked paler and more discouraged than ever, but I have seen that gentle, quiet sort before. They are stubborn as mules when they have a fixed idea in their heads. I knew that she would not eat nor drink nor rest, but neither would she faint. She would simply endure to the end.

I was hungry and hot and tired myself, but how could I think of food or refreshment before these suffering hearts? I turned once more towards the camp.

"This time I will not come back till I find him for you, if he is here at all," I promised Larry Byrne's mother.

"I'll keep on praying, father, and you'll find him sure."

For nearly two hours I searched the camp, high and low. I addressed surgeons, officials, and nurses, many kind and considerate in the extreme, a few ungracious and abrupt. I could hardly blame them for a little impatience. To ask for Larry Byrne without number of regiment or name of company was like hunting in New York City without address of street or

district. Still it did not warrant the storm of abuse hurled at me from one young fellow, a new-fledged lieutenant of volunteers. He drew himself up in the consciousness of his new dignity and let loose a volley of expletives that I had never heard equalled in the slums of Chicago, where it has been my lot to labor for many years past. Oath upon oath rolled off from his tongue with appalling volubility. I waited quietly for him to finish.

"Well," I said at last, "do you feel better, more like a soldier, more exalted, more worthy of your rank, a better American, a finer officer? Do you feel that the country is honored and the army ennobled by your words? Do you think that those of us who have had to listen to you will respect your wisdom and courage and dignity any more for this tirade? If you have any such idea, you will find that you have fallen just one hundred per cent. in the estimation of all who have heard you belittle yourself."

Just then a young fellow came up and touched me respectfully on the arm. He was weak and convalescing, evidently.

"Parson," he said awkwardly, "there's a chap a-dying in our tent and I guess he belongs to your faith. Would your mind coming to see him a minute?"

"What is his name?" I asked, starting at once.

"Larry Byrne."

I quickened my steps. It was true that there might be a dozen Larry Byrnes in the camp; it was not an uncommon name, and I must not feel too sure that I was being led to the one I sought. As I entered the tent I perceived a fever-stricken lad of eighteen or thereabouts lying in the further corner. There were others in the tent, but this one bore the unmistakable stamp of death in his drawn, wasted countenance, his thin lips and gleaming teeth, the ashen hue of brow and cheek, the wild eyes burning like coals of fire. He was in the last stages of exhaustion, but perfectly conscious. I knelt by his side.

"I knew God wouldn't let me die without seeing a priest," he gasped in hoarse whispers. "I've got too good a mother for Him to let any of her boys die out of His grace. I had two brothers, wild boys at home that gave her a lot of trouble, but in camp they said their prayers regular night and morning, and when they were dying, at San Juan, I found them with two Spanish priests attending them who had come out from the city to anoint the dying on the battle-field. I knew God would take as good care of me as of them, for mother loved me best."

I heard his confession and prepared him for death. He seemed ready to go, for he was too ill to struggle and death appeared to him as a friend, as it does to most of us in our last hour. When I saw that his conscience was at ease, and had done all that I could do for him, I said:

"Would you like to see your mother?"

"Wouldn't I?" he exclaimed. "Poor mother! She has had a hard life. The boys were wild, and father drank and abused her. She will feel bad to lose me. But she could never get here, poor mother! She never was out of the city in her life."

"But she is here," I said quietly. "I have just seen her."

He looked incredulous. "It can't be mother," he said, sighing. "It's some other Byrne. There's plenty of the name. She never could find her way any too well in the city; we always had to look after her. It's some other poor fellow's mother."

"We shall see," I said. "I will bring her here and we shall see."

I threaded my way among tents and wagons and packing boxes, past groups of men and animals, to the spot where I had left Mrs. Byrne. The sun had set, but the air was breathless and close. The ocean breeze had failed us in our need that day. The homely, patient figure still stood there in the twilight, the lips moving and the beads of the rosary slipping through her fingers. She started forward at sight of me, too weary for eagerness or smiles, but with a patient gladness lighting up the plain face.

"I knew you couldn't help but find him, father," was her greeting.

"It may be a mistake," I said cautiously, "but come with me." I turned to re-enter the camp, when an officer blocked my way. There is something about these young officers of volunteers that arouses all my combativeness, though, with the latent sympathy between priest and soldier, I will obey a regular to the dotting of an "i." I tried to push by him.

"No entrance," he said curtly.

"And why not?" I asked.

"No civilians allowed in camp at this hour."

"By whose orders?" I asked again.

He drew himself up haughtily. "By mine!" he thundered.

Then I did what I should have done in the first place, if I had not lost my temper. I put my hand in my breast-pocket and pulled out my permit, signed by the commanding officer, and countersigned by the Secretary of War, giving me entrance

to the camp at all times and places. The officer sullenly withdrew and I passed in. Mrs. Byrne was about to follow me.

"You have no permit for the woman," he said, holding her back. She stood patiently still.

"She goes with me," I said. "Her son is dying and I am taking her to see him. There is not a moment to lose."

"You may go where you please," he replied, "but you must get a separate permit for her. Women are not allowed to enter after dark."

I knew that he was in the right and that there was nothing to be gained by arguing or pleading. She must take up her weary waiting once more.

"God help you, poor soul!" I said. "Keep up your courage, and trust in God."

"I will, father," she replied. "Sure, He has never failed me yet, glory be to His holy will."

The tears rushed to my eyes as I turned away. Ah! how often it is the poor who teach us the gospel, and we, who are sent to preach it to them, may sit at their feet and learn.

I went directly to headquarters, for there is no use applying to subordinates, who often have not the power to help even if they have the will. The commanding officer was the busiest man in the camp, but his time and attention were at every one's service and I had no fear of the result. Nevertheless I must await my turn, and it was striking nine o'clock before I once more rejoined the patient, waiting figures in the moonlight.

We hurried along in silence. Sad scenes passed before us, heart-breaking sounds met our ears, but we passed rapidly by, absorbed in the fear of being too late. I opened the flap of the tent. It was dimly lighted, but peering into the farther corner I could see the pinched, waxen face, and the fever-scorched eyes glaring in the darkness like balls of fire. He still lived and was conscious. I drew the mother forward. "Is it he?" I asked.

There was silence as she groped her way towards the cot; then a wild cry rang out, a sound hardly human in its agony. It was as the cry of some hunted, wounded animal. But in an instant she recovered herself and drew nearer the cot. The nurse moved thoughtfully toward the door, and I turned my face away. Such a reunion was too sacred for witnesses. But I could hear the mother approach the cot, I felt her bending over the poor living skeleton, and my ears caught the first words she addressed to her dying boy, the last left to her of three.

"Larry dear, have you made your peace with God?"

I went down on my knees then. O woman, great is thy faith! and surely the Master is not far from thee, who shall declare thy praise before all the Court of Heaven.

The ghost of a smile crept over the lad's livid features. "Yes, mother," he murmured; "and now I know that it is really you and not a dream, for that would be the first question you would ask me."

"Praise be to God!" she cried, "but He is good to us, Larry boy, to let us be together again."

He raised his thin, wasted claw of a hand and laid it over her broad red one, stroking it fondly and saying from time to time, "Poor mother! Poor mother!" He tried to tell her something in broken whispers. I guessed from her subdued exclamations that he spoke of his brothers.

The young girl had crept to the other side of the cot and knelt there sobbing quietly. At last he turned his eyes from his mother and looked at her, and for a moment their fever-light was subdued to softness.

"It's little Annie," he whispered. "She must have brought you, mother, for you could never have got here alone. Annie was always good to you, mother; she will be good to you when I'm gone."

At last the great change came. It was ten o'clock when Larry Byrne's mother turned hastily and beckoned me to the bedside, and together we said the prayers for the passing soul. Then she tenderly closed the quenched eyes and crossed the emaciated hands.

The young girl had thrown herself face downwards on the floor, sobbing convulsively, but the mother stood like a statue by the bedside. I tried to murmur a few words of comfort and hope. She turned towards me, her homely face transfigured by a smile of infinite faith and patient trust. No sob escaped her, though the tears poured down her broad cheeks.

"Yes, it's God that knows best, father dear," she said. "I ain't asking any questions, for He has known best all along. He took them two wild boys where they were scared into saying their prayers reg'lar, and His mercy followed them way to Cuby and sent two foreign priests to anoint them. And now that He sees fit to take my Larry away too, glory be to His holy will! The three boys will be waiting for their old mother up in heaven, and in God's mercy I sha'n't be long in going to them, for me poor heart is broke, me heart is broke, me heart is broke!"

SYMPATHY.

BY REV. WILLIAM A. SUTTON, S.J.



WE pity and feel for creatures sharing in some way our sentient and intellectual nature. To some extent we make their sufferings and other states of consciousness our own, because we can imagine how we ourselves should feel if we were in their state. Hence pity is a kind of sadness, for sadness is caused by evil of any kind being present to and affecting us. This too explains how pity consoles sufferers. They perceive their affliction is shared by another and that lightens their own burden, as really as one carrying or drawing a load is relieved by some one lending a helping hand.

At first sight it would seem that it would be better for ourselves to keep out of the way of sufferers. Pity for them makes us sad, and sadness is a passion to be avoided and resisted. "Drive away sadness far from thee. For sadness hath killed many, and there is no profit in it" (Ecclus. xxx. 24-25). But this means excessive, unreasonable, selfish sadness. Like all passions if not brought under due control, it is utterly ruinous. Passions are not bad in themselves. They are essential components of sentient creatures. In man they are the raw material of virtue and of vice. If allowed to have their own way, they lead to every misery; if brought under the control of reason, they minister to all that is good and great in human character. Natural inclination to commiserate others is a most lovable quality; but, being in us of the nature of emotion or passion, it must be trained, developed, perfected by reason, and, above all, by the light of faith and the help of grace.

Sympathy is more commonly and conspicuously excited by sorrow than by joy; but unselfish sharing in the gladness of others is a beautiful manifestation of it too. "Rejoice with them that rejoice, weep with them that weep" (Rom. xii. 15). We alleviate sorrow by our sympathy, and we increase gladness and joy. Gladness is caused by the presence and possession of good, as sadness by evil. When another in joy sees us glad because of his well-being, he instinctively recognizes that in our friendliness his own joy has reason for increase, for a friend is, as such, an *alter ego*. Sympathetic manifestation of good will consequently adds new and increased joy.

Selfishness is the cause of the absence of both kinds of sympathy. Selfishness is seeking our own comfort and well-being at the expense of others, either by taking from them or refusing to give what in any way they may have a reasonable claim on, whether it be a claim of justice or merely a claim on our kindness. We refuse or avoid commiseration in order not to become miserable ourselves; we will not rejoice with others, because pride and envy make us feel others' success as constituting them superior to ourselves. Pride is, above all, a longing for superiority. Envy looks upon the good of others as an evil to one's self, and instead of joy at another's prosperity sadness is caused. We feel our own inferiority when we see others prosperous or joyous from what we have nothing to do with, or it may be from things that we ourselves are clearly wanting in. It would be well worth our while to cultivate sympathy, if only to avoid falling into envy, a passion that becomes continual torture when much indulged.

"Invidia Siculi non invenere tyranni
Majus tormentum" (Hor., ep. ii. lib. i. 58).

I lately came across a quotation from Alexander Dumas which bears upon the above: "La Rochefoucauld a dit: 'nous avons tous assez de force en nous pour supporter le malheur des autres.' Il aurait pu ajouter: 'Mais nous n'en avons pas toujours autant pour supporter leur bonheur.'" "La Rochefoucauld has said: 'We all have fortitude enough to bear the misfortune of others.' He might have added: 'but we have not always as much to endure their good fortune.'"

There never was a greater mistake than to think and act on the principle that sympathy for others in sorrow and joy interferes with our own content and happiness. Experience proves quite the contrary. As long as we are wrapt up in ourselves our own troubles occupy our imagination, which exaggerates them greatly and causes great depression. If we get away from ourselves and occupy our thoughts with the sorrows and troubles of others and try to relieve them, great good for ourselves ensues. We no longer brood over and distort exaggeratedly our own worries, and that in itself is a considerable source of relief. Besides, using our sympathetic passions in the right way gratifies them, soothes our conscience, makes us feel we are doing as we ought, gives us a sense of usefulness and worth; moreover there is added the satisfaction experienced from the appreciation and gratitude of those we help and con-

sole, and the esteem in general gained from being recognized as doing our part in that social organism of which we are necessarily members. One who is known to be selfish is instinctively detested, because he is always on the lookout to secure his own advantage at the expense of others. An unselfish person is instinctively liked, because he willingly lets others have all that they have any claim to, and even goes out of his way to be obliging and helpful. Man is a social animal. Selfishness is the enemy of society, unselfishness its greatest friend.

It is not always easy to be pleased because others succeed and are glad; it is often hard. But what has been done can be done, and we can train ourselves to sympathize in this most unselfish and beautiful way. If we make the effort a few times, we shall see the thing can be done, just like overcoming irritability or any other disorderly passion; and then the habit of doing right in this direction begins to be formed, and soon we are masters of the situation. We are creatures of habits good and evil, and habit becomes second nature, as it is said. There is so much satisfaction in rejoicing with others that we are well rewarded, even if we did not look higher; but of course we shall have higher motives and higher helps; for all that, we must make use, too, of every natural help, for grace in every way makes use of natural powers and circumstances.

A great aid to becoming sympathetic is to aim at trying to understand other people's way of looking at things. If we cultivated this habit, we should rapidly develop the sympathetic faculty. It is not stupid and ignorant people only that never think there is any way of viewing a question besides their own. I heard it said of an able and good man in high position that he could not conceive how any honest man could disagree with him. As a matter of fact, perfectly honest and intelligent people disagree irreconcilably on all manner of subjects; such is the force of surroundings, inherited tendencies, prejudices, intellectual and moral limitations. Trying to put ourselves in others' places and states of mind is a wonderful assistance in getting over bitterness towards opponents, and thus being able to deal justly and without anger and vindictiveness. When people are an annoyance to us, great or small, our imaginations get so possessed by our own trouble that we think of our opponents solely as a cause of suffering to ourselves, forgetting that they, too, have plenty to trouble them and to be pitied for. It is quite true that they are very often un-

reasonable, as we are ourselves, and it is necessary to oppose them; but we shall best succeed in bringing them to reason, or setting things right, if we are sympathetic, if we try to look fairly at their side of the question.

Well-regulated sympathy practically manifested is the best cure for misery and sadness. It brings a special blessing at such times to be kind to others. But at all times, under all circumstances, for attaining and preserving peaceful cheerfulness there is nothing like sympathy, kindness, mercy towards the sick, the poor, or the afflicted in any way. It is a natural reward. But it is also a reward of grace and in the supernatural order. Our Lord has promised peace and consolation to those who are rightly sympathetic. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Mercy means more than what there is any claim to—far more. Our Lord means that God will pour blessings on the merciful which will be the most soothing cure of all their miseries, and that to a great extent even in this life. If you want to be mirthful, be merciful.

THE FIRST EASTER.

BY MARION ARNOLD.



'ER the Judean hills the dawn is creeping,
 Bringing the day with its griefs again;
 On her lowly couch is Mary sleeping,
 O'er-wrought by the Passion's awful pain.
 Often she breathes His name in dreaming

Sorrowful dreams of her bitter loss
 On Calvary's Mount,—the mother seeming
 To stand again 'neath the mournful Cross.

But list! a strain as of angels singing
 Soft and sweet through the morning air,
 An echo of heaven-born music bringing
 To the lonely couch of the sleeper there.
 The strain takes on a joyful wording,
 And the mother stirs in her troubled dreams:
 But what are the angels' songs recording
 As the light o'er the Judean hill-sides streams?

“ Regina Cœli, lætare ! ” thrilling,
And “ Alleluia ” in chorus strong :
In the light that all the world is filling
The mother wakes with the angels’ song.
And there in the midst of the brightness beaming
She sees her Son, and she hears His voice :
“ Mother ! ” Ah, this cannot be dreaming,
For the angels are bidding her soul rejoice.

But come away ! It were rash presuming
To tell of that meeting with mortal tongue ;
With the light of heaven our souls illuming,
We shall hear the story by angels sung.
O Heart of Christ ! on some Easter morning
We shall learn the strength of Thy love divine ;
We shall sound the depths of that tender warning :
“ My child, let thy heart be always Mine.”



A HEAVENLY ADVENTURE.

BY COMTE DE V. DE L'ISLE ADAM.

"Go to the sea, and cast in a hook : and that fish which shall first come up, take ; and when thou hast opened its mouth, thou shalt find a stater ; take that, and give."—*Matt. xvii. 26.*



NOW that that seraphic child, Sister Euphrasia, has fled into the Realms of Light, why should we still call *earthly* the "miracle" by which she was so enraptured? Indeed, this noble saint (but just fallen asleep in the Lord at the age of eight-and-twenty, superior of a Provençal order of Little Sisters of the Poor, founded by herself) would not have been scandalized to learn the *natural* cause of her sudden vocation. Her way of seeing things was too truly humble for her to have been troubled thereat, even for a single instant. All the same, it is as well that I kept silence until the present time.

About a kilometre from Avignon stood, in 1860, not far from the verdant lands above the Rhone, an isolated hut of sordid aspect, lighted by a single window with iron-shod shutters, and situated in full view of a protecting police-barrack, on the outskirts of the suburbs, hard by the main road. Here an old Israelite, called Father Moses, had long dwelt. He was not a wicked Jew, notwithstanding his lifeless face, osprey's brow, and bald head, which was modelled and tightly bound round by a close-fitting cap, of which the stuff, and eke the hue, must for ever remain indeterminate. Still fresh and vigorous, he was quite capable of following closely, in a few forced marches, on the heels of Assuerus. But he never went out, and only received visitors with extreme caution. At night, a complete system of snares and wolf-traps protected him behind his ill-fastened door. Helpful, especially towards his co-religionists, invariably charitable towards every one, he dealt exclusively with the sick, to whom alone he lent, preferring to hoard his riches.

For this practical and God-fearing man the sceptical ideas of the age in nowise altered the primitive faith, and Moses prayed as well between two usurious transactions as between two gifts of alms. Not being devoid of heart, *he was particular to repay the least service rendered to him.*

As he looked forth with pale gray eyes at his surroundings, he was perchance aware of the cool, fresh country that lay extended beneath his windows. A distant object, however, placed on a slight eminence, commanding the river-side meadows to the edge of the stream, spoilt his horizon for him. This *Thing*—he turned from the sight of it with a sort of annoyance (an annoyance not inconceivable in his case), with an insurmountable aversion!

It was a very old Calvary, tolerated, as an archæological curiosity, by the then city magistrates. Twenty-one steps must be climbed before arriving at the great central cross, which supports a Gothic figure of Christ, nearly obliterated by the work of time. It stands between the two smaller crosses of the thieves, Dipha and Gesmas.

One night Father Moses, his feet on a stool, his spectacles on his nose, and his cap against the lamp, was leaning over a small table, covered with diamonds, gold, pearls, and precious documents. This table stood in front of the window which opened on to the night. The Jew was engaged in auditing his accounts in a dusty ledger.

He had remained up very late. All the faculties of his being had become absorbed in his labors, so that his ears, deaf to the idle sounds of nature, had remained for hours inattentive to certain distant cries, numerous, wide-spread, terrifying, which, all the evening, had gone on piercing the silence and the gloom.

A great, clear moon was sailing down the wide abyss of blue, and now no more sounds were heard. "Three millions!" cried Father Moses, placing a last figure to the total.

But the joy of the old man, exulting in the depths of his heart and filled with a sense of the realization of his ideal, ended in a shudder. For—there was no room for doubt—something icy suddenly gripped his feet! He pushed away his footstool, and jumped up quickly.

Horror! A lapping flood, by which the chamber was invaded, was bathing his thin legs! The house was creaking. His eyes, straying outside the window, dilated as they perceived the immense extent of the waters that covered the lowlands and farms. Here was the inundation!—the sudden overflow, terrible and increasing, of the Rhone.

"God of Abraham!" he stammered.

Without losing an instant, notwithstanding his panic, he cast off his clothes all but his patched trousers, flung off his

shoes, and crammed the more precious objects from his table—diamonds and securities—pell-mell into a little leathern bag (which he hung round his neck), reflecting that, by and by, beneath the ruins of his hovel, he would be able to recover his buried gold. Flac-flac, he strode across the room, that he might seize from the top of an old chest a bundle of bank-notes already saturated and sticking together. Then he mounted on his window-sill, and pronouncing three times the Hebrew word *Kodosch*, which signifies “Holy,” he flung himself, knowing himself for a good swimmer, upon the mercy of his God.

His hut sank behind him, noiselessly, beneath the waters. In the distance no boat! Whither should he fly? He turned towards Avignon, but the waters seemed to add to the distance, and it was—now far, far from him! Where could he rest? where find a footing? Ah! the only spark of light, there, upon the height, was that Calvary, whose steps were already disappearing beneath the boiling waves and eddies of the furious waters.

“Seek shelter from that Image? No, never!” The old Jew was in earnest in his beliefs, and although the danger was pressing, although modern ideas, and the compromises which they inspire, were far from being unknown to this gloomy fugitive, this seeker after an Ark, it was repugnant to him to owe, were it only earthly salvation—to *what was there*. His outline, at that moment, reflected from the waters which mirrored the stars, might well give rise to a dream of the Deluge.

He swam at hazard. Suddenly, a forbidding yet ingenious thought crossed his mind. “I forgot,” said he to himself, panting (and the water ran from the two points of his beard)—“I forgot that, after all, there is up there the unlucky impenitent Thief. By my faith, I see no hindrance to seeking refuge beside the excellent Gesmas, while I await my deliverance.”

He then steered, all scruples appeased, with energetic strokes, across the rolling arches of the flood, in the clear moonshine, towards the Three Crosses. After a quarter of an hour they appeared to him, colossal, a hundred yards from his congealed and rigid limbs. They stood without visible support on the wide waters. As he gazed, breathing hard and seeking to discover, to the left, the gibbet of his choice, behold the two side crosses, more frail than the central, creaked, weighed down by the current of the Rhone, and the worm-eaten wood yielded. With a sort of terrified, dark curtsy, both fell back silently into the foam.

Moses did not advance. Wild and haggard before the spectacle, he all but sank, and spat forth two mouthfuls of water. Behold! now the Supreme Sign, the great Cross alone, *Spes unica*, was outlined upon the depths of firmamental space. It held forth its pale One, thorn-crowned, nailed, with extended arms and closed eyes.

The old man, suffocated, almost fainting, with nothing left but the instinct of drowning creatures, decided, in desperation, to swim towards the Sublime Emblem, the gold he must save trebling his last efforts, and justifying the act in his eyes, dimmed by the approach of the death-agony. He arrived at the foot of the Cross. Oh! it was with a bad grace (to his honor be it said) and with his head averted as much as possible that he resigned himself—he, the man, barely escaping death by drowning—to seize and clasp his arms round the tree of the Abyss; that tree which crushes all human reasonings beneath it, dividing Infinity into four, clearly-marked roads. The poor rich man gained a footing. The water welled up, raising his body to half the height of the Figure. Around him the flood, wide-spread and silent! . . . Ah! there a sail! a boat!

He cried out. They tacked. They had seen him.

At that very moment a movement of the water (some river dam breaking in the darkness) lifted him, with a great upheaval, to the Wound in the side. This was so terrible and so sudden that he had barely time to clasp, body to body and face to face, the image of the Expiator, and then to hang suspended, his head thrown back, his bushy eyebrows contracted over his piercing and sidelong glances, whilst the points of his beard moved to and fro in the water.

The old Israelite, clinging to and astride of Him-who-pardons, and unable to release his hold, gazed sideways at his "Saviour."

"Hold fast! We are coming," cried voices drawing near, and sounding distinctly.

"Well!" growled Father Moses, whose horrified muscles seemed about to betray him—"well! here is a service rendered by One . . . from whom I certainly expected nothing. Not wishing to owe anything to any one, it is only just that I should repay Him . . . as I would repay a living man. Let me give—well, what I would give . . . to a man."

And whilst the boat approached, Moses, in his characteristic zeal to cry quits, rummaged in his pocket and drew thence

a piece of gold, which he pressed gravely and to the best of his ability in between the fingers of the right hand, which were folded over the nail.

"Quits!" he murmured, letting himself fall, almost fainting, into the arms of the boatmen. The very legitimate fear of losing his leathern bag kept him self-possessed till the landing at Avignon. The warmed bed of an inn comforted him there. In this town, a month later, he established himself, having recovered his gold from beneath the wreck of his old home; and in this town he passed away in his hundredth year.

Now, in the December of the year which followed this singular incident, a young, orphaned, country girl, Euphrasia by name, very poor and with a charming face, attracted the attention of certain rich citizens of Vacluse. Disconcerted by her inexplicable rebuffs, they resolved, in her own interests, to snare her by famine. She was soon turned off (at their instigation) from the work-room where she gained the daily pittance which kept her in bread and good humor, in exchange for but eleven hours of labor (the work-room belonging to one of the most respectable families of the town).

The same day she found herself turned out also from the poor room where, morning and night, she gave thanks to God. To be quite just, the landlord, who had children to provide for, had no right, and could not, seriously and conscientiously, expose himself to the loss of the six good francs per month brought in by that little hole in his garret.

"However honest she may be," said he, "it is not with sentiment that one pays one's taxes; and, besides, perhaps it is for *her own good*," added he with a wink, "that I must seem harsh."

Thus it happened that, in the winter twilight, when the tolling of the Angelus was borne on the wind, this trembling and unfortunate girl wandered along the snowy streets, and, not knowing whither to turn, bent her steps towards the Calvary.

Led, very probably, by angels, whose wings bore her up the white steps, she sank at the foot of the great cross, her body falling against the time-worn wood, as she murmured the simple words: "My God, send me a little help, or I shall die." And (*here is something to make one think!*) behold, from the right hand of the ancient figure of Christ, towards which the suppliant's eyes were raised, a piece of gold fell on the maiden's dress; and this surprise, together with the sweet and never disturbing consciousness of a miracle, revived her.

It was an old piece of money, bearing the stamp of Louis XVI., the yellow gold of which shone on the black robe of the favored girl. Something from God, no doubt, falling at the same time into the virgin soul of this child of heaven, strengthened her courage. She took the gold without being even astonished; rose, kissed the sacred feet, smiling, and fled towards the town. Having handed the six francs (which had caused the difficulty) to her reasonable landlord, she awaited the dawn upstairs, in her icy little bed; eating her dry bread during the night, ecstasy in her heart, heaven in her eyes, and singleness of purpose in her soul. The very next day, filled with living force and insight, she began her holy work, in spite of rebuffs, of closed doors, of evil-speaking, threats, and mockery.

And the work of the Lord was well planned, was stable.

To-day the young saint has just taken flight into her kingdom, victorious over the sneering foulness of earth, radiant because of the "miracle," which *created* her faith, in union with Him who "permits all things to come to pass."



A PRACTICAL VIEW OF CUBA.

BY JAMES M. MCGINLEY.



WITH a thermometer marking an average temperature of seventy-six for the month of February, and while blizzards and zero weather prevail in New York, it is not difficult to realize the inducements which the City of Havana will continue to offer to modern tourists; particularly so when the new provisional government shall have completed its work of applying the broom and whitewash brush to public buildings and thoroughfares. Even now the number of visitors from the States is so large that accommodations are insufficient. People of all shades and conditions are discernible here; the tourist pure and simple, who is a much-travelled and well-informed person; the camera fiend, who inflicts his presence and toy machine upon everything from the high altar in the cathedral to the hut of the reconcentrado, and in whose eyes nothing is sacred. The American business man has also aimed at and is looking for "opportunities." The young man "out of a job" is to be found, who, being unable to "strike" anything at home, has turned his face to this newly-opened field. He is, perhaps, faring somewhat better than the business hustler with great schemes for rapidly making money in view, for many of these young men have succeeded in obtaining employment, if not at high wages at least at such an income as will afford them good living opportunities.

PROSPECTS FOR BUSINESS.

Rates of living are higher here than in Northern cities of the same size. Restaurant charges for good, clean food are excessive, and no doubt due to the recent influx of Americans. As soon as the latter locate in any particular district prices immediately take on a remarkable growth. Beyond question, the Spaniard, or Cuban, is more alert in making a profit from the American than the latter was at first led to suppose. Aside from these "fancy" prices, the charges for rents, food, and both the necessities and the luxuries of life are about the same as they are in the States.

The "American hustler," so called, is entirely out of place here. Assertiveness, cynicism, and impetuosity are not qualifications which lead to the open road of enterprise in these Spanish-American countries. Good temper, patience, and deliberation, with an adoption of the native customs to a great extent, bring about better results. Combine these conditions with a good knowledge of the Spanish language, work hard, keep one's credit good, and as an American citizen one can reap a harvest in certain lines, but only in certain lines. The rapid and sky-rocket pace at which many Americans have made fortunes during the past decade has blinded them to many vital and fundamental principles still held by foreign merchants. One will be impressed here with the simplicity and economy with which great businesses are conducted in inexpensive buildings and with but little advertising. The employer is not distinguishable from the employee in general work and activity. In most cases, while living well, he does not indulge in the luxury of a summer palace or the expensive pleasures of club life, but locates his living apartments in or near the same building with his business.

THE SPANIARD KEEN-EYED AND ALERT.

A north-country Spaniard is a keen and able merchant, and a competitor whom all must respect in the business field. It is told that recently a delegation of American Hebrews came to the island in search of money-making enterprises, but discovering that none of their race had so far ever succeeded in maintaining a foothold, they departed on the next outgoing steamer, remarking that if a Jew had not yet made money there the conditions must be hard indeed. So much for the economic conditions. As yet the tariff regulations are against the United States. It is expected, though, that the amended schedule of 1898, now in operation, will be taken up shortly for revision and important changes will be made in it. At present foods and provisions from the United States are the main articles favored by its application. In many instances the rate of tariff is absolutely prohibitory to Americans, and where it is not, the uniformity or "open-door" policy of duties enables French, German, and English merchants to undersell American goods. A careful examination of the markets will show large European importations of foreign textiles, fancy goods, hardware, machinery, etc. When the schedules are definitely determined, it may be possible to note an increase of American manufactures; but admitting this to be certain, it is

probable that, with but few exceptions, American goods will only sell here because of some particular novelty or finish and not because of their low prices. A discriminating tariff in favor of the United States is not consistent with our humanitarian and open-door policy in the late war. Americans will not succeed so well as shop-keepers and merchants as they will by introducing distinctively American institutions.

Real estate transactions present many complications to a stranger. Ownership by corporate bodies is not based upon English or American methods. Large parcels of property may be owned by three or more individuals, but their interests are separate and distinct, and hence the difficulty of definitely closing a transaction, with conflicting claims, within a reasonable time. Briefly, it may be said that if a purchaser is enabled to secure the deeds of any property, it is the best guarantee of ownership. Tracing back the possession of it is frequently attended with so many inaccuracies of record as to be unreliable.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

The work of the provisional government, under General Brooke, is proceeding rapidly. Major-General Ludlow is already established in his official headquarters as municipal governor of Havana, with a goodly number of assistants. As far as practicable, his administration will not conflict in any way with city local authority, which is controlled by Prefect La Costa as Mayor of Havana. It is the policy of the Brooke and Ludlow administration to fill all offices with Cubans as rapidly as they show ability to assume charge. Americans will be secondary consideration in all government appointments, and with the mustering out of many United States troops, by next April the display of American authority here will become softened. Port Collector Colonel Bliss is following the lines laid down by the administration in making appointments for the custom house. Many of the candidates are Cuban soldiers or patriots, who preface their letters of application with a reminder of the abuse they received from the Spanish government. In one of these letters of application the writer stated that "his possessions had been systematically confiscated, robbed and plundered from him during the last ten years by the Spanish government."

HOUSE-CLEANING IN PROGRESS.

But each day attests the energy of the new administration in the care of the cities. At every turn street-cleaners are working towards yet unexplored accumulations. All public



LOOKING OUT INTO HAVANA HARBOR.—CAMP OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

buildings are being painted, scrubbed, and whitewashed as fast as time will permit; and if the same operation could be applied to many of the churches, schools, and dwellings it would be an untold blessing. A recent move of Major Cooke, who is in charge of the sanitary inspection, has been the appointment of plumbing inspectors to make reports concerning the utility and hygienic condition of the plumbing service in stone dwelling houses, a great and immediate necessity. Before the entrance of the United States troops it was no uncommon sight to witness a flock of vultures feeding upon the carcass of some dead animal in the city streets; in fact this spectacle occasionally offends the tourist even yet. Abuses of this character, together with revolting exhibitions of deformities and diseases by professional beggars in many of the prominent squares and thoroughfares, are to be remedied as quickly as the machinery of the administration can be made to do its work.

Should the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals desire new fields of operation, it will certainly find an extensive one in Cuba. Horses and mules are overloaded and abused; and as grass feed is the chief fodder for beasts of burden, they have little strength in comparison with our temperate, acclimated animals. It is a common sight to witness splendid teams of oxen yoked together in such a manner that free use of the head and shoulders is utterly impossible. Their heads are forced down into a heavy yoke which is placed directly back of the horns and on top of the head. From this yoke an iron chain passes down along the animal's nose and through his nostrils back again to its starting point. To see these patient beasts toiling in the hot sun all day with this cruel harness upon them is painful to any human being, and we hope before long steps will be taken to introduce more humanitarian methods here.

THE CHURCH IN CUBA.

The church and its standing in Cuba is at the present of universal interest. As to the much-discussed religious apathy of the people—at least the male portion—towards the religion of their country, it is safe to say that it is due more to personal disposition than to the lack of apostolic zeal on the part of the church. The latter is best represented by the well-conducted establishment of the Jesuits and by the fathers of the Church of Mercedes, which is one of the most beautiful and artistic church edifices in the country. These churches, with their colleges, are

a credit to Catholicity in Cuba, and the modelling of their methods by other churches and communities, particularly in standards of activity, order, and cleanliness, would advance the influence of Catholic work so mightily that the so-called contemplated "mission" of Protestantism would have no further effect than that of stimulating the active workers of the Catholic Church to greater deeds of glory for their religion. "Missions by Protestants" will probably act as a healthful stimulant and motive power for the church to begin a new era of life in Cuba. We have only to consider its marvellous growth in the United States and England, as well as in Mexico, during the last quarter of a century as proof of this. In the latter country, although always strongly entrenched, and its policy guided at one time by the clerical party in combination with the government, yet under the latter-day administration the position and influence of the church is greater than ever before. Protestant missionaries are forced to admit this through the failure of their own efforts.

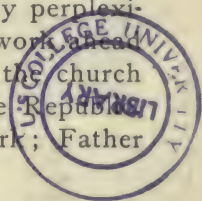
HOPEFUL SIGNS FOR THE FUTURE.

The Spanish descendant is a Catholic normally and practically and the old faith of his fathers is in his blood as strong as his love for country, but it needs awakening. While Spain yielded a revenue to the church of \$1,800,000 annually, it was to be expected that her policy would be to support the government and that her suggestions as to important appointments would receive consideration. This state of politics may explain some things which appear strange alike to Catholics and Protestants.

The funerealism as well as sad, heavy atmosphere surrounding many of the old Spanish churches and religious houses adapted itself to the moods and tastes of the people. The ornate display of statues, gaudy paintings, and votive offerings, while not appealing to an American Catholic, had yet a purpose in symbolizing the feelings of a people infused with Latin, Indian, and Negro blood, and of reaching sentiments which never could be realized by simple hymn and prayer.

With the light and progress of the future, ever conducing to its advantage, the church will gain added encouragement, strength, and respect, and be an arbitrator in many perplexities which will arise. No institution has so much work ahead of it and such splendid promise of success as has the church in Cuba when that land is under the guidance of the Republic.

Monseigneur Chapelle is already there and at work; Father



Sherman was reported at the Jesuits' on the 1st of March; Father Jones, of the Augustinians, preached his first sermon in English to American tourists and Catholics in Havana three weeks ago at the old chapel adjoining the property of the Augustinians, who were expelled by the Spaniards some fifty years ago because of their Cuban tendencies. Father Jones expects to draw all American Catholics to his chapel for services because of the instruction given in English. Already the hand of the active American can be seen in the application he has made of broom and paint-pot, and in his well-defined ideas of modern art in the adornment and improvement of his chapel. Father Jones would impress one as a man of wide experience and thought, who will rapidly gain the co-operation of all Americans by his ability for work and his solicitous regard for the sick and dying soldiers in Havana hospital. His attendance to their spiritual comfort and needs is ever in demand, and this responsibility, in addition to his duties as a priest in charge of the American Havana colony, leaves him no time at his disposal. Of all men he is one of the most needed, and moreover the most respected by the Americans in Havana.

HEALTH CONDITIONS OF THE CLIMATE.

A burning question presented to Americans contemplating a visit to the new possessions is that of the health conditions and the liability to diseases germane to the country and climate. A few safe and positive rules carefully observed will do much to relieve anxiety on this point; and from the experiences of army and navy physicians, together with the native doctors, the following seem to have proved the most trustworthy: The best season in Cuba and Puerto Rico is from October to April, known as the dry period. Outside of this term the rainy season is continual and, with but few exceptions, rain falls every day in heavy thunder-storms. The sun will burst forth suddenly after these showers and create by its intense heat a vapor-laden atmosphere in which the malarial germ is a menace to those who are not acclimated, if they neglect certain wise precautions. It cannot be truly said that the heat is very severe, for an average of temperature taken during the last ten years shows this result: in January, 70° Fahr.; March, 73°; June, 80°. One should drink pure water or water which has been clarified by filtering, eschewing the free use of intoxicants. Fresh bananas are not recommended too highly, but limes and pine-apples and the milk of green cocoa-nuts are said to be excellent. Long exposure to the night atmosphere should

"THE SPANISH STILL REPRESENT LARGE INTERESTS AND UNQUESTIONABLE INTEGRITY AS MERCHANTS."—page 79.



be prudently avoided, together with the wearing of damp clothing and shoes. The basements and stone courts, with their inviting shadows on a hot day, may only lure to destruction. The higher one locates his apartments in these houses, the further does he travel from the microbe.

Yellow fever is common enough in unclean localities to cause apprehension of contagion among foreigners even in healthy places. In the army free use is made of quinine and citrate of magnesia as a preventive against it. In a word, with a strict adherence to the time-proven axiom and the practical application of the "pound of prevention," an American may live in Havana the year round and suffer no impairment of his health. A flesh wound, received by accident or otherwise, should have an application of an antiseptic as quickly as possible in order to prevent the possibility of a disorder known as "tetanus," which is a peculiar form of blood-poisoning common among the natives of the island.

It is to be regretted that many of the untimely deaths among our brave troops were due to a disregard or ignorance of some of these precautions. The governor, Major-General Ludlow, has found it necessary to issue public orders to every saloon-keeper prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to the army under penalty of seizure and imprisonment. Outside of the army the mass of the people may be divided into Spanish, Cuban, and Negro classes. The first comprise the leading merchants, bankers, and property-owners of the city. Although the Spaniards have been abused in all styles for the American people by our yellow sheets and prejudiced magazines, yet from personal contact, and from the experience of our entire army and navy engaged in Cuba, the impression which he has produced is a very favorable one. Our troops without exception accord the Spanish unstinted praise for many courtesies and attentions, while the tourists will find that, as a class, they still represent large interests and unquestionable integrity as merchants. In proof of this, it is a fact that during the whole of the late war not one merchant of Havana suffered failure.

The Spaniard of Cuba is well disposed towards the policy of the United States upon the island, and as a class will be found ready to adopt any course which will aid prosperity and peace and accomplish the best results for the good of all.

Havana, Cuba, March 5, 1899.

CHARITY AS IT WAS AND IS.

BY H. M. BEADLE.



THE word charity has several meanings, but I shall treat of it only in the sense of aiding the poor. In the middle ages—that is, in Catholic times—the state did not assume the duty of individuals by caring for the poor, yet the poor were never so well cared for as during that time. It is well, it seems to me, to inquire how the poor were cared for before the state took upon itself the duty of relieving them.

It was devotion to Christian principles—that is to say, the principles taught by the Catholic Church of God—that caused individuals in the middle ages to relieve the necessities of the poor. These principles could not have been so effective had not the people of that day fully accepted them, and carried them out in their relations to others. Every Christian in the middle ages believed that God, being the Creator of all things, was the owner of all things, and that man's ownership of property was subordinate to God's; and that man in possessing wealth acted as the steward of God; that man had a right to the proceeds of his labor and wealth only by the law of God, which gave him out of his income what was necessary for himself and his family; all beyond this to be used, according to divine law, for the poor, for religion, and for the state, and that God would hold each individual to a strict account if he made an unjust or evil use of the wealth which he had put in his hands. This may be seen in the old books of instruction as well as in the old prayer-books, under the head of preparation for confession. This truth is still held, but I have not been able to learn why these instructions are not printed in modern English prayer-books and books of instruction.

CHARITY A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE.

In the *Confession Book*, prepared by Johannes Wolf in German, and printed in 1473, it is said of the aged poor: "They are as fathers and mothers on account of their age, and represent Jesus." Then, as the penitent prepares for confession, he is made to ask himself: "Have I ridiculed the poor? Have I respected them? Have I visited them and given them to eat

and to drink? Have I treated them rudely or made them stand at my door?" And then the writer says: "Christians should consider their superfluities as belonging to the poor. Examine yourself on this point, and, if guilty, accuse yourself somewhat as follows; 'I have loved riches, which belong to the poor, so much that I neglected to give alms.'"

In the *Key of Paradise*, printed in Philadelphia, and approved by Bishop Kenrick, of that city, afterward Archbishop of Baltimore, in the preparation for confession, it is asked, Have we sinned against ourselves "By avarice?—in being backward in giving alms according to our ability, in squandering away in gaming, or in vain or foolish expenses, the substance that Providence has given for the relief of the poor and the distressed; in not only refusing them alms which we can afford, but in refusing it with bitterness, reproaches, imperious or ill-natured language, or with an insulting air; in being too much attached to the goods of this life, when it must be ever remembered that what is really superfluous to us belongs of right to the poor; that where there is much, much should be given, and where there is only a little, even some of that little should be given; for 'God loves a cheerful giver.'"

LEO XIII. ON THE RIGHT USE OF MONEY.

This is a modern as well as an ancient teaching. Our Most Holy Father, Leo XIII., is quoted by Father Gasquet, the great Benedictine author, as follows: "The chiefest and most excellent rule for the right use of money rests on the principle that it is one thing to have the right to the possession of money and another to have the right to use money as one pleases. If the question be asked: How must one's possessions be used? the church answers in the words of the holy doctor (St. Thomas Aquinas): 'Man should not consider his outward possessions as his own, but as common to all, so as to share them without difficulty when others are in need. When necessity has been supplied, and one's own position fairly considered, it is a duty to give to the indigent out of that which is over. It is a duty, not of justice (except in extreme cases), but of Christian charity, . . . (and) to sum up what has been said: Whoever has received from the divine bounty a large share of blessings . . . has received them for the purpose of using them for the perfecting of his own nature, and, at the same time, that he may employ them, as the minister of God's providence, for the benefit of others.'"

PIUS IX. ON CHARITY.

The poor were also relieved in the middle ages because the church taught that it was the duty of Christians to love their neighbors as themselves, following the precept of our Lord. In this day we cannot fully understand how that precept was followed by all classes of people in the middle ages, for few fully comprehend what they do not see. Pius IX., of holy memory, in addressing members of St. Vincent de Paul's Society, in Rome, December 6, 1854, gave expression to the principle that animated the people of the middle ages, paraphrasing our Saviour's words: "Love each other and love your brethren, not for the personal qualities or the natural gifts with which God has endowed some of them, but love them solely because every one of your brethren, even if he were the least among the last of men, is still My image." They loved each other because they saw in each other the image of their Saviour, and relieved their necessities because he had told them to. There was still another reason why the people of the middle ages relieved the poor, and that was because of the doctrine of good works. They believed with St. James, that faith without works was dead, and that by relieving the poor, the sick, and the prisoner, they were obeying their Divine Master, and, through his merits, laying up treasures in heaven. And among the many good works they did, relieving the poor was the first.

THE CHARITABLE WORK OF THE MONASTERIES.

The people of the middle ages founded monasteries that they might relieve the poor and teach religion at the same time. They believed they were thus providing a sure relief for the poor for all time. It was the rule, especially in England, to give one-third of the tithes to the relief of the poor. There were also foundations in almost every parish which yielded a revenue for the relief of the poor. Of Germany Martin Luther wrote: "Our fathers and forefathers, kings, princes, nobles, and others, gave generously, lovingly, and overflowing to churches, parishes, institutions, and hospitals," and the great German historian, Janssen, supplements Luther's statement thus: "The voluntary offerings for good works were so constant and abundant that there was never any need anywhere, in town or country, for government or public donations, for the levying of poor-rates or school-rates, or for house-to-

house collections." Every noble or wealthy family gave relief to the poor every day. The guilds supported their own poor and often gave relief to others. There were no poor-houses or hospitals conducted by the state, but the poor and the sick were taken care of in both, though the far greater number of the indigent poor were cared for in their own homes or in the homes of others. The poor were not shut up from their neighbors and friends as has become necessary nowadays, because the people, not seeing in them the image of their Saviour, turn them over to the care of the state. Often the alms for the poor were in excess of their needs, and the excess was appropriated to other pious uses. The Black Death destroyed one-third of the people of Europe, and Rev. Augustus Jessops, who has studied the conditions of the people of the middle ages for many years, seems to be of the opinion that this terrible plague, if it prevailed to a like extent in our day, would disintegrate society to a greater degree than it did five hundred years ago.

LUTHER THE RECIPIENT OF CATHOLIC CHARITY.

The children of the poor, especially in Germany, were educated by the charity of the people. Martin Luther's parents were poor until he was about twenty years of age. His father, who was a peasant, could read and write German, and Luther could read and write when he was six years old, and so could many of his playmates. The whole of the expense of Luther's education, until he went to the University of Erfurt, was the gift of charitable people, all of whom were Catholics. Many other of the great men of Germany got their education at that time in the same way. The man that overthrew the church in the greater part of Germany was trained in Catholic schools, his expenses for ten years or more being paid by Catholics, because of the ideas of Christian charity which prevailed in that age which so many ill-instructed people call "dark."

In almost every city and large village, and, it may be said, in every parish, there were provisions by foundations of monasteries, guilds, or other associations, or by the parish itself, for relieving the poor and teaching their children. In the course of time the revenues of many of these became important. These foundations were all connected with the church to a greater or less extent, and when in Germany and England the Reformation prevailed, the greater part of these revenues were taken by the princes of Germany and the crown of England. Jans-

sen and Audin show how these were taken in Germany; and Cobbett, Gasquet, and Jessops show how it was done in England. In taking the lands and revenues belonging to these foundations the poor were despoiled far more than the church. Not only were the lands of the poor, and what may be called their annuities, taken, but no revenues were left for their maintenance, except the direct charities of those whose earnings had been impaired by the high prices caused by the debasement of money.

DESPOLIATION OF THE MONASTERIES.

I know it has been told for three hundred years that the church and the monasteries had been rightfully despoiled, because they had accumulated what properly belonged to the state. This monstrous lie might be allowed to pass with a simple denial, but it must be observed that if this property rightfully belonged to the state, the proceeds of those confiscations should have gone into the coffers of the state. But they did not; they went into the hands of kings, princes, nobles, adventurers, and other equally disreputable people, men and women. None of them went to relieve the poor or to educate their children. Even the foundations which were made for the education of poor children were stolen from them and appropriated by the rich, as Professor Thorold Rogers truthfully states. The property and revenues of the guilds, which were the property of working people, were confiscated in England, and though the revenues of the poor were pointed out to the officials in England, all was taken under the pretence that it belonged to the church. The revenues of hospitals were taken the same as those of the monasteries and guilds. Gasquet has shown that the culmination of the Reformation in England was the robbery of the poor by the rich, and Janssen shows that practically the same state of affairs prevailed in Germany.

THE REFORMATION AND THE WAGE-EARNERS.

With the success of the Reformation in Germany and England came a rise in prices, which made the working people, once so prosperous, very poor. There was a slight rise in wages, but it bore no proportion to the rise in prices. Those who had become seized with the wealth of the churches, monasteries, hospitals, guilds, and foundations for the relief of the poor, were able to dictate both prices and wages, and the latter have not to this day overtaken the former, though great advance-

ment has been made in this century by the working people in both hours and wages, probably at the cost of interrupting the continuity of labor.

The increased prices and comparatively low wages added greatly to the numbers of the extremely poor. There was no means to relieve these; those who would have relieved them were unable, and those who inherited what had been stolen from them, and who should have relieved them, would not. After passing many laws and temporizing with the matter many years, the English parliament, under Elizabeth, passed a law providing that the extremely poor should be sent to state poor-houses, and that some out-door relief might be given to those who were able to earn part of their living. The distress had so grown under Reformation ideas that there was no other way to relieve the poor, the people no longer seeing in each poor person the image of our Lord.

In this country we have inherited from England many of the laws and principles of the Reformation, and we have poor-houses and out-door relief for the poor provided and given by the state, for we do not see, any more than the people of England under Elizabeth saw, the image of our Saviour in the persons of the poor. We do not see any reason why we should be called upon, as individuals, to support or relieve the poor. Let the state look to it; the responsibility is upon the state, not upon us. To assert that men are not absolute owners of the property they possess, being only stewards of God while in possession of it, will be considered by many as agrarianism, for they have no idea of God's being concerned in the things of this world, and they cannot conceive that even God should have anything to say as to what they shall do with their own. What a terrible awakening some of them may have when their lives shall close and eternity open before them! Before the last breath of life shall leave their bodies, may they experience that mercy that is impossible to man but possible to God!

THE COLDNESS OF STATE CHARITY.

These days are something like those that ushered in the mis-called Reformation. The poor are pressing for relief, but the state is giving as little as possible. It is not going abroad like a good man, bountiful to relieve the poor, but to find excuses for not relieving them. The importunate and self-asserting poor, whose self-respect went long ago, get their full share, if not more than their share; but those "who are ashamed to ask,"

as St. Thomas of Villanova expresses it, who but God knows how they suffer? No reason, or words, or cries will cause the state to open its charity to them. To them it is a living stock or stone, blind and deaf and conscienceless. When self-respect is lost it will relieve, but not till then.

The multitude are but little better than the state. They have human hearts that may be moved at times by cries of distress, but they give by impulse, or refer the applicant to the authorities. When they neither see nor hear of human suffering, they take for granted that it does not exist, and do not look for it. They are too busy to discuss principles which apply to human society, and after the first impulse of pity has expended itself, they cease to care about their poorer fellow-creatures until something arouses their sympathies again.

But they ought to appeal with hope to Christians—Catholics and Protestants. These must see that they are but stewards of God for the wealth they possess; they must see in the poor the image of their crucified Lord; they must know that in relieving the poor they are relieving their Lord, and that to attain the reward of Christians in heaven, they must feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, clothe the naked, help the sick and the unfortunate, especially those in prison. How poor and naked will we be if, when called to judgment, we cannot show we have been faithful stewards of God in using the means he has put into our hands, or if we have been unable to discern in the poor the image of our Lord and Saviour!



IN TOLAFAA LAND.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

(Illustrated by kodak views taken by one of the officers of the "Vandalia.")

TOLAFAA!" (Love to you) is the salutation as one steps upon the shores of those fair isles of the Pacific, midway between Hawaii and New Zealand, and so pervading is the spirit of charity among these gentle and generous islanders that the greeting carries with it no end-of-the-century insincerity, but bears the stamp of truth.

Savaii, Upolu, and Tutuila, three large islands and five small ones, three thousand square miles in all—this is Samoa. Yet how small an idea do the bare statistics convey of the beauties of these ocean gems.

They were discovered by Roggewein, a Dutch navigator, in 1722, but Bougainville visited them in 1768 and named them the "Isles of the Navigators," from the extraordinary skill which the natives displayed in the management of their bark canoes.

In 1830 English missionaries went to settle in the islands and found the natives gentle, peaceable creatures. As a race they came from the Malay archipelago and they are a light brown in color, with rich olive tints, the women perfectly formed and graceful, the men sinewy and strong.

The hair is straight and black, but red hair is much admired and Samoan beauties often bleach and dye their locks by means of coral lime, which is also used to stiffen the ringlets so that they will stand straight out from the head. Flower-wreaths are very fashionable, and the *élite* of the isles deck themselves gaily, and many of these women are very beautiful. They have a natural and unconscious grace, and swaying from a grape-vine or seated in the gnarled trunk of a mighty palmetto they present a pleasing picture of untamed femininity, charming and often lovely.

Living upon cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, banana, and taro, the Samoan diet is simple and healthful for so warm a climate. The cocoa-nut milk makes a cooling drink, the meat is eaten, and although the mighty groves of trees grow wild in the

islands, the natives prize the fruit so greatly that one of the unwritten laws of the land is that new trees shall be planted each year.

Roasted bread-fruit—golden discs cut from among the dark green serrated leaves—and the *taro*, growing in patches with its shiny, heart-shaped leaves, are delicacies to the Samoan palate, but luxury of luxuries is *kava*. This beverage is made from the root of the pepper-tree, and its curious concoction is well described by Henry Whitaker in his interesting sketch of Samoa:

"A wooden bowl, a cocoa-nut cup, and a strainer are the implements used in making the brew," he says. "That personage of the

chief importance in Samoa, 'the Maid of the Village,' is invariably called upon to brew the beverage, which ceremony, with her attendants, she conducts with becoming dignity. After carefully washing out her mouth in the presence of all assembled, she seats herself upon the matted floor with



"A SMALL IDEA DO BARE STATISTICS CONVEY OF THE BEAUTY OF THESE ISLANDS."

the bowl in front of her and, with resigned manner and pre-occupied countenance, begins to masticate the bits of root handed her by the attendants. Piece after piece is chewed until the mouth is full and the cheeks bulging out, when the mass is ejected into the palm of the hand and with a graceful swing deposited in the bowl.

"This operation is repeated until a proper quantity of the



"THE NATIVES DISPLAY EXTRAORDINARY SKILL IN THE MANAGEMENT OF THEIR BARK CANOES."

root is secured. Then the hands are washed scrupulously clean and an attendant, having poured the required amount of water into the bowl, the maid proceeds with the compounding. With a rolling and twisting movement of the hands she mixes all the undissolved portions of the root in the *fou* (strainer), which, after wringing, is shaken out and the straining repeated until the brew is finished.

"A vigorous clapping of hands announces that it is ready to be served, whereupon the highest chief, in a loud voice, exclaims, 'Ah, here is *kava*! Let it be served.' One of the attendants produces the cup and presents it at the bowl to be filled by the maid. This she does by plunging the strainer in the liquid, afterwards squeezing it over the cup.

She will then face about and, with the cup held delicately by the outer rim and level with her dimpled chin, with her

arm raised, stand in the most charming attitude of expectation awaiting the crier's instructions as to whom to take the cup."

People are always served according to rank in Samoa, the greatest chief first, and as each is served he either returns the cup to the maid with thanks or—and this is considered a great feat—with thumb and finger he spins it along the floor mat, causing it to stop exactly before the bowl.

A woman may make *kava* and serve the men, but she may not taste it except upon great occasions.

Dancing is one of the favorite pastimes of this fun-loving people, and the national dance is the *Siva*, made up—as are so many of the beautiful Spanish dances—more of graceful posturing and gestures than of set figures or revolutions. The maidens dance and sing, gliding into a score of easy postures, waving their polished, bronze-like arms, with flower garlands and palm branches twined about their full, dark, column-like throats. Very lovely they look against a background of cool green *taro* and huge palmetto and banana trees waving in the soft, languorous tropic breeze.

Costumes are scanty, consisting of *tapa*, or cloth, wound about the loins and extending to the knees. This is called *lava lava*, and the women wear in addition to it a drapery over the shoulder.

Tapa was formerly the great industry of the island, with fishing, planting *taro* and fruits, and collecting copra. *Tapa* is made from the inner bark of the mulberry-tree and pieces of it are stuck together with paste made from the arrow-root. The old women color and fashion the cloth, and Samoan styles are by no means so difficult to follow as in more (so-called) "civilized" countries, for certain colors and figures



A NATURAL AND UNCONSCIOUS GRACE.

are assigned to the chief's family and commoners are not permitted to wear them.

A dainty bit of scenery is a Samoan house entwined with vines amidst the soft luxuriance of a tropic landscape. Some one likens it to a huge bee-hive set on posts. The rafters, made of the bread-fruit tree, slope down to the ground, and they are crossed with ribs lashed together with *sennit*. The roof is heavily thatched with sugar-cane leaves, the open sides of the hut hung with cocoa-nut leaf plaited mats which are all let down at night, and the floors are of bright sea-pebbles and covered with home-made straw mats. There is but one room where all the family live, the cooking being done in an out-house, and at night curtains of *tapa* are let down from the roof to form chambers. The beds are made of mats and folded *tapa*, with an excruciating pillow of a bamboo rod set upon legs.

From a business point of view there is little opportunity for rivalry or jealousy among the islanders, for by tribal inheritance they are Communists pure and simple. They borrow or take from each other with bland serenity. "Stingy" is an insulting word and never applied except to offend, and as a man's earnings all belong to his tribe, he follows the Biblical saying about the mean between "poverty and riches." Of very old lineage are the royal Samoans, for King Malietoa Laupepa was in the



STRANGERS IN THE LAND.



A SAMOAN CHIEF.

twenty-first generation of kings, and recognized as such by Germany, England, and the United States. He was an excellent king, educated in the mission school, wise and laboring for the good of his people, but the revolution of 1888 lost him his throne, the rebels being supported by foreign officials.

The missions in the islands are for the most part Catholic, the church at Apia being the oldest on the islands. At the schools the natives are educated, many of them as missionaries to their own people, and a large number of the native women have entered the convents as Sisters of Charity.

The early religion of the islanders was a curious one. At birth each Samoan was dedicated to an imaginary god, who marked out for him his destiny or fate. The god was incarnate visibly, in a tree, a flower, or some other object, and was always greatly revered. The Samoan believes in the soul, saying that it takes a journey when a person sleeps and that awakening means the return of the *Anganga*. Their mythology

is vast and interesting, and the tales are handed down from father to son by word of mouth.

Truth, politeness, and gentleness are the favorite virtues for womankind; the men are enjoined to be courageous, truthful, and strong, while hospitality is urged upon all. Each village contains a *Tale-tale*, or guest-house, where strangers are entertained at the public expense for weeks at a time, the whole village sending the strangers contributions of fruit, fish, and delicacies. When the *Tuscarora* was sent to convey Colonel Steinberger to Samoa, in 1875, the captain of the vessel received at one time presents of four hundred and fifty chickens, seven-teen pigs, and a ton of yams and potatoes.

Exquisite beyond description is the scenery of this tropic island.

“The sky is blue and gold and pearl-besprent;
High blazes color, roses, poppy, pink;
The air is incense; it is joy to live.”

Here is a group of banana trees, palms, and cocoa-nuts; there cool and limpid streams flowing ever to the sea; further inland, when the glowing beams of the vigorous sun cause the traveller to seek the woodland shade—



THE LAVA-LAVA COSTUME.

"The shadow of the palms is still, but stiller the tall lilies' flame
(Emblems of Venus and Lilith), and blazes the sun like a boss—
A boss on the Archangel's shield hung in the blue of the sky,
For the Lady of Noon has arisen and scattered her poppies
abroad.



A SAMOAN SETTLEMENT.

The flower narcissus is bending, drooping, yet loath to die,
But the lilies are scarlet, defiant; they, stately, with one accord
Face the fierce gaze of the sun-god, knowing no pain nor
shame,
While fauns in the groves are moaning, mourning a nameless
loss."

It is all nature, lovely, human, speaking of nearness to God
the Creator perhaps more than more civilized scenes, and it is
difficult to comprehend how the passions of man could rend to
atoms the peaceful beauty of the scene. Yet sorrowful has
been the lot of the Samoans in the last quarter of a century.

The United States asked for a coaling station in the isles,
and in 1872 the lovely, land-locked harbor of Pago-Pago, south

of Tutuila, was granted to our government for this purpose. But the group had long been a bone of contention to Germany and England, although treaty rights provided that the three nations should have equal privileges, and in 1888 it became evident that Germany desired to violate the treaty and possess herself of greater commercial opportunities than were granted to others.

Interference in the affairs of islands seems to be a specialty of the German Empire, and Americans in Samoa regarded it in about the same light as Admiral Dewey appears to have looked upon it in the Philippines. When the rebel Tamasese was upheld by a German war vessel and King Malietoa deported to the Solomon Isles, it seemed time for the United States government to interfere, tyranny in any form being something Americans will not permit.

In a scuffle with native troops a German officer had been killed and the commander of the warship then in the harbor announced that he intended to bombard Apia in revenge for the death of his countryman, although that individual had been justly punished for interference entirely unwarranted and against neutrality laws.

Our consul protested but to no avail, and he hastened to the United States ship *Adams*, stationed in the harbor, and asked the commander to intervene. The captain seems to have been of the customary type of American seaman, brave, ready, discreet, for his trumpet gave forth no uncertain sound in reply. He immediately steamed the *Adams* between the German ship and the town, sending word to the rival captain, "You may bombard Apia whenever you wish, but it shall be through my ship and over my body, sir, and I shall not be responsible for the consequences!" It is needless to add that the bombardment of Apia by the Germans was indefinitely postponed, thanks to the courage and discretion of a brave American.

The Navy Department ordered the *Vandalia*, *Nipsic*, and the flag-ship *Trenton*, under the command of Rear Admiral Kimberly, to make for Samoan waters, and the fleet reached there in March, 1889. Besides these war vessels there were in the harbor three German men-of-war and one British, and there was a lull in the storm of war upon the shore.

The harbor was an impressive sight. Within its horse-shoe curves were seven mighty warships, besides many merchant vessels, large and small.

The Samoan warriors gazed in wonder at the strange vessels.



"THE KING'S DAUGHTERS."

Very different were their own preparations for a sea battle. The native canoe, long, slender, graceful as a bird on the wing, fairly skims the water, and manipulated by the skilful paddlers it is a beautiful sight; but the large canoes are made of small *peces* welded together with *sennit* and they hold fifty or sixty people. In war-time the chiefs lash two of these together, thatch a roof over the small decks situated in the middle of the boats, and accommodate two hundred warriors, using sails of cocoa-nut leaves, while the rowers, with heart-shaped paddles, sit facing each other.

When the great hurricane in which so many lives were lost came upon the foreign vessels, the simple islanders said, "The great God was displeased at such warlike demonstrations and he decided to settle the conflict before it began."

Often has the story of the Samoan disaster been told. Words could not describe the terrific grandeur of the scene when the mighty ocean and mightier winds of heaven rose up in wrath and played havoc with the works of man as though sporting with childish toys. Tossed up and down, thrashed hither and yon, the great ships were as bubbles upon the waves of the sea.

The German *Eber* was the first to go down, only four of her crew being saved, and the *Adler* was lifted bodily into the air and dashed down upon a coral reef.

The *Nipsic* was beached by her commander to save her from a worse fate, and her crew was saved by the natives, who bravely risked life and limb to carry out a life-line, dashing through the boiling surf to help the sailors to the shore.

The danger was not only from the winds and waves but, in so small a harbor, that the ships would collide with each other. Many of the captains endeavored to run their vessels out of the harbor into the open sea, but some of the engines were so injured that nothing remained but to accept their fate as calmly as possible.

The *Vandalia* was beached, and her captain and forty-three of the crew were drowned while the greatest heroism was displayed by both officers and men.

In the hope of bringing the *Trenton* around so that it might escape a reef, since no sail could be set in such a storm, it was determined to endeavor to form a human sail, and all hands were ordered into the rigging. For a moment the crew hesitated. Then a young cadet named Jackson, the merest boy, ran forward crying, "Follow me, boys!" and he climbed to the topmost point of the mast-head, followed by the crew to a man. The experiment was successful and the *Trenton* was saved by the brave boy who was not afraid to lead.

Generous as well as brave were our gallant sailors. As the British ship *Calliope* swept past the *Trenton*, in the hope of making the open sea, the American sailors, in sight of almost certain death, gave their British comrades a hearty cheer, and so sped them on to safety. The English captain said that cheer saved his ship, for his men had become utterly demoralized, and the nobility and unselfishness of the *Trenton's* crew spurred their faint hearts to renewed efforts, and the *Calliope* was saved.

The noble seamen of the *Trenton* had their reward, for they not only survived but were able to rescue their comrades of the *Vandalia*.

A curious story is told of an incident which occurred upon the unfortunate *Vandalia* before the *Trenton* collided with her.

The surgeon of the ship, Dr. Henry P. Harvey, of Mississippi, one of the ablest and bravest men of our navy, had been going from man to man trying to save the sick or injured. He had exhausted all the stock of life-preservers and had but his own left when he found a seaman who had a severely fractured leg.

"I'm on my last pins now, doctor," said the man cheerfully. "There's nothin' but water to walk on, and I ain't got no legs to walk. It's Davy Jones' fur me."

"Nonsense!" said Dr. Harvey with a brusque kindness peculiar to him. He took off his life-preserver, put it on the

man and tied him in a wash-tub, the only pretence of a boat left, and set him afloat. The man floated off toward shore, but the doctor was, at the moment of launching him, struck in the head with a boom, receiving injuries from which he never recovered, dying a year later, as truly laying "down his life for his friend" as many for whom the world sounds a trumpet of fame.

Six months after the hurricane, which took place on March 14, 1889, Dr. Harvey was in the hospital in San Francisco when a lame sailor hobbled up to him, asking, "Doctor, dear, could you identify me? You saved me from Davy Jones's locker, but I'll never ship again with this bad leg. I can't get my pension 'cause all my mates was drowned off Apia, worse luck to 'em, an' there's never a man to tell I'm tellin' the truth!"

The doctor asked him the circumstances, and said that he remembered the sailor's face but could not be sure of his name or as to which ship he had served upon, statistics very necessary under the circumstances.

The sailor gave all the details of the doctor's saving him from the *Vandalia*, speaking of his broken leg, the way he was given the life-preserver and strapped into the tub, and he said:

"Bein' a doctor, sir, it'll be your business to be savin' lives, an' you'll not be thinkin' so much about it"—he was an Irishman, with a truly Hibernian unconscious wit—"but I've got but wan life, an' I'm not forgettin' the man that saved it. If you'll swear to me, sir, you'll save me another wan with a pension, for I haven't a penny to bless myself with."

Dr. Harvey identified the man and was able to see him comfortably ensconced in a sailor's home, making one less victim of the terrible hurricane which brought sadness into many American homes.

The death of King Malietoa in August and the attitude of the Germans in the Pacific, as well as the magnificent deeds of Admiral Dewey, bring again to notice the southern isles of the sea, and one cannot help but wonder what changes the "whirligig of time" will accomplish in the destinies of the "Isles of the Navigators," sunny, peaceful, lovely Talafaa Land.

Mataafa, the present claimant of the throne, is a devout Catholic. The people almost unanimously want him for their ruler. He is a man of commanding presence and great administrative powers. Monseigneur Broyer, the Marist bishop and Vicar-Apostolic, who spent more than twenty years in Samoa, speaks with unaffected admiration of him:

"This descendant of those savages, who no longer ago than the last century murdered the distinguished navigator La Peyrouse,

was brought up in the Protestant religion. About thirty years ago he was received into the church, and it was no lukewarm conversion. With devout and ardent faith he practises the Christian virtues. Every day he makes the Stations of the Cross and says the Rosary, which he always carries wound around one hand. Each Sunday he receives Holy Communion. Great chief as he is, he learned the mason's trade that he might help to build the church with his own hands, and set the example to his labor-scorning subjects of Christian humility and to show them the true dignity of service paid to God. At the time of his conversion he had several wives; immediately he repudiated all but one, to whom he was remarried by a priest. Fifteen years ago she died, and since then he has remained true to her memory. Every day, when he is in Samoa, he goes to her grave and recites one decade of the Rosary. With this light thrown on his character one can no longer be surprised at his magnanimity in saving so many of his shipwrecked foes at the time of the great tornado. 'God is punishing these white men; let us be merciful,' he said to his men. In regard to recent happenings Monseigneur Broyer can only speak from hearsay, since he is now in France, but of the character of King Mataafa he is able to speak with authority, and he thinks that no happier fate could befall the Samoans than to live under the rule of Mataafa."



THE NATIONAL DANCE IS THE "SIVA," MADE UP OF GRACEFUL POSTURING AND GESTURES.



THE AUTHOR OF "IRISH IDYLLS."

MISS JANE BARLOW.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

MY friendship with Miss Barlow is something of which I am very proud. This writer, so retiring, so modest, so simple, is not to be heard of in London drawing rooms. Even Dublin drawing-rooms know nothing of her. You will find her in her own village of Raheny, in an old-fashioned, cool, bright house, part of it a real thatched cottage, or in her walled garden with its beautiful stretch of turf, gay with flowers in their seasons. She will never be drawn very far from her own home, where she keeps an almost nun-like seclusion; but though her feet stay at home, her mind travels abroad. Again and again her breadth of view, her tolerance, her wide sympathy, have filled me with admiration.

When I saw her first she had been coaxed to a little party in a Dublin studio. She came in closely veiled, a shy, slender

figure in black, keeping close to the side of her benignant-faced mother. It was a trying ordeal for her to be there. Afterwards she said to me: "I felt inclined to turn back and run, run, run—never stop running till I got home again."

Since then she has lost something of her fear of her fellow-creatures, which is entirely a matter of personal shyness. Of anything *farouche* in this shyness there is not a trace. With those who are admitted to her friendship there are no visible barriers. Her letters are beautiful, so simple, so frank, so full of revelation of her mind and heart. Once when I wanted to write about her and asked her for some material, she supplied me abundantly. Her attitude was: "If you want to write about me, and if people care to hear about me, which is to me quite inexplicable, I must do all I can to help you." It impressed me so much, having had experience of people self-assertive and worldly, who yet professed a fierce abhorrence of the public gaze.

I first knew Miss Barlow's work about ten years before "Irish Idylls" made her famous. She was contributing prose and verse then to a review called *Hibernia*, which appeared in Dublin in the early eighties. Most of the verse had a strong classical influence. Miss Barlow has considerable scholarship, and at that time her poetry was just what you would expect from the daughter of a university don. I remember, however, one lovely poem on a late spring more lyrical than anything else of hers I can recall:

"Heavy-hearted doubters we,
Now when April's core is cloven,
Fade our Spring faiths all disproven;
Still by woodland, lawn and lea
Skies like chinkless iron barred,
Boughs as black as rafters charred,
Where long since we looked to see
Veils of living emerald woven.

"For a weary while ago
Round about our fields we heard
Such a clear, prophetic word
Breathed, where Southern winds did blow,
And the sky grew all one plot.
Daisy and forget-me-not
Laughing to the vales below,
'Let the primrose make a third.'"

That was in 1883, and I remember asking Mr. George Noble Plunkett, the editor, about the authorship, and then for the first time hearing Miss Barlow's name—a name to become so dear to me in time.

During the eighties Miss Barlow assiduously wrote, and burnt most of what she wrote. One of her "Bogland Studies," "Walled Out," appeared during these years, about 1886 I think, in the Dublin *University Review*, but Miss Barlow kept the secret of her identity carefully, even though the editor of the *Review* appended a note to several issues asking for the name of the contributor of a poem he rightly thought so remarkable.

"Bogland Studies" appeared in 1891, and gave us the first indication that there was a new writer amongst us. It was followed a year later by "Irish Idylls," written at the earnest persuasion of Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who seems to have a special gift for finding out as yet unsuspected capabilities. "Irish Idylls" assured Miss Barlow's reputation; and she has added to it since by the even more beautiful "Strangers at Lisconnel." She has also published one or two volumes of short stories, and a longer book, *Kerrigan's Quality*; this last hardly reached the level of the short stories as a whole, but the early chapters were as fine as anything Miss Barlow has ever done, and in *Kerrigan* she has shown us that she can create a man.

As readers of discrimination will probably be interested in the evolution of a writer, I will let Miss Barlow speak for herself. Her mother, who died in 1894—an irreparable loss—seems to have been all that is most beautiful of womanly and motherly nature. She brought up her children to the utmost gentleness, and gentleness shines like a light from Miss Barlow's delicate face. She loved "all things both great and small," and Miss Barlow wrote to me once of her and her old home this lovely bit which I transcribe:

"It seemed as if she could not help trying to do some kindness to any live thing that came in her way. I have known her to make pets of such unlikely things as stray bats and water-esks. Bats really are attractive, they have such wise faces, and water-esks have a weird charm of their own; their orange markings are very pretty, and they have such beautiful bright eyes. We used to catch them when we were children in a ditch in one of my grandfather's fields. Once I remember she reared a large family of very tiny wild rabbits whose mother had been killed by a dog. When they were old enough she brought them out into the fields to let them go, as we

could not keep them in captivity; but they had grown so fond of her that they ran after her and wanted to follow her home. Those fields at Sibyl Hill would have amused you. They were full of old beasts, living and dead, for they always were given decent burial there when they died of old age. On the same principle the place was pervaded by ancient men, who were long past their work, and never were supposed to do any. Our old nurse sometimes said that when she saw their foot-kerns about the place, she thought it would be a charity if some one would tie them together with a rope and throw them into a ditch. I remember the saying because it always struck me as such a singularly eccentric form for charity to take."

In an earlier letter Miss Barlow says, in answer to my questions:


"My people say that I always knew how to read, and though I think this is hardly possible, I never remember being unable to do so. I dimly recollect learning to write when I was five or six, and one of the earliest things I remember is dictating to my aunt my first poem, which I enclose. I suppose it is an imitation of something I had been reading. I was about five years old at the time. My impression is that in those days I used to read all the time I was awake, except when I was sent out for a walk, which I detested. My favorite books were Kingsley's *Heroes* and Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*. I also delighted much in two bound volumes of the earliest numbers of *The Cornhill*. One of them contained Mrs. Browning's "A Musical Instrument," which I used to read over and over. I always covered up the picture of Pan, which I did not like, with both hands. I think it was that poem made me resolve to be a poet myself. I don't know why, for it takes rather a melancholy view of the poet's lot. Other poems that were much in my mind were, one of Barry Cornwall's, beginning 'The Summer Night is all star-bright,' and Tennyson's 'Brook,' 'Lady of Shalott,' and 'Mariana.' But more than those Longfellow's 'I Stood on the Bridge,' which our nursery-maid used to sing. I always identified the bridge with the wooden bridge at the Bull close by Clontarf, where we then lived, and I really believe it is in a considerable measure responsible for my pessimistic turn of mind. We left Clontarf for this house at Raheny when I was about eight years old. Very soon after that I began to write a novel (I read innumerable novels in those days, which is perhaps the reason why I can read hardly any now). I remember nothing about it except that the hero-

ine's name was Alice and that she lived in Rotten Row, which happened to be the only London name I knew. The work remained a very small fragment. I rather think that some derision expressed by my family on discovering the heroine's address brought it to an untimely end. After that I did not attempt any prose for a long time, but I wrote many 'poems,' which I periodically burnt with scorn and loathing.

"At last, somewhere towards the end of the seventies, I began to write short stories, and sometimes sent them to magazines; but I daresay they were very bad and nobody wanted them, and I always burnt them too. I often resolved not to try any more and to content myself with my books and music, but somehow I never could. Then in 1883 or 1884 Mr. Payn accepted a short story for *Cornhill*, and after that he occasionally took one, and I had a few in the *Whitehall Review* and *Times*. When I came back from Greece in 1889 I contributed a good many papers to the *Graphic*. That is all, I believe, that I did in my silent years, except what I contributed to *Hibernia* and the *Dublin University Review*. I wrote a metrical translation of the *Batrachomyomachia*, and translations, for private use, of parts of Kant, and I learned some Greek. I know enough to know how little of it I know."

It is not easy to believe that Miss Barlow's work is not written out of intimate knowledge of Irish peasant life, but such is the fact. "Irish Idylls" was written after a two months' stay in Connemara, the scenery of which is the scenery of the Idylls. But if you know anything of her great shyness you will know that she could never sit by cabin fires and coax the reticent peasants to unveil themselves as she seems to have done. Raheny village is close to her home, but I am sure its half-moon of cottages remains uninvaded for her. The old nurse of whom she speaks and the old servants of the house are probably the only peasants she ever knew intimately. From this old nurse she gathered many a delicious phrase. Hers is a striking example of the genius of insight and sympathy.

THE NEW EDUCATION BILL IN NEW YORK STATE.

N the Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of New York just published there is a recommendation that "The Education Bill" be pushed through both branches of the Legislature and enacted into a law as early as possible. To the public at large this is a very innocent recommendation, and very few even of professional educators gave it but a passing notice; but beneath this placid statement there lies a very large scheme of a very shrewd schemer to concentrate all the educational interests of the State into his office and control all their dependencies according to his pleasure.

The primogeniture of the bill is as follows: In 1889 a statute authorized a Commission of Statutory Revision, whose business would be to rearrange, revise, and codify all the laws of the State of New York under their proper heads, so that out of the existing confusion, which no mere layman and very few expert lawyers could penetrate, there might be evolved some order, classification, and harmony. So far such a commission was harmless, for it was only authorized to clean house. It could not create anything new; but in 1893 new and additional powers were given to this Commission whereby it was made the legal adviser of both houses of legislature as well as a standing committee of each. In this capacity it acquired reproductive powers. It has been known for some time that there has been some close relationship between this Commission and the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction.

The character of this latter office has been thoroughly investigated, and is well known to the public at large. First of all, it seems to be possessed very largely by the latter-day idea of the omnipotence of education to cure all the ills that humanity is heir to. Education, in its estimation, is like the black bottle into which the druggist gathered all the sweepings of the prescription table. When one came with a disease that could not be diagnosed he gave him a dose from the bottle. He was pretty sure something therein would knock out the disease. In the minds of many of the educationists of the day when religion and philanthropy and charity organization so-

cieties and Keeley cures have done their utmost to solve the social problems and have failed, the only resource left is the modern fad of education. However, it is not proper that we should find fault with the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, if it believes in the efficacy of its public instruction, nor do we. But we have a right to complain if the Superintendent should use his office for partisan purposes by discriminating against a certain class of citizens. It is well known that Charles R. Skinner, the present incumbent of the office, has no love for any volunteer forces in the educational world, particularly if those forces are Catholic and manifest their energies through the system of parochial schools. He is closely in league with the men who hatched that infamous conspiracy against the freedom of educational facilities at the Constitutional Convention. In the old country a man of his stripe would be called an Orangeman—the country over he is known as a bigot. In New York State he is furbished up and known as a “protector of American institutions.” Since the Constitutional Convention he has been devoting a good deal of time and energy in taking from the back of the good sisters who have been teaching in Poughkeepsie and elsewhere the distinctively religious garb they wear. This is Charles R. Skinner. It is well that we label him and put him away for future reference.

But we were saying the fruit of the *mesalliance* between the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction and the Commission on Statutory Revision is this Education Bill. From such parentage we are quite prepared to expect a misshapen, unprincipled, dangerous thing.

The bill comes up to our expectation in every regard. Its real danger is that if it becomes a law it will take from several State officials rights and privileges that are theirs, and place the whole authority of the children in matters of education in the hands of an official who we know has no sympathy with the most sacred relations we have, and who to-day stands with his hand against every Catholic in this State. The bill is a “grab-all” for Mr. Skinner’s office, and in order to succeed in its policy of sequestration it violates many of the fundamental principles of our commonwealth. By natural law to educate the child is a parental right and responsibility. If the State does it at all, it is done by implicit consent of the parents; it having been judged by them to be far more convenient that the State take on itself this responsibility because of better opportunities and more extended facilities. But while a parent

gives over his child to the State, it is only that the State may assist, and this assistance is accepted only in as far as the parent wishes, and just in the way the parent desires. A parent can never abdicate that inalienable right of educating his child. This new Education Bill, fathered by the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, brushes aside the natural law as well as the parental right just as easy as if they were some withered flowers that had done service for the preceding day.

The tendency of a good deal of legislation nowadays is towards the concentration of rights and powers in certain individuals, and it is a dangerous tendency. It often leads to acts of tyranny. In any case it savors more of autocratic Russia than it does of liberty-loving America. Especially is this the case when such individuals are responsible to no one. And more particularly is this tendency to be feared when it deals with matters which are to us of most vital importance—the education of our children.

Strange to say, too, this bill is not content with assuming all right over the secular education of the children of the State, but it invades the realm of religious instruction, and it provides that “the Bible may be read either as a part of school exercises or otherwise.” Such reading may be from any version, but must be without note or comment. We have nothing against the reading of the Bible, but we are decidedly against Protestantizing our public-school system, which is supported by the money of all the citizens, and particularly are we against the “Protestantization” of our children who by law are compelled to attend these public schools.

It may be said that the mere reading of the Bible is not a religious act. Whether that be so or not, it is not so much the reading of the Bible that we object to as it is the reader of the Bible and the way in which it is read. It is quite possible within the limit of this law to turn the public-school system into a huge proselytizing institution; especially is this the case when there is an anti-Catholic sitting in the chair of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and when he has in his hands the extended powers which this bill endows him with.

There are many other provisions of this new bill which are just as worthy of condemnation as the few we have merely hinted at. We have not gone into them more deeply because we desire rather to sound the note of alarm and awaken the

consciences of the Catholics of this State to the dangers that lurk beneath the placid exterior of this bill. Already has the Committee on Catholic Interests of the Catholic Club, a committee that has at a time previous to this done yeoman's service in guarding the civil interests of the Catholic people, started its work. It has retained Nelson G. Green, a lawyer of talent and prestige, to interest himself in the matter. Mr. Green, with a number of other gentlemen, appeared before the joint Committee on Education at a special hearing on February 8, 1899. At this hearing Mr. Green had not proceeded very far with his address when he was suddenly cut short by the ruling of the chair, though he earnestly protested that he was there representing the three million Catholics of the State and speaking in their name.

He subsequently obtained permission to submit the argument and brief in writing. The same has been printed and it is a masterly presentation of the rights of the Catholic people in the matter of education. All the way through his argument is characterized by the lofty tone of the dignified statesman as well as by the grasp of principles which belongs to the philosopher. Mr. Green comes into the arena as a new champion of Catholic rights. He is a convert to the church of some few years standing, and is a lawyer who has attained an enviable place in his profession.

A SIXTEENTH CENTURY TOWN IN MEXICO.



THE name of Tlaxcala will be known to many of our readers through the engrossing pages of Mr. Prescott's history—or romance—but it is not probable that many of them have any further acquaintance with it, for a careful examination of the register at the Hotel San Carlos, in the town indicated a patronage of some twelve guests monthly, and before ours, no foreign names had graced its pages. What an excitement in the deserted little hostelry at the advent of five living visitors! An intelligent lad appeared promptly, sole occupant of the establishment, speedily brought light cots, sheets, and chairs from an inner repository, and with them equipped for our entertainment sundry of the void quadrangular cells which flanked the cobble-stoned court with its central well and monastic cloister. Our flaxen-haired children provided a gratuitous exhibition for the swarthy alumni of the neighboring college, who crowded the entrance gateway of the inn much as the denizens of a West Virginian mountain settlement might gape on a belated party of Sioux braves, should they stray by chance into their vicinity in Fenimore Cooperian glory of war paint and plumes.

The hotel, as is often the case in Mexico, is merely a *maison meublée*, providing a cellar wherein to repose, but making no provision for the inner man. Recourse was had to the hospitable dame, Petra—why have we no feminine equivalent for Peter in our speech?—who was fairly staggered at the prospect of victualling such a multitude—and they, too, foreigners. “Ah, señor, what do they eat—soup?” “Yes!” “And eggs?” “Yes!” “And meats?” “Oh, yes, just the same as other people. What are your charges for it all?” “What, for breakfast, dinner, and supper for five? Ah, goodness only knows—quien sabe?—what a lot of people!” And abandoning this abstruse problem in mental arithmetic she left its solution to our superior powers of computation.

But where is this isolated mountain fastness, leading its self-contained life remote from the din and turmoil of the outer world? Well, that's the marvel of it, that it is so easily accessible—about an hour by rail from Puebla to Santa Ana, whence



THE TEMPLE WAS BUILT IN 1521.

there is a tram-car service four times daily ; and yet the numerous parties of winter visitors to Mexico habitually neglect one of the most interesting spots in the republic. The antiquarian especially will here revel in romantic visions of the past—here where every house and site has its memory. Even as, crossing the Atoyac River, we enter the suburbs of the decayed little city the Church of San Esteban to our right marks the spot where at the conquest dwelt that doughty chieftain, Tlahuexolotzin, who, if his quiver contained as many arrows as his name letters, should have been a formidable antagonist. However, his Castilian allies in giving him their faith conferred on him a manageable cognomen, and as Señor Don Gonzalo the chief of Tepeticpac could take rank amongst Christian potentates.

He was, in fine, baptized with three other magnates, his compeers—whose names in pity for the compositor we omit to transcribe—and there in the Casa Municipal, or town-hall, is the portrait of these four staunch henchmen of Cortés, whose adherence to the becastled banner of the invader rendered the temerarious attempt on the crown of Montezuma an audacious possibility. It is well that this copy of the original painting was made, for it, together with numerous other treasures of

New Spain, being shipped to Europe during the last century by a certain Boturini, found a resting place in that capacious lumber chest, Davy Jones's locker. What a blessing that their baptismal robes were allowed to remain at home, where the visitor may behold them hanging in the chamber of archives! Here, too, is the genealogical tree of Xicohtencatl—hispanicized by the conquerors into plebeian Vincente. If his posterity could only dispose of it in an anglican garb to some shoddy aristocrat greedy of ancestral glory he, the enterprising Tlaxcalan, might become possessed of silver pesos galore wherewith to enjoy nocturnal revelry at the monte table for the residue of a lotus-eating existence! The Yankee, however, who formerly strayed into Tlaxcala did "get away" with a valuable relic, and in this wise. Amongst the treasures is a magnificent silken banner of crimson and gold, bedizened with the lions and towers of Castile and Aragon, which is commonly said to have been presented to the Tlaxcalan chieftains by Cortés, a statement stoutly controverted by the patriotic custodian: "Don't you believe it, señor; they *took* it from Cortés," "Well," we asked, "why is that large piece missing from the corner of the



GATHERING IN THE ANCIENT PLAZA.

banner?" "Alas, señor!" is the reply, "a *gringo* was once here who was looking at the flag and gave the attendant two pesos to watch at the window for his friend's arrival in the plaza, but, sir, no friend was to be seen; and shortly after it was noticed that a portion of the silk had been cut away."

Formerly the city hall contained treasures which possessed a more general interest than banners and baptismal robes, to wit, a store of circular discs of copper, gold, and silver, impressed with the likeness of his most Catholic Majesty of Spain.



CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE.

The funds of the state and city of Tlaxcala are now deposited in the little bank on the far side of the neglected plaza, but the treasure chest may yet be seen, open to all, for the four keys which used to fit the four locks, and which were held one each by four responsible officials, have ceased to be of value.

We can only hint at rows of idols unearthed now and again ; at marvellous illuminations from Spain ; the grant of arms to the city with the signature of Charles V. ; the city charter similarly endorsed by his son Philip, and the like. Here are land titles three centuries old, various venerable records of local proceedings, and a sort of Tlaxcalan Bayeaux tapestry, in which Spaniards and Indians are substituted for the retainers of hapless Harold and Norman William.

Hard by is the parish church, whose pleasing front of red and blue tile-work hints at artistic treasures within. The first thing noticed on entering is an entablature recording the destruction of the dome by an earthquake a generation ago. Doubtless the mischief did not stop there, and the atrocious

frescoing of the nave replaces worthy decorations ruined by the shock. In the baptistery is a painting of the baptism of the four chiefs, and in the sacristy appears a representation of the apparition of Nuestra Señora de Ocotlan, whose famous shrine we must visit later on. But in a Mexican church the *sagrario* usually contains some worthy artistic feature, and so is it here: opening from the upper nave on the left is a richly gilded treasury in the gorgeous fashion of the seventeenth century, the painting of Nuestra Señora de la Luz being the gem of the collection. Close to the parish church is the Capilla Real, so called from its statue of Philip II., whilst on the towers are the Spanish arms. But of this ancient fane, built expressly for the use of the Indians, no other portion is left standing. In fact the question arises, "Why does the town remain at all? what useful purpose does it serve?" The quondam thriving city of forty thousand inhabitants scarce can count a tithe of its former numbers; muster them all from the tumble-down adobe hovels and from the decrepit palaces which are grouped around in mournful array, and they would make but a scanty gathering in their vast wilderness of a plaza.

Regarded as a quaint monument of a bygone age, however, this out-at-elbows village is replete with interest, and the neighboring Sierra de la Malitzin, resembling at the summit a shrouded corpse, suggests an analogy. With what awe did the idolaters behold in the wizard's mountain blinding sheets of flame, and hear appalling discharges of electrical artillery before the advent of the white man! The anciently fertile valleys which sustained so numerous a population, warlike rivals of the Aztec empire, are sterile now; centuries of extravagant farming have impoverished the soil, and thus country harmonizes with town. Such musings are suggested by the aspect of the place viewed from the commanding terrace of the old Franciscan establishment. A blue-coated, musket-bearing multitude now occupy the buildings, sharing them with a fraternity of public criminals who unwillingly expiate their misdeeds by penitential exercises. Below is the bull-ring, and hard by a market-place where a few beans and eggs are offered for sale. Eventually an aged, key-bearing crone is unearthed, and with effort the massive portals of the friars' temple are thrust inwards. What a magnificent high-pitched roof! supported by a forest of cedar, the only one we can recall having happened on in this land of vaulted ceilings of masonry. Sundry ancient dames took advantage of the open doors to venerate the sacred



SITUATED IN THE ISOLATED MOUNTAIN FASTNESS.

places. To us the font in which the chiefs already noticed were baptized, and the first church-pulpit from which a sermon was ever preached in the new world, possessed a unique interest. For our benefit were then produced the original church vestments of the city, richly embroidered robes of silk and velvet, the colors still fresh and vivid. Curious also is an *ex-voto* painting presented by Zitlalpopoca (one of the four worthies), an ancient carved table, images and screens, and a confusion of gilded scroll work. One allegorical representation arrested the attention: a triumphal chariot, bearing St. Thomas of Aquin with piles of weighty tomes, passing triumphantly over the prostrate forms of Calvin, Luther, Beza, and other sixteenth century malcontents. This temple was built before they attracted notice, dating, so they say, from 1521. The gray-frocked followers of the saint of Assisi dwelt here for over three centuries. Their only present chance of gaining lodgment in their former abode is, possibly, to be ensconced in their ancient cells cheek by jowl with brawlers, pilferers, and highwaymen.

But no Mexican town is without its pious tradition, and Tlaxcala in this matter stands in the first rank. Shortly after the conquest, a fatal pestilence prevailing, one Juan Diego bestirred himself to aid his afflicted fellows. Being at the river

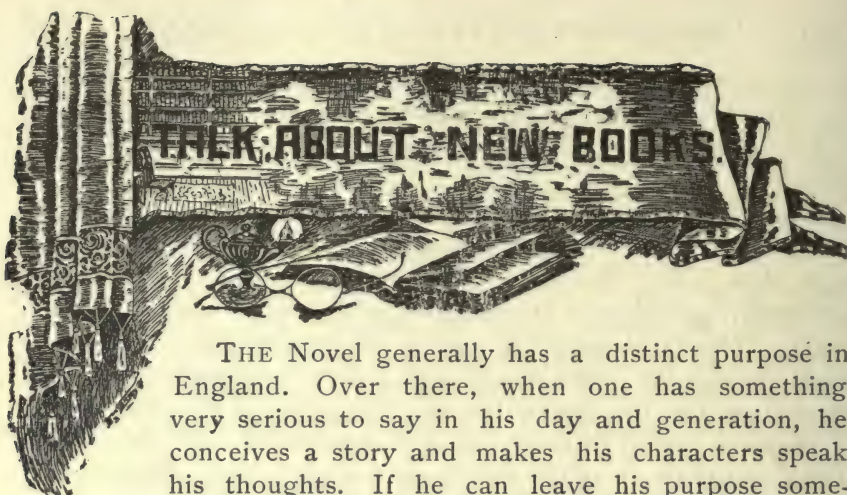
to draw water for the sick, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him, directing him to a grove of pine-trees or *ocotes*, containing a spring whose waters would not only relieve the sufferings but heal the ills of the fever-stricken patients. Also she said that near the spring he would find her image. All happened as our Lady promised, and over the spring, which burst forth from the roots of a large *ocote*, the grateful population raised a dome which still remains, its walls abundantly decorated by graffiti—for the scribbling custom prevails even in remote Tlaxcala. The waters from this source flow rapidly between the precipitous, tree-clad banks of a lovely glen, and a wealth



HIGHER UP WE CAME TO THE PILGRIMAGE CHURCH.

of brilliant wild-flowers accentuates the beauty of this refreshing oasis amid these niggard wildernesses, the venerable stream, moreover, meeting utilitarian necessities and furnishing motive power for a flour-mill.

Higher up we came on the pilgrimage church of Our Lady of Ocotlan, where the miraculous image is preserved above the high altar. The façade of brilliant white and red forms a landmark, crowning as it does the crest of a considerable eminence. This is attained by one of the penitential cobble-stone roads which for some occult cause the Mexicans are so enamored of, but the pedestrian has the privilege of diverging on to the rock-strewn hill-side, which is preferable. By the church cluster a group of adobe dwellings, a store, and a school, whilst the ample dimensions of the adjacent presbytery suggest a large concourse of clergy and dignitaries for the annual celebration on the 3d of May. The nave is uninteresting enough, having been restored by a worthy but unæsthetic lady during the present generation, and a number of Scriptural texts on the walls form its most noteworthy adornment. The camarin, or chamber, behind the main altar is, however, a repository of treasures of considerable antiquity and rare merit, amidst which one would willingly linger for hours. There is grouped together in charming confusion a unique bewilderment of æsthetic delight, carvings and paintings, ebony and ivory, gilding and the choicest marquetry, whilst in one of the passages was discovered the only well-executed *ex-voto* painting yet found in the republic—a masterly portrayal in water-colors of the peril from which a horseman is persuaded that he was supernaturally freed. The sanctuary of Ocotlan is the gem of price of this most fascinating of bucolic capitals, and gazing on the cluster of towers, domes, and house-tops from the porch of this worthy temple of Mary we cannot but envy the hand-to-mouth contentment of its simple inhabitants, parted from the gaities of giddy Mexico by heaven-seeking snow-clad altitudes, and separated from this faith-lacking age by yet more trustworthy barriers.



THE Novel generally has a distinct purpose in England. Over there, when one has something very serious to say in his day and generation, he conceives a story and makes his characters speak his thoughts. If he can leave his purpose somewhat vague, so as to lead the intellectual world to discuss what his real meaning is, he will have accomplished his purpose the more effectually. Dr. William Barry may or may not have had some such end in view when he published *The Two Standards*.^{*} It is nevertheless a fact that some readers have seen in it a deep-seated meaning, and have taken his characters for types of modern life and their statements as indications of the movements of modern society, while others see but a well-constructed story with nondescript people living an aimless life. Dr. Barry is one of the great thinkers in our English intellectual world, and we are inclined to believe that he would not spend his time merely "spinning yarns."

The Two Standards is a book of much more value and comprehensiveness than his last production, *The New Antigone*. At present we can but give the story of the book. We give it, however, with the hope of having in the future a more appreciative criticism.

The book opens with the scene of the heroine, Marian Greystoke, writing in her diary some of the moods of feeling that are passing through her soul. Hers is a dangerous nature craving liberty from the restraints of home. She is one of three poor daughters of an aristocratic but poor vicar of the little town of Rylsford. Her mother is virtuous but strict and narrow. Marian reads deeply and well the philosophy of St. Simon and books which she finds stuffed away in an old attic of the house. Her sister's lover proposes to her, but he is tame, poor, and without passion. She refuses him—he does not appeal to her. She runs away to London and for protection lives with a

^{*} *The Two Standards*: An International Romance. By Rev. William Barry, D.D., author of *The New Antigone*. Union Square, New York: The Century Co.

woman doctor. Here she meets a woman named Harland, who has a brother of immense wealth. He has a country house, where she is invited. She sings at one of his receptions; she does it so as to prove the breadth of her genius. She resolves to become an actress. Harland is smitten and proposes marriage. The rejected suitor, Latimer, learns of it, and is so violent that she strives to leave Harland. Her worthless father, however, prevails upon her and she becomes Mrs. Harland. Latimer, through jealousy, resolves to ruin her husband financially.

She comes up to London, makes a stir in society, and as a student studies much of the vice of the world. She is suddenly estranged from her husband by finding a mass of passionate love-letters written to him by an Italian actress, La Farfalla. So husband and wife separate.

Alone in the world, she meets a musical genius, Gerard Elven. Appreciation ripens into admiration; admiration becomes mutual and gives birth to love, until in an unguarded moment of passion they resolve to risk their reputations by travelling together on an operatic tour to America. On the brink of disgrace a priest—the brother of Gerard—steps in and purifies the moral atmosphere. He is keenly alive to the disastrous situation. He has known something of the world, having in his early life desired and sought the affection of a married woman by killing her husband in a duel.

Marian conquers her temptation, and sails for America under the name of Mademoiselle Jasmin. Then Father Rudolph takes his brother to a monastery in Wales, where the musician studies the meditation of "The Two Standards" in the Exercises of St. Ignatius.

While on a singing tour in Chicago Mademoiselle Jasmin learns that Latimer has ruined Harland financially. Harland is tried and sentenced for his unscrupulous methods of speculation. He attempts suicide; then is released from prison, a moral and physical wreck. His wife flees to his bedside, but he does not know her; in his delirium, however, he craves her presence. Then in a lucid interval, having regained full consciousness, he bequeaths her to her lover, Gerard Elven; then he dies.

*Espiritu Santo** is the name of a young Spanish maiden whom Henrietta Dana Skinner makes the heroine of a very sweet and pleasing story, full of bright, wholesome descriptions

* *Espiritu Santo*: a Novel. By Henrietta Dana Skinner. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

of family life and the loves and sorrows of kindred souls. The characters she has chosen are a little group of Spanish, Italian and English artists of the musical profession who are drawn together in a small colony in Paris by the magnetism of sympathetic tastes and temperament. Indeed, while this similarity of sympathy between her characters at first pleases the reader and warms him towards the subjects and their pursuits, it presently becomes somewhat wearisome and he longs for the spice of a little variety, a little greater contrast, even for the taste of a little friction in the general harmony that prevails among these kindred spirits. The author, however, does not seem to have the heart to keep up the tradition as to the course of true love, and the little deviations she makes in it now and then make one feel rather as though one were playing the children's game of hide-and-seek, or taking the part of the blind man in blind-man's-buff.

She has conceived a scheme for her novel on which might be built a very noble story, but her main execution of it is weak, and while she has created some splendid parts the complete work lacks dignity. It is rather trifling with the reader's imagination or "fooling" it to work it up, as she has done in the description of Adriano's conversion, to the point of being prepared for a grand move on the part of Adriano, nothing less indeed than the renouncement of his magnificent success and his splendid worldly position for the life of the cloister. It seems to be the evident purpose of the writer to create this idea in the mind of the reader in order to give him another surprise by making Adriano turn about almost the next moment and flippantly discuss with himself or his valet the shade of hair and eyes of a future possible wife. Perhaps we miss the true inwardness of Miss Skinner's meaning in putting her hero through a change of heart and soul that would drive an ordinary man into a cloister (even if he didn't stay there), and she wants to show us that such a change would be no less becoming in one who, having sown his wild oats, would prepare himself to be a fitting partner in life to a pure-hearted woman. We can forgive her for the disappointment if this is her meaning, but one's imagination feels tricked just the same, although this seems to be the favorite business of the story-teller.

Espiritu Santo is a character as sweet as her name, which, by the way, reveals another exquisite little custom among the Spanish: that of naming a child after a religious devotion, or a feast day, or anything lovely in religion, if the child happens

to be born on a day connected with such. Espiritu was born on the feast of Pentecost, and the child's life throughout seemed as a mission of peace and love and inspiration. In the closing chapters of the book this mission is exalted to the highest pitch of ideality in the deeply touching death of Espiritu and her young lover Theodore, a very Angel Gabriel in character. If the story were about one-half as long as it is, or if the middle part of it, with its interminable descriptions of opera rehearsals and musical performances, were left out, we should have had a really exquisite story.

Assuredly, variety has been consulted in the selection of subjects made by the author of *Three Studies*.^{*} Francis Jeffrey, John Henry Newman, and Matthew Arnold afford full opportunity for the display of different subject-matter and greatly varied treatment of the same. Let us say that the variation is but from one bit of skilful and delicate workmanship to another. Their reading will recall to us what we learned so long ago, that each advance in study means growth in appreciative power, and that the trained *littérateur* is as specially favored in his enjoyment of good reading as is the master of music to whose ear a symphony is rich in beauties, suggestions, and revelations, that escape the novice, no matter how music-loving.

In the sketch of Newman we fancy the writer is almost excessively professional and analytical, discovering conscious elaboration and deliberate attempt in many a grace that probably sprang full-grown from its maker's brain. There is deep analysis that commends itself as true, and warm admiration, fervent and manly; but withal—we suppose, as being merely literary for the nonce, Mr. Gates could assume no other rôle—a lack. For no word is given—no trace of sympathy as to what is so largely in evidence through every written line of Newman—of his soul and its feelings. Perhaps our comment is hypercritical, but this divinity is so sacred to us, that we shudder to have him handled by a mere *littérateur*, even though the handling be done artistically well.

In dealing with Arnold, the writer gets more in touch with his subject, brings out the *ensemble* of a high-grade, many-sided, rather uneven soul with such deftness and kindly sympathy as to give great help to students. And in the study on Jeffrey we find a painstaking and successful representation of a

^{*} *Three Studies in Literature*. By Lewis E. Gates. New York: The Macmillan Company.

brilliant, argumentative literary critic, sovereign in his own day, and now nearly forgotten. On the whole, the reading of our book makes us hope for more studies in literature from the graceful and smooth-running pen of the writer.

The first volume of lectures that are to become a perpetual foundation in Harvard University is a memorial to the late William Belden Noble, a devoted disciple of Phillips Brooks. William Noble is known to have shared the religious views, deep earnestness, and spiritual enthusiasm of his master, and the tribute thus paid his memory is a fitting one. The present series of lectures* consists of six commentaries on the message of Christ to mankind under various aspects. Dignified utterance and high moral tone mark each contribution, and they will doubtless serve a great end if they stir the young men for whom they are intended to strive for development of an inner spiritual existence. But they contain nothing very remarkable or original—in fact seem at times superficial and disappointing. It is rather unusual to read any modern contributions to spiritual literature without reflecting that individual writers, be they never so learned, so earnest, so religious, cannot possibly offer suitable substitutes for that rich and lovely heritage of saintly science that lasts and grows from age to age in the church of the centuries.

Emerson was right when he pictured Emanuel Swedenborg as one of the most remarkable men of his century. It was grotesquely absurd that an essay on Swedenborg should represent him as the Mystic, in the same sense that Shakspeare was the Poet, or Plato the Philosopher; and the vagueness and shallowness of Emerson's "religion" never presses upon us more sharply and painfully than when we read what he considered to be a list of typical mystics: Socrates, Plotinus, Porphyry, Behmen, Bunyan, Fox, Pascal, Guyon, Swedenborg.

The book† we notice now is a popular unfolding of ideas that Swedenborg stood for—sweet, comforting, sublime, ennobling many of them. But the short-sighted critic who thinks, as Emerson, that such are a surprise and a revelation to the "withered, traditional church," is babbling of great truths

* *The Message of Christ to Manhood.* By Rev. Alexander V. G. Allen, D.D., Rev. Francis G. Peabody, Rev. Theodore T. Munger, D.D., Rev. William DeW. Hyde, D.D., Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D.D., Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *God Winning Us.* By Rev. Clarence Lathbury. Germantown, Pa.: Swedenborg Publishing Association.

whose names he cannot spell. Ah! thrice true, thrice sweet, thrice certain is the teaching that comes to us in the guise of dogmatic instruction, stately, dignified, tested by its centuries of history and its endless succession of marvellous accomplishments in the souls of men and women whose names are unknown at Concord. The Fathers of the Desert—they are lesser lights to Emerson. The *Imitation*, perhaps, is easy of comprehension, and not rich in sublime mysticism. St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross are shallow or narrow, may be, and Emanuel Swedenborg, learned, scientific, saintly, is type of that caste that reigns in the Divine Kingdom.

No, indeed! Most of the new volume is healthy, elevated, instructive reading, and it may help certain minds to spiritual progress, but it is partial and one-sided, and but as the sound of a crying infant, when contrasted with what has already been spoken to him that hath ears to hear.

This last century has been a day of transformation in the English Church, and that day's story has been matter for volumes almost innumerable. The new one that has come to us lately is a welcome contribution.*

The student of history who has realized that almost everywhere the eighteenth century was a period of depression, will note especially the decadence of English letters, statesmanship, and military power; but what will without doubt seem equally remarkable is the degenerate condition of religion and churchmen throughout the Establishment generally at the beginning of the current century. It was into this sort of world that Newman, Pusey, Keble, Arnold, Wilberforce, and their peers were introduced, to rouse their generation into unexpected vigor and produce lasting transformations in existing order.

Of course their stories have been chronicled, each at length, and it is impossible to find complete information upon so many persons and subjects in any single volume. But Mr. Rogers' collection of studies on some dozen of the most prominent men in the Church of England during this century possesses real value, and will prove a serviceable guide to those who desire accurate sketches, fairly and artistically drawn, with impartial handling of well-digested information. The book is clearly, admirably written, conceived in a spirit of thorough fairness, and is to be commended heartily. That the writer's

* *Men and Movements in the English Church.* By Arthur Rogers. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

sketch of Newman should give evidence of comprehensive appreciation of that "character divine" is certainly not to be expected—only a Catholic could do that; but his reverent, affectionate treatment of a lost friend satisfies and pleases us. Pusey and Keble the writer naturally appreciates at more advantage, and portrays more sympathetically. Church, Kingsley, Maurice, and the rest are presented in detail sufficient for the general reader's purpose, and will introduce him to a circle of accomplished and entertaining writers if he has been unacquainted with them hitherto.

I.—CHRISTIANITY OR AGNOSTICISM.*

The Abbé Picard is a French ecclesiastic who in every sense is thoroughly awake to the needs of the church in France. It would be good if a like statement could be made of all the French clergy. As a body they represent a great deal of learning and virtue, but to some extent they are apart from the world and not in touch with its aspirations. There is no one for whom we have greater admiration than the old professor who has grown gray in his association with books, who has spent his days in assimilating vast stores of learning until he has become an animated encyclopædia, but such a one is very wise to remain far from the practical administration of the church. The church in her practical administration of affairs has to do with hearts that are full of passion, living and throbbing with every-day impulses, and to touch such hearts or to mould their impulses in accordance with the divine law requires consummate tact. It is not the fossilized book-worm whom we would chose for the office, but a man of affairs who can speak to the age in its own language.

It is twenty years and more since the system of secularized education has come into vogue in France, and the generation which has grown up under its influence is more or less weak in its faith. The young men are easily caught by the polished sentences and fascinating thoughts of the modern pagans, and unless their faith is placed on a rational basis they are easily led away from their anchorage in the truth. The Abbé Picard has appreciated this danger, and in this goodly volume of six hundred pages he presents in a most attractive way the reasons for the Christian Faith as against the apostles of unbelief. In the first

* *Christianity or Agnosticism*. By the Abbé Louis Picard. Authorized translation Revised by the Rev. J. G. Macleod, S.J. London: Sands & Co.; New York: Benziger Brothers.

part he treats of Spiritualism, or the supernatural, and as against those who deny that there is anything beyond matter or above the skies. His reasoning is put into good form and has a crispness about it that savors more of the business mart than of the musty book-shelf. He discusses, too, many of the later questions of anthropology and biology. His second part is "Christianity," in which Jesus and His Religion, the Authenticity and Interpretation of the Scriptures, the Church as against the Churches, are admirably treated.

It is good to see that books of this kind, in which these vital questions are handled in such an up-to-date manner, are already appearing in France both as the product of and the auxiliary to the religious revival among the intellectual classes. There have been times in the history of the French Church when imprudent obscurantists have crushed a healthful renaissance because it was not in accord with the ways of doing when they were young, while if, on the other hand, they had the tact to direct and to guide such awakening, it would ultimately have contributed to the glory of God and the welfare of the church.

Right glorious is this stirring among the young French minds, and such books as Abbé Picard's will assist it and lead it on to greater triumphs.

Father Macleod, S.J., has done the English-speaking world a service by putting Abbé Picard's work within its reach.

2.—ST. EDMUND OF CANTERBURY.*

The better we become acquainted with those who by their unselfish devotion to Almighty God and Holy Church defended the faith, the more we are compelled to admire their sterling qualities, and the more we are inclined to emulate, so far as we may, the noble example of their lives. The early English Church produced many such men. How contradictory were the characteristics that seemed to make up their being: studious, devoted men shrinking from everything savoring of publicity, yet how grandly they sprang into their places, firm and fearless like the prophet of old, ready to say "Thou art the man," even though it were the king on his throne! Such a man was the son of Reynald Rich—St. Edmund of Abingdon, Archbishop of Canterbury. He was born near the close of the twelfth century, and educated at Oxford and Paris.

* *Life of St. Edmund of Abingdon, Archbishop of Canterbury.* By Frances de Paravincini. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Too often the tendency of the biographer is to incorporate in his work much that is hearsay evidence. Frances de Paravincini has given to the public a book that is comparatively free from such evidence. In the preface she states the feeling that decided her method of procedure: "I felt strongly that the actual statements of contemporary writers—in most cases men who knew St. Edmund intimately—would add greatly to the value of this book."

Following this sentiment she consulted original manuscripts, and by means of the "deadly parallel" she forces the ancient records to prove her statement. The careful research evident from a perusal of the introductory pages is the best assurance of the historical accuracy of the biography. The author portrays somewhat fully the conditions existent in England in the first part of the thirteenth century. She thus wisely associates the man and the times, recognizing that each is the standard by means of which the other must be judged, if judged fairly.

In the first part of the chapter which describes St. Edmund's appointment as treasurer of the cathedral at Salisbury, a somewhat irrelevant though very delightful sketch of old English cathedrals and English saints is given. For this irrelevancy the author pleads that the bypaths to which she has been attracted in her endeavor to realize the wider background of our saint's life will be as full of interest to her readers as they were to herself.

This book, considered in every way, is a valuable contribution to Catholic history.

3.—HISTORIC NUNS.*

In the present day to write of people as they were too often consigns the work to the back shelves of both salesroom and library. What a blessing it would be if many of the active writers of fiction were to turn their facile pens to the work of presenting characters as they really are, not as their imagination makes them. The world has produced real men and women who have proven their value and worth for the people's good. Bessie R. Belloc, in *Historic Nuns*, presents to the world a volume of condensed verbal portraits of women who have done much for the world's betterment. She has selected as types of valiant women Mary Aikenhead and Catherine McAuley, Madame Duchesne and Mother Seton. It would

* *Historic Nuns*. By Bessie R. Belloc. New York: Benziger Brothers.

be hard to select four other women whose works have left a deeper impress on the church among English-speaking people than these. They were all founders of religious communities. In every religious community some one is selected, because of some intimate association with the subject to be portrayed, to write the full story of that life, its experiences and labors. Into this well-ploughed field the author enters, realizing fully, as she states, her presumption in touching the same themes. But with the knowledge that humbler pens may be useful in shedding light upon the characters, giving due credit to the sources of her information as well as to their inestimable value, she seeks in this volume to gratify the natural desire for a connected picture or an abridged and compacted story of these devoted nuns.

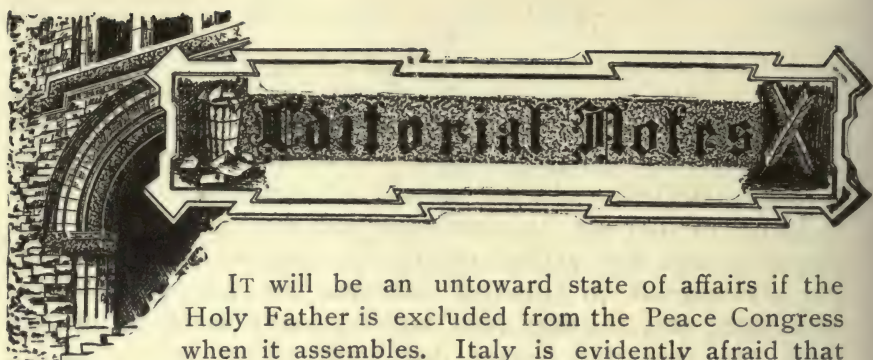
She seeks in the artistic condensation to more vividly present the salient points of their life story. The incidents and the anecdotes in the lives of these noble and devoted women judiciously selected by the author only intensify the conclusions at which she arrives.

Owing to the popular demand for condensation the value of this book is in its compactness, enabling the reader to easily obtain the important characteristics and incidents in the wonderful lives of these devoted women. As we read these pages we must conclude, with the author, that "the imagination of man cannot create anything so vivid as the unpremeditated revelation of man himself."

4.—THE MASS BOOK.*

There is undoubtedly an urgent demand for a handy, compact, cheap and at the same time comprehensive prayer-book for the masses of the people. Of making many prayer-books there is no end, but most of the devotional manuals on the market to-day are lacking in good taste in their get up, stilted in their style, and so high priced as to place them beyond the ability of the ordinary church-goer to possess them. The result is that half the people who go to Mass go without any prayer-book. The Catholic Book Exchange is putting before the public a prayer-book which it calls by the plain old Saxon name of THE MASS BOOK, which has all that any Catholic needs in his devotional life and much more that is useful by way of explanation of essential Catholic doctrine and practice. It sells at the convenient price of five cents.

* *The Mass Book.* Together with Prayers useful in Catholic Devotion and Explanations of Catholic Doctrine. Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th St., New York.



IT will be an untoward state of affairs if the Holy Father is excluded from the Peace Congress when it assembles. Italy is evidently afraid that his representative will reopen the Roman Question. The wisest statesmen of the century have declared that there is no hope for continuous and lasting peace in Europe without an equitable settlement of the rights of him who represents the God of Peace.

No man has done so much to make the Peace Congress a reality as the Pope. The enlightened policy that he has always voiced, as well as the fact that he wields the greatest authority in Europe without the backing of an army, has done more to demonstrate the feasibility of the ends proposed by the Congress than any other one thing. To bar Leo's representative from the Congress is to invite defeat.

The Holy Father's marvellous vitality has again demonstrated itself. He has said that he not only hopes but that he will live the century through. Such statements from one so near the veil may be taken very nearly in the exact meaning of the words used.

A commission headed by Cardinal Richard has been appointed to gather material for the Paris Exposition demonstrating the wonderful advancement made by the church during the nineteenth century. The commission ought not to confine its investigations to *Les Missions Étrangères*, but it would be quite proper to learn something of the quantity and quality of the Catholicity that is prevalent in the United States. Many French ecclesiastics can learn a little more of this to their own profit.

CATHOLIC OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

CAPTAIN JOHN E. McMAHON, U.S.A.

Captain McMahon is the son of a soldier and belongs to a military family. His father, Colonel John E. McMahon, was colonel of the 155th and afterwards of the 164th N. Y. V., and died in command of his regiment in the third year of the Civil War. Admiral Ramsay, who married his father's eldest sister, served with distinction during the Civil War, and is now represented in the service of his country by his son, Martin McMahon Ramsay, U.S.N. An uncle, Colonel James Powers McMahon, who had just been admitted to the bar at the outbreak of the war, joined his eldest brother as lieutenant-colonel of the 155th, and succeeded him in the command of the 164th. He led the Corcoran Legion at the battle of Cold Harbor, and after the wounding of General Tyler, while planting his flag on the enemy's works, fell riddled with bullets. The death of the gallant officer is thus described in a long poem by David Gray, called "How the Young Colonel Died," from which we give the following extracts :

"You want to hear me tell how the young colonel died?
God help me! memory will not fail on that, nor tongue be tied;
Ay! write it down and print it in your biggest types of gold,
For sure a braver heart than his no mortal breast could hold.

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We charged at dawn; the colonel led green Erin's old brigade;
'Twas Longstreet's blazing cannon behind their breast-works
played;

We charged till, full in front, we felt their fiery breaker-swell—
A sea of rattling muskets in a storm of grape and shell!
The colonel led—in fire and smoke his sword would wave and
shine,

And still the brave sound of his voice led on the struggling
line;

As o'er the surf at Wicklow I've seen the sea-gull fly,
His voice sailed e'en above the storm and sounded clear and
high.

Then all at once our colors sank, I saw them reel and nod;
The colonel sprang and took them before they touched the sod.
Another spring, and with a shout—the Rebs will mind it well—
He stood alone upon their works, waved the old flag and fell!

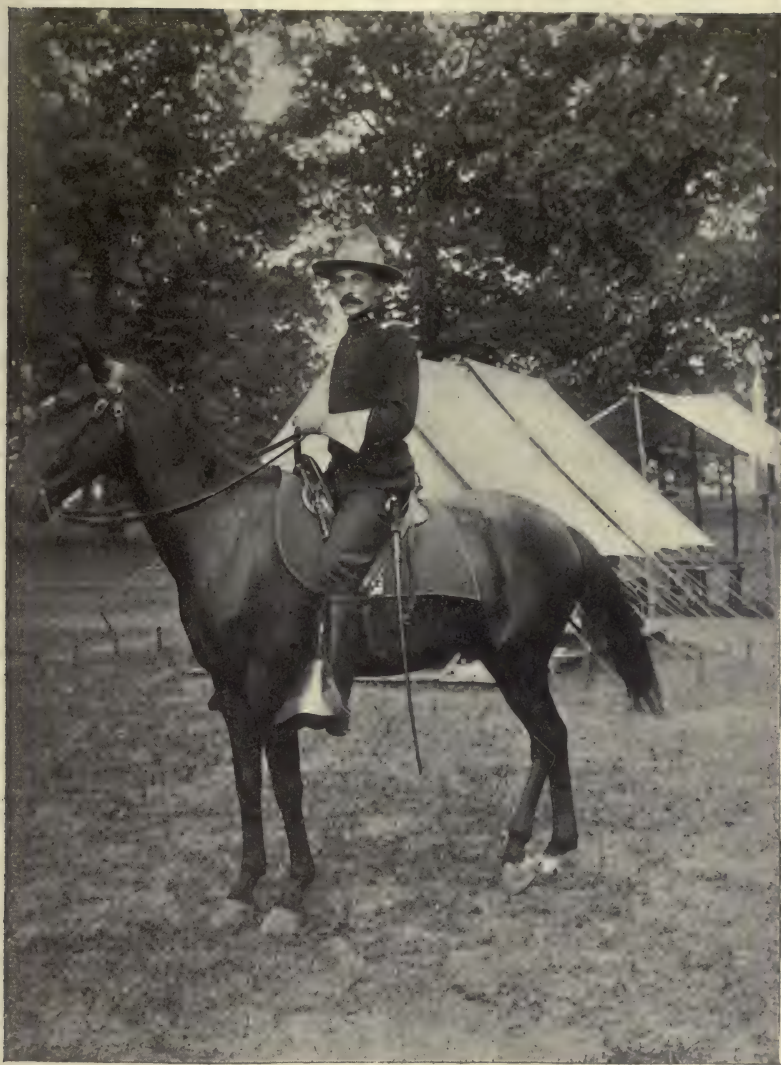
'Twas vain to stand up longer; what could they do but yield?
Our broken remnant melted back across the bloody field.
I stayed to help the colonel, and crept to where he lay;
A smile came tender o'er his face, but he motioned me away.
'I'm torn to pieces, George,' he said. 'Go, save yourself,—
good-night!'

As tender as my mother's that smile came up and shone
Once more upon his marble face, and the gallant soul was
gone!"

Another uncle, General Martin T. McMahon, now judge of the Court of General Sessions, served to the end of the war in the Sixth Corps. A brother officer describing his own mess, of which the judge was a member, says: "McMahon soon became my idol. Born of Irish ancestry, and wonderfully educated by the Jesuits, of high and chivalrous aims, he was the Chevalier Bayard of the corps, and wherever one of the Sixth Corps dwells, does he not remember and love McMahon?"*

The three brothers were educated with the Jesuits. Captain McMahon also had the benefit of their training; he was sent by his uncle, the judge, to St. John's, Fordham, where he kept up the family reputation for manliness and scholarship, being one of the best base-ball players and the leader in his classes, winning at graduation the gold medal for the best essay. He displayed at an early age, together with the tastes of a student, a fondness for military life which was a great grief to his mother, for he was her only son and she was a widow. In vain did she keep his father's sword and all his military relics concealed from him, hoping he might be persuaded to follow the more peaceful, or rather less dangerous, profession of law. At twelve his favorite book was Casey's *Tactics*, and he commanded as captain a very creditable company which he raised among his playmates. His uncle's friend, General Anson G.

* Following the Greek Cross; or, *Memories of the Sixth Army Corps*. By General Thomas W. Hyde.



CAPTAIN JOHN E. MCMAHON, U. S. A.

McCook, one of the "fighting McCooks," gave him a West Point appointment. The year of his graduation he was within one of "the first five" in his class when an accident in the riding hall sent him to the hospital, and caused him to drop to No. 11. After graduation he was assigned to the Fourth Artillery, at Fort Adams, Newport, R. I. Here he married Miss Caroline Bache, daughter of Dr. Dallas Bache, U.S.A., a lineal descendant of Benjamin Franklin. His next station

was Fortress Monroe; from here he went to West Point as instructor in Spanish and French. From West Point he was transferred to the department of Arizona, where he served four years on the staff of General Alexander McDowell McCook.

At the outbreak of the war he was at Fortress Monroe preparing guns for active service. Hearing that his battery was not going to the front, he succeeded in having himself transferred to one of the volunteer regiments preparing to embark for Santiago. He was appointed captain and assistant adjutant-general, and served with General Carpenter. When the general was ordered to Cuba after the war in command of the First Cavalry Brigade, and made military governor of the province of Puerto Principe, he asked for Captain McMahon again, and he is now serving at Puerto Principe as adjutant-general and military secretary of the governor. The governor, being a non-Catholic, does not, like his predecessors, go in state to Mass on Sunday. Captain McMahon, however, is regarded in the church as his representative and occupies on feast days, according to the custom of the country, a post of honor in the sanctuary. He has always been most popular at all his posts, and has the record of great fidelity to his duties and an exemplary Catholic.

LEO XIII. ON "AMERICANISM."

THE following is the official translation of the original text of the letter sent by the Holy Father to his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons:

Most Eminent and Reverend Lord Cardinal:

In a former letter of last October I had the honor to make known to your Eminence that the Holy Father intended to address in due course of time a pontifical letter concerning "Americanism," so called. It now devolves upon me to remit to you a copy of the promised letter, advising you at the same time that other copies will be forwarded to you through Monsignor the Apostolic Delegate.

I profit by the present opportunity to renew the expression of my profound veneration. Kissing your hands, I am your humble servant,

M. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

Rome, January 31, 1899.

Pope Leo's letter is as follows:

To our Beloved Son, James Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Priest of the Title Sancta Maria, beyond the Tiber, Archbishop of Baltimore:

LEO XIII., POPE—Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Blessing. We send to you by this letter a renewed expression of that good will which we have not failed during the course of our pontificate to manifest frequently to you and to your colleagues in the Episcopate and to the whole American people, availing ourselves of every opportunity offered us by the progress of your Church or whatever you have done for safeguarding and promoting Catholic interests. Moreover, we have often considered and admired the noble gifts of your nation, which enable the American people to be alive to every good work which promotes the good of humanity and the splendor of civilization. Although this letter be not intended, as preceding ones, to repeat the words of praise so often spoken, but rather to call attention to some things to be avoided and corrected, still because it is conceived in that same spirit of apostolic charity which has inspired all our letters, we shall expect that you will take it as another proof of our love; the more so because it is intended to suppress certain contentions which have arisen lately among you to the detriment of the peace of many souls.

It is known to you, beloved son, that the book on the life of Isaac Thomas Hecker, owing chiefly to the efforts of those who undertook to publish and interpret it in a foreign tongue, has excited serious controversies by introducing certain opinions on a Christian manner of life.*

We, therefore, on account of our apostolic office, having to guard the integrity of the faith and the security of the faithful, are desirous of writing to you more at length concerning this whole matter.

The underlying principle of these new opinions is that, in order to more easily attract those who differ from her, the Church should shape her teachings more in accord with the spirit of the age and relax some of her ancient severity and make some concessions to new opinions. Many think that these concessions should be made not only in regard to matters of discipline, but of doctrines

* *Messenger* translation.

in which is contained the "deposit of faith." They contend that it would be opportune, in order to gain those who differ from us, to omit certain points of her teaching which are of lesser importance, and so to tone them down that they do not bear the same sense that the Church has constantly given them. It does not need many words, beloved son, to prove the falsity of these ideas if the nature and origin of the doctrine which the Church proposes are recalled to mind. The Vatican Council says concerning this point: "For the doctrine of faith which God has revealed has not been proposed, like a philosophical invention, to be perfected by human ingenuity, but has been delivered as a divine deposit to the spouse of Christ to be faithfully kept and infallibly declared. Hence that meaning of the sacred dogmas is perpetually to be retained which our Holy Mother, the Church, has once declared, nor is that meaning ever to be departed from under the pretence or pretext of a deeper comprehension of them." (*Constitutio de Fide Catholica, chapter iv.*)

We cannot consider as altogether blameless the silence which purposely leads to the omission or neglect of some of the principles of Christian doctrine, for all the principles come from the same Author and Master, "the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father." (*John i. 18.*) They are adapted to all times and all nations, as is clearly seen from the words of our Lord to his apostles: "Going, therefore, teach all nations; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold, I am with you all days, even to the end of the world." (*Matt. xxviii. 19.*) Concerning this point the Vatican Council says: "All those things are to be believed with divine and Catholic faith which are contained in the Word of God, written or handed down, and which the Church, either by a solemn judgment or by her ordinary and universal magisterium, proposes for belief as having been divinely revealed." (*Const. de fide, chapter iii.*)

Let it be far from any one's mind to lessen or to suppress, for any reason, any doctrine that has been handed down. Such a policy would tend rather to separate Catholics from the Church than to bring in those who differ. There is nothing closer to our heart than to have those who are separated from the fold of Christ return to it, but in no other way than the way pointed out by Christ.

The rule of life laid down for Catholics is not of such a nature that it cannot accommodate itself to the exigencies of various times and places. The Church has, guided by her Divine Master, a kind and merciful spirit, for which reason from the very beginning she has been what St. Paul said of himself: "I became all things to all men that I might save all."

History proves clearly that the Apostolic See, to which has been entrusted the mission not only of teaching, but of governing the whole Church, has continued "in one and the same doctrine, one and the same sense, and one and the same judgment." (*Const. de fide, chapter iv.*)

But in regard to ways of living she has been accustomed so to moderate her discipline that, the divine principle of morals being kept intact, she has never neglected to accommodate herself to the character and genius of the nations which she embraces.

Who can doubt that she will act in this same spirit again if the salvation of souls requires it? In this matter the Church must be the judge, not private men, who are often deceived by the appearance of right. In this, all who wish to escape the blame of our predecessor, Pius the Sixth, must concur. He condemned as injurious to the Church and the spirit of God who guides her, the doctrine con-

tained in proposition lxxviii. of the Synod of Pistoia, "that the discipline made and approved by the Church should be submitted to examination, as if the Church could frame a code of laws useless or heavier than human liberty can bear."

But, beloved son, in this present matter of which we are speaking, there is even a greater danger and a more manifest opposition to Catholic doctrine and discipline in that opinion of the lovers of novelty, according to which they hold such liberty should be allowed in the Church, that her supervision and watchfulness being in some sense lessened, allowance be granted the faithful, each one to follow out more freely the leading of his own mind and the trend of his own proper activity. They are of opinion that such liberty has its counterpart in the newly given civil freedom which is now the right and the foundation of almost every secular state.

In the apostolic letters concerning the Constitution of States, addressed by us to the Bishops of the whole Church, we discussed this point at length; and there set forth the difference existing between the Church, which is a divine society, and all other social human organizations which depend simply on free will and choice of men.

It is well, then, to particularly direct attention to the opinion which serves as the argument in behalf of this greater liberty sought for and recommended to Catholics.

It is alleged that now the Vatican Decree concerning the infallible teaching authority of the Roman Pontiff having been proclaimed, that nothing further on that score can give any solicitude, and accordingly, since that has been safeguarded and put beyond question, a wider and freer field, both for thought and action, lies open to each one. But such reasoning is evidently faulty, since, if we are to come to any conclusion from the infallible teaching authority of the Church, it should rather be that no one should wish to depart from it, and moreover that the minds of all being leavened and directed thereby, greater security from private error would be enjoyed by all. And further, those who avail themselves of such a way of reasoning, seem to depart seriously from the overruling wisdom of the Most High—which wisdom, since it was pleased to set forth by most solemn decision the authority and supreme teaching rights of this Apostolic See—willed that decision precisely in order to safeguard the minds of the Church's children from the dangers of these present times.

These dangers, viz., the confounding of license with liberty, the passion for discussing and pouring contempt upon any possible subject, the assumed right to hold whatever opinions one pleases upon any subject, and to set them forth in print to the world, have so wrapped minds in darkness that there is now a greater need of the Church's teaching office than ever before, lest people become unmindful both of conscience and of duty.

We, indeed, have no thought of rejecting everything that modern industry and study has produced; so far from it, that we welcome to the patrimony of truth and to an ever-widening scope of public well-being whatsoever helps toward the progress of learning and virtue. Yet all this, to be of any solid benefit, nay, to have a real existence and growth, can only be on the condition of recognizing the wisdom and authority of the Church.

Coming now to speak of the conclusions which have been deduced from the above opinions and for them, we readily believe there was no thought of wrong or guile, yet the things themselves certainly merit some degree of sus-

picion. First, all external guidance is set aside for those souls who are striving after Christian perfection as being superfluous, and even disadvantageous—the contention being that the Holy Spirit pours richer and more abundant graces than formerly upon the souls of the faithful, so that without human intervention He teaches and guides them by some hidden instinct of His own. Yet it is the sign of no small over-confidence to desire to measure and determine the mode of the divine communication to mankind, since it wholly depends upon His own good pleasure and He is a most free dispenser of His own gifts. ("The Spirit breatheth whereso He listeth."—*John iii. 8*. "And to each one of us grace is given according to the measure of the giving of Christ."—*Eph. iv. 7*.)

And shall any one who recalls the history of the Apostles, the faith of the nascent Church, the trials and deaths of the martyrs—and, above all, those olden times so fruitful in saints—dare to measure our age with these, or affirm that they received less of the divine outpouring from the Spirit of Holiness? Not to dwell upon this point, there is no one who calls in question the truth that the Holy Spirit does work by a secret descent into the souls of the just and that He stirs them alike by warnings and impulses, since, unless this were the case, all outward defence and authority would be unavailing. "For if any persuades himself that he can give assent to saving, that is, to gospel truth when proclaimed, without an illumination of the Holy Spirit, who gives unto all sweetness both to assent and to hold, such an one is deceived by a heretical spirit." (*From the Second Council of Orange, Canon 7*.)

Moreover, as experience shows, these monitions and impulses of the Holy Spirit are for the most part felt through the medium of the aid and light of an external teaching authority. To quote St. Augustine: "He (the Holy Spirit) co-operates to the fruit gathered from the good trees, since He externally waters and cultivates them by the outward ministry of men, and yet of Himself bestows the inward increase." (*De Gratia Christi, chapter xix.*) This, indeed, belongs to the ordinary law of God's loving providence, that as He has decreed that men for the most part shall be saved by the ministry also of men, so has He wished that those whom He calls to the higher planes of holiness should be led thereto by men; hence St. Chrysostom declares "we are taught of God through the instrumentality of men." (*Homily I. in Inscr. Altar.*) Of this a striking example is given us in the very first days of the Church. For though Saul, intent upon threatenings and slaughter, had heard the voice of our Lord Himself and had asked, "What dost Thou wish me to do?" yet was he bidden to enter Damascus and search for Ananias. (*Acts ix.*) "Enter the city and it shall be there told to thee what thou must do."

Nor can we leave out of consideration the truth that those who are striving after perfection, since by that fact they walk in no beaten or well-known path, are the more liable to stray, and hence have greater need than others of a teacher and guide. Such guidance has ever obtained in the Church; it has been the universal teaching of those who throughout the ages have been eminent for wisdom and sanctity—and hence they who reject it, do so, certainly, with rashness and peril.

To one who thoroughly considers the question, even under the supposition that every exterior guide is withdrawn, it does not yet appear what in the minds of innovators is the purpose of that more abundant influx of the Holy Spirit which they so greatly extol. To practise virtue there is absolute need of the assistance of the Holy Spirit, yet we find those who are fond of novelty giving an un-

warranted importance to the *natural* virtues, as though they better responded to the customs and necessities of the times, and that, having these as his outfit, man becomes both more ready to act and more strenuous in action. It is not easy to understand how persons possessed of Christian wisdom can either prefer natural to supernatural virtues or attribute to them a greater efficacy and fruitfulness. Can it be that nature conjoined with grace is weaker than when left to herself? Can it be that those men illustrious for sanctity, whom the Church distinguishes and openly pays homage to, were deficient, came short in the order of nature and its endowments, because they excelled in Christian strength? And although it be allowed at times to wonder at acts worthy of admiration, which are the outcome of natural virtue—how many are there really strong in the habit of the natural virtues? Is there any one not tried by temptations of the soul, and this in no light degree? Yet ever to master such, as also to preserve in its entirety the law of the natural order, requires an assistance from on high. These single notable acts, to which we have alluded, will frequently upon a closer investigation be found to exhibit the appearance rather than the reality of virtue. Grant that it is virtue, yet unless we would "run in vain" and be unmindful of that eternal bliss which a good God in his mercy has destined for us, of what avail are natural virtues unless seconded by the gift of divine grace? Hence St. Augustine well says: "Wonderful is the strength, and swift the course, but outside the true path." For as the nature of man, owing to the primal fault, is inclined to evil and dishonor, yet by the help of grace is raised up, is borne along with a new greatness and strength, so, too, virtue, which is not the product of nature alone, but of grace also, is made fruitful unto everlasting life and takes on a more strong and abiding character.

This overesteem of natural virtue finds a method of expression in assuming to divide all virtues into *active* and *passive*, and it is alleged that whereas passive virtues found better place in past times, our age is to be characterized by the active. That such a division and distinction cannot be maintained is patent—for there is not, nor can there be, merely passive virtue. "Virtue," says St. Thomas Aquinas, "designates the perfection of some potency, but the end of such potency is an act, and an act of virtue is naught else than the good use of free will," acting, that is to say, under the grace of God if the act be one of supernatural virtue.

He alone could wish that some Christian virtues be adapted to certain times and different ones for other times who is unmindful of the Apostle's words, "that those whom He foreknew, He predestined to be made conformable to the image of His Son." (Romans viii. 29.) Christ is the teacher and the exemplar of all sanctity, and to His standard must all those conform who wish for eternal life. Nor does Christ know any change as the ages pass, "for He is yesterday and to-day and the same for ever." (*Hebrews xiii. 8.*) To the men of all ages was the precept given: "Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart." (*Matt. xi. 29.*) To every age has He been made manifest to us as obedient even unto death; in every age the Apostle's dictum has its force: "Those who are Christ's have crucified their flesh with its vices and concupiscences." Would to God that more nowadays practised these virtues in the degree of the saints of past times, who in humility, obedience, and self-restraint were powerful "in word and in deed"—to the great advantage, not only of religion but of the state and the public welfare.

From this disregard of the evangelical virtues, erroneously styled *passive*,

the step was a short one to a contempt of the religious life which has in some degree taken hold of minds. That such a value is generally held by the upholders of new views, we infer from certain statements concerning the vows which religious orders take. They say vows are alien to the spirit of our times, in that they limit the bounds of human liberty; that they are more suitable to weak than to strong minds; that so far from making for human perfection and the good of human organization, they are hurtful to both; but how false these assertions are is evident from the practice and the doctrine of the Church, which has ever highly approved of the religious life. Nor without good cause, for those who, under the divine call, have freely embraced that state of life did not content themselves with the observance of precepts, but, going forward to the evangelical counsels, showed themselves ready and valiant soldiers of Christ. Shall we judge this to be a characteristic of weak minds, or shall we say that it is useless or hurtful to a more perfect state of life? Those who so bind themselves by the vows of religion, far from having suffered a loss of liberty, enjoy that fuller and freer kind, that liberty, namely, by which Christ hath made us free. (*Galat. iv. 31.*)

And this further view of theirs, namely, that the religious life is either entirely useless or of little service to the Church, besides being injurious to the religious orders, cannot be the opinion of any one who has read the annals of the Church. Did not your country, the United States, derive the beginnings both of faith and of culture from the children of these religious families?—to one of whom but very lately, a thing greatly to your praise, you have decreed that a statue be publicly erected. And even at the present time wherever the religious families are found, how speedy and yet how fruitful a harvest of good works do they not bring forth! How many leave home and seek strange lands to impart the truth of the Gospel and to widen the bounds of civilization; and this they do with the greatest cheerfulness amid manifold dangers. Out of their number, not less indeed than from the rest of the clergy, the Christian world finds the preachers of God's word, the directors of conscience, the teachers of youth, and the Church itself the examples of all sanctity.

Nor should any difference of praise be made between those who follow the active state of life from those others who, charmed with solitude, give themselves to prayer and bodily mortification. And how much, indeed, of good report these have merited, and do merit, is known surely to all who do not forget that the "continual prayer of the just man" avails to placate and to bring down the blessings of Heaven when to such prayers bodily mortification is added.

But if there be those who prefer to form one body without the obligation of the vows, let them pursue such a course. It is not new in the Church nor in any wise censurable. Let them be careful, however, not to set forth such a state above that of Religious Orders. But rather, since mankind are more disposed at the present time than formerly to indulge themselves in pleasures, let those be held in greater esteem "who having left all things have followed Christ."

Finally, not to delay too long, it is stated that the way and method hitherto in use among Catholics for bringing back those who have fallen away from the Church should be left aside and another one chosen, in which matter it will suffice to note that it is not the part of prudence to neglect that which antiquity in its long experience has approved and which is also taught by apostolic authority. The Scriptures teach us (*Eccli. xvii. 4*) that it is the duty of all to be solicitous

for the salvation of one's neighbor according to the power and position of each. The faithful do this by religiously discharging the duties of their state of life, by the uprightness of their conduct, by their works of Christian charity, and by earnest and continuous prayer to God.

On the other hand, those who belong to the clergy should do this by an enlightened fulfilment of their preaching ministry, by the pomp and splendor of ceremonies, especially by setting forth in their own lives the beauty of that doctrine which St. Paul inculcated upon Titus and Timothy. But if, among the different ways of preaching the Word of God, that one sometimes seems to be preferable which is directed to non-Catholics, not in churches but in some suitable place, in such wise that controversy is not sought, but friendly conference, such a method is certainly without fault.

But let those who undertake such ministry be set apart by the authority of the bishops and let them be men whose knowledge and virtue has been previously ascertained. For we think that there are many in your country who are separated from Catholic truth more by ignorance than by ill-will, who might perchance more easily be drawn to the one fold of Christ, if this truth be set forth to them in a friendly and familiar way.

From the foregoing it is manifest, beloved son, that we are not able to give approval to those views which, in their collective sense, are called by some "Americanism." But if by this name are to be understood certain endowments of mind which belong to the American people, just as other characteristics belong to various other nations, or if, moreover, by it is designated your political condition and the laws and customs by which you are governed, there is no reason to take exception to the name. But if this is to be so understood that the doctrines which have been adverted to above are not only indicated, but exalted, there can be no manner of doubt that our venerable brethren, the Bishops of America, would be the first to repudiate and condemn it as being most injurious to themselves and to their country. For it would give rise to the suspicion that there are among you some who conceive and would have the Church in America to be different from what it is in the rest of the world.

But the true Church is one, as by unity of doctrine, so by unity of government, and she is Catholic also. Since God has placed the centre and foundation of unity in the chair of Blessed Peter, she is rightly called the Roman Church, for "where Peter is there is the Church." (*Ambrose, In Ps. xi. 57.*) Wherefore, if anybody wishes to be considered a real Catholic, he ought to be able to say from his heart the self-same words which Jerome addressed to Pope Damasus: "I, acknowledging no other leader than Christ, am bound in fellowship with Your Holiness; that is, with the chair of Peter. I know that the Church was built upon him as its rock, and that whosoever gathereth not with you, scattereth."

These instructions which we give you, beloved son, in fulfilment of our duty, in a special letter, we will take care are communicated to the bishops of the United States; thus testifying again that love by which we embrace your whole country, a country which in past times has done so much for the cause of religion, and which, with God's help, will do still greater things. To you, and to all the faithful of America, we grant most lovingly, as a pledge of Divine assistance, our apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome, from St. Peter's, the 22d day of January, 1899, and the twenty-first of our pontificate.

LEO XIII.

On the appearance of this letter of our Holy Father, the Paulists promptly sent to Rome the following cable message:

"Patres Paulini, litteras proxime missuri, Leonis XIII. doctrinam plene amplectuntur." Literally translated into English, this reads: "The Paulist Fathers, who will shortly send a letter, fully embrace the doctrine of Leo XIII."

The letter, which was sent a few days later, is as follows in the original Latin:

NEO-EBORACI, 28 Februarii, 1899.

BEATISSIME PATER:

Vixdum Sanctitatis Vestræ litteras circa errores, quibus Americanismi nomen datur, E^{mo} Cardinali Jacobo Gibbons Archiepiscopo Baltimorensi datas, in ephemeridibus Civitatis Neo-Eboracensis anglice redditas perlegimus, statim doctrinam in Pontificio documento propositam plene libenterque sumus amplexati: idque Sanctitati Vestræ telegraphice incunctanter significavimus. His vero Sanctitati Vestræ gratias ex corde referimus, quia supremi Doctoris ac infallibilis Magistri munere fungens, nos in viis veritatis ducit ac tenebras erroris procul a nobis repellit; eodemque spiritu Pater Hecker, si adhuc inter vivos ageret, Pontificium decretum filiali suscepisset veneratione.

At haud leve animis nostris solamen ingressit lectio litterarum Sanctitatis Vestræ, præsertim quia in eisdem asseritur errores a Sancta Sede reprobatos opinionum Patris Hecker interpretationibus esse potius accensendos quam opinionibus in se inspectis. Ceterum si quid sit, sive in doctrina sive in "Vita" laudati Patris, quod, sapienti Sanctitatis Vestræ iudicio, emendandum esse decernatur, nos libenti animo Sanctæ Sedis sententiæ acquiescimus, tum quia Ecclesia Romana est columna et firmamentum veritatis, tam quia in regulis Instituti nostri mandatur:—"Sit societatis ipsæ nostræ omniumque eius sociorum nota præcipua atque insignis, submissio religiosa, alacris et laeta erga Sanctam Ecclesiam, omnemque potestatem in ea legitime constitutam, omnesque ordinationes auctoritate sua sancitas. Primum omnium Jesu Christi Vicario, Ecclesiæque Sanctæ Romanæ, omnibusque Sanctæ Sedis Apostolicæ decretis atque monitis sive ad doctrinam sive ad disciplinam spectantibus, hæc exhibeatur obedientia." Hujusmodi autem obedientia alte est in nostris insculpta cordibus, ita ut nunquam cogitavimus ab integritate et severitate Doctrinæ Catholicæ discedendi. At si juxta sententiam Sanctitatis Vestræ, nos hanc propensionem vel habuimus, vel specie saltem demonstravimus, vel nostra agendi

ratione huic propensioni favorem quocumque modo præbuimus, nos grato animo, paternam Sanctitatis Vestræ correctionem suscipimus.

Instituti nostri Constitutiones stricte mandant ut nos perfectæ studeamus orthodoxiæ, ut pro norma habeamus non tantum Ecclesiæ definitiones sed etiam monita ac probatorum auctorum scripta circa vitam spiritualem, et ut devotiones quas Ecclesia patrocinetur atque commendat, promoveamus. Et in iis, hæc declaratio invenitur: "Omnibus, etiam sacerdotibus, præscribitur, ut directione spirituali juxta auctorum probatorum principia utantur." In his ac in omnibus principia ac monita in litteris Sanctitatis Vestræ proposita nos sequuturos declaramus, pariterque plenum obsequium ac fidelem adhæSIONem Sanctitati Vestræ ac S. Romanæ Sedi profiteamur. Insuper exemplaria libri cui titulus—Vita Patris Hecker—neque vendituros neque aliis tradituros promittimus, usquedum correctio, iudicio S. Sedis facienda, non sit ad effectum perducta.

Interim ad pedes Sanctitatis Vestræ provoluti, Apostolicam Benedictionem humiliter postulamus.

Addictissimus Servus,

Pro Instituto Presbyterorum Missionis
S. Pauli Apostoli,
GEORGIUS DESHON,
Superior Generalis.

Beatissimo Patri

LEONI XIII., P.P.



THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AT the Tuxedo, New York City, on March 15, the Guild of Catholic authors and writers held the third meeting of the year 1899. Miss Marie F. Giles, Miss Lida Rose McCabe, and Mr. John Jerome Rooney were selected for the leading numbers on the programme. Two very interesting questions were presented for discussion: (1) Would the Catholic drama succeed to-day? (2) What is modern criticism?

For the February meeting an equally interesting programme was arranged, consisting of a sketch of the literary work of Joshua Huntington; a paper on writing stories for the young, by Miss Marion J. Brunowe, and an address by the editor of the *Penny Magazine*, Mr. T. C. Quinn. The topics for discussion were: (1) Do Catholic books receive competent and helpful reviews from Catholic papers? (2) Should the art of poetry be more thoroughly cultivated?

The officers of the guild are: Rev. John Talbot Smith, president; Mr. John J. Rooney, first vice-president; Miss Ellen A. Ford, second vice-president; Miss Marion J. Brunowe, secretary; Miss Marie Giles, librarian; Rev. John J. Donlon, Brooklyn, and Mr. James Clancy, New York, trustees; Mr. Arthur Ryan, secretary and treasurer, 27 Barclay Street, New York City.

The aims of the guild are: To bring Catholic writers of the metropolis and of the country together, and to help its members toward success. For this purpose committees have been appointed to read manuscript, look after copyrights, and give advice to struggling and inexperienced writers. To aid in the development of the Catholic idea in literature. To this end discussions at the meetings will be directed, new fields of work will be described, and eminent writers will address the members. Efforts will be made to revive or keep alive the memory and the good work of deceased Catholic writers.

All Catholic writers are invited to attend the meetings and to become members. The annual fee is two dollars. Applications for membership can be made to any officer of the guild. This is the only society of this kind at present existing in the United States.

* * *

The American Irish Historical Society has for its purposes the study of American history generally; to investigate specially the immigration of the people of Ireland to this country, determine its numbers, examine the sources, learn the place of its settlement; to examine records of every character wherever found; to endeavor to correct erroneous, distorted, and false views of history in relation to the Irish race in America; to promote and foster an honorable and national spirit of patriotism; to place the results of its historical investigations and researches in acceptable literary form, and to print, publish, and distribute its documents.

Any person of good moral character who is interested in the special work of this society shall be deemed eligible for the same. No tests other than that of character and devotion to the society's objects shall be applied to membership. The society shall comprise life members and annual members, who shall pay dues provided by the by-laws. Payment of fifty dollars in advance at one time shall constitute a life-membership. Life members shall be exempt from further membership dues. The annual membership fee shall be three dollars, payable

the first day of February in each year. Applications may be sent to Mr. Thomas B. Lawler, No. 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, the distinguished physician and scholar, of New York City, at the recent annual meeting of the American-Irish Historical Society read an instructive paper on Irish Emigration during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. He shows in this learned contribution to American history that the early Irish settlers here played an important part in the affairs of this country. Dr. Emmet's paper is written from the Catholic point of view, which is generally ignored by ordinary text-book writers. The claim is established by convincing proof that the Irish people were the pioneers from almost the first settlement on the Atlantic coast and continued until the line of emigration had crossed the continent to the Pacific. The Colonial records bear testimony that the Irish were here at an early period, and so many hamlets on the frontier were designated by such distinctive Irish names that, had we no other proof than these facts, we could not honestly divest ourselves of the conviction that Ireland contributed more in numbers for the development of this country than came from any other source.

Great injustice has been done the Irish people by depriving them of credit so justly due them. This has resulted partially from ignorance, but to a greater extent from an influence exerted prior to the first settlement in this country. The purpose which prompts this injustice has been maintained through English influence, and has always been wanting so much in charity that we can hope to accomplish little in any effort to establish the truth, so long as individuals in this country are willing to have their judgment influenced by the policy of a foreign power.

The same influence has been as actively engaged in claiming that we are English; that this country is consequently "a worthy daughter of a more worthy mother." Yet my investigations have impressed me with the belief that of the seventy-five millions forming our present population there are a far greater number of individuals who could be more certain of their African origin than there are those who could prove a direct English descent.

It is not sufficient to show proof of an ancestor sailing from an English port, as all were rated during the seventeenth century as English, without reference to their nationality. Moreover, the bearing of an English name would be no more conclusive, as we shall show a large proportion of the "Wild Irish" were compelled by law to assume English surnames which their descendants bear at the present time.

I have no accurate data bearing directly upon the early emigration of the Irish to this country, for none exist. On the other hand, the assertion that they were among the first settlers, and the most numerous afterward, cannot be disproved for the same reason. But I will show, as circumstantial evidence, that throughout the greater portion of the seventeenth century a dire provocation existed, and that the Catholics were driven out of Ireland by a persecution which has never been equalled. The world to-day is in ignorance of the fact, since a truthful history of Ireland, and of the suffering borne by a majority of the people, has yet to be written.

Whenever an advantage was to be gained by falsifying a historical event, the English government has never hesitated, for centuries past, to exercise its influence for that purpose. Yet, with a strange inconsistency, every record in the

keeping of the government is zealously preserved, notwithstanding the most damning testimony is thus furnished.

Virginia was undoubtedly first settled by the English, but at an early period the Irish began to come in, bound to serve a stated term in payment for their passage money; but eventually these people became free men, settling down on the frontier, and their descendants in the next generation, as indicated by their names appearing in the records, began to take part in the affairs of the colony.

Maryland was chiefly settled by Irish Catholics, and Calvert himself was an Irishman, and received his title of Lord Baltimore from a place in the southwest of Ireland.

William Penn spent a large portion of his life in Ireland before receiving his grant in America. A number of his followers were Irish, and the most prominent person next to Penn himself was James Logan, an Irishman, who acted as governor of the province for a number of years. He was most tolerant to the Irish Catholics, who were allowed free exercise of their religion, and they received protection in this colony from the first settlement.

Many of those who first settled in New Jersey were from Ireland, and there were undoubtedly some Irish in New Amsterdam. In the Jesuit Relations it is shown that Father Jogues, who afterward suffered the death of a martyr among the Indians of Central New York, came about 1642 from Canada to administer to those of his faith then living among the Dutch.

In 1634 the General Court of Massachusetts Bay granted lands on the Merrimac River for an Irish settlement, and there were several hundred Irishmen who served in King Philip's Indian War whose names are still preserved in the colonial records. I have a record of the fact, but neglected to note the authority of a reference to a contemporaneous account of a fearful storm which occurred in the winter of 1634-35 off the north coast of Ireland. As one of the incidents mentioned is made of the shipwreck of a vessel filled with Irish emigrants, on the second day out of their voyage to join, as was stated, the Merrimac River settlement in New England, this straw of information is a valuable indication in our current of circumstantial evidence. It establishes the fact, by another source, that an Irish settlement was planted on the Merrimac River as early as 1634. It also shows that however intolerant the New England Puritans were sometimes in their immediate surroundings to the Catholics, they did tolerate in this instance, and likely in many others, the "fighting Irish," as they were termed. In fact, they gave little thought to their religious belief so long as they remained on the frontier to fight the Indians. This incident shows that emigrants sailed from the north of Ireland for this settlement, notwithstanding it may have been necessary to have commenced their voyage from an English port, and it also proves that these people were Catholics. The fact as to their religion is established by a knowledge of the condition of the country at that particular time, as I have attempted to describe. The Catholics were fleeing in all directions from the district of country which had been laid waste, and in many instances they had to subsist on the dead bodies of those who had preceded them, and who had died on the way from starvation. None but the Catholics left Ireland at this time, as every individual in sympathy with the English was then busy in bettering his condition by securing a portion of the spoils.

There were a number of Catholics sent out to New England through the efforts of Cromwell, and although they may not have come at that time as willing emigrants their descendants must afterward have become identified with the country.

M. C. M.



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NO. 410.

SALVE, REGINA!

BY R. H. ARMSTRONG.



THOU little maid among the olive-trees
That trembled when the angel bade thee
hail,
Whose wondering brow paled with the
winging breeze,
Whose heart, before his lips had told the
tale,

Had all its blessedness quite folded up
Like golden treasure in a lily cup!

Salve, Regina!

Ah, mother with the Infant at thy breast,
So wrapt about in love, given and giving;
The little God-child with His wet lips pressed
And tightening fingers clasped, and through thee living
Thy God and yet thy babe, thy very own—
Ah, sweet and full the joy that thou hast known!

Salve, Regina!

O woman at the Cross, and all alone,
That anguish singled thee as did thy bliss,
Blest among women. . . . No other moan
So full of bitterness as thine. 'Tis this
That doth make Love, remembering thee, more sweet,
And Sorrow, gentler grown, weeps at thy feet.

Salve, Salve, Regina!

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VOL. LXIX.— 10

THE CENTURY'S PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.



IN our review of the progress of science in the nineteenth century let us begin with Astronomy. When the century opened astronomy, through the labors of Kepler, Galileo, Huygens, Newton, Laplace, and Lagrange, had become an exact science. These great men had given us the key to the movements of the heavenly bodies; we knew that they were all swayed by the mysterious force of gravitation, and the work of our time has been mainly to discover new planets and stars, to make more accurate our knowledge of the positions and motions of the ones we already know, and to discover the materials out of which the stars and planets are composed.

The telescopes of the year 1800 might, in certain respects, have been called primitive compared with the ones now in use, where clock-work regulates the movements, and where a microscope reveals the most delicate measurements. In 1800 the distance of not a single star had been measured; indeed, this was thought to be an impossibility, while even as late as 1836 Auguste Comte maintained that Newton's theory of gravitation could not be proved to extend beyond our own little sun-system. And he also believed that the outer stars might be composed of matter altogether different from anything known to our earth. Not many years before the beginning of the century Sir William Herschel—who, by the way, constructed his own telescope—had discovered the planet Uranus, and this was almost the only addition to the solar system which had been made within historical time. But in 1801 the diminutive planet Ceres was discovered. Ceres is only 196 miles in diameter, yet it is the largest of the minor planets. Shortly afterwards two more like it were discovered, which were named Pallas and Juno, and almost every year since then other little planets have come to light, until they now number about 232. They have been christened Asteroids, and there are astronomers who believe that they may be the fragments of one big planet which was shattered in pieces through some mighty catastrophe.

After the discovery of the asteroids astronomers became

greatly interested in two remarkable comets known as Encke's and Biela's. In 1819 Professor Encke, of Berlin, discovered the comet called after him. It is quite small, and he calculated that it returned regularly every three years and a quarter. The reason why this comet is more than commonly interesting and perplexing to astronomers is because it shows itself two hours and a quarter earlier at each appearance. A few years later—in 1826—an Austrian officer, Biela, discovered the comet which bears his name. When Biela's comet returned in 1832 thousands of people were panic-stricken, for it had been calculated that it would cross the earth's orbit and in the collision which might ensue the earth would be destroyed. When it returned in 1845 it presented an awe-inspiring, never-to-be-forgotten sight. But suddenly one night Lieutenant Maury, of the Washington Observatory, found that it had broken in two, and each of the two comets had a perfect head and tail. These celestial twins, so to speak, kept each other company. They returned in 1852; then disappeared, and have not been seen since.

After the diminutive planets of which we have spoken and Encke's and Biela's comets, the next astronomical discovery in our century was certainly a very remarkable one: we allude to the discovery of the planet Neptune. We call it very remarkable because it was made quite independently by two mathematicians who, without using a telescope, arrived almost simultaneously at the same end, namely, they indicated the very spot in the heavens where a disturbing body was to be looked for, solely by means of Newton's law of gravitation. It had been observed by astronomers ever since Sir William Herschel—the father of Sir John—discovered Uranus, in 1781, that this planet did not move as it should move according to the law of gravitation; its orbit was not what it ought to be, allowing for the attraction of the sun and the planets already discovered; some unknown body must be pulling it out of its path. But no eye had yet been able to find the disturbing body. But in 1843 John Couch Adams, a student at Cambridge, England, set to work on this problem, and sure enough he accurately calculated precisely where a new planet would be found if a telescope were turned to a certain part of the heavens. And while Adams was thus at work in his study at Cambridge, Leverrier, in Paris, was engaged in the very same way. And lo! when these two mathematicians made known the result of their difficult calculations and told astronomers where

to point their telescopes, a new planet came to light, and it was christened Neptune. After the discovery of Neptune, the next interesting discovery we came to was the finding of the paths of meteors, or shooting stars. This discovery showed that besides the sun, the planets and their moons, our solar system consists of myriads of diminutive bodies also revolving around our sun, which diminutive bodies are believed to be the shattered fragments which have been thrown up from the interior of other globes, and when these stones enter our atmosphere they become heated and glow, owing to the incredible speed at which they rush through it. But while they may be said to be swarming within our sun system, there is some evidence that their proper habitat is interstellar space; and let us add that the composition of meteors now forms a separate branch of mineralogy.

Schiaparelli, an Italian astronomer, in 1862 proved that a comet which in that year crossed the earth's path, crossed it at the same point in the heavens as the earth is in during the meteor shower which occurs on August 10, and he suggested that the August meteors and the comet were travelling in the same orbit. This pregnant suggestion turned out to be correct. At about the same time that Schiaparelli made this discovery in regard to the August meteors and the comet, Adams in England and Leverrier in France determined the orbit of the November meteor stream. And lo! it was found a few years later that a comet was travelling along the very path of the November shooting stars. Now, this association between these two meteor streams and these two comets was too close to be accidental; and it is now believed to be highly probable that a comet is a group of meteoric stones whose densest portion, the nucleus, is solid matter loosely held together, and cometary light is undoubtedly of electrical origin.

It is also considered probable that the much larger comets than Encke's and Biela's, which have appeared at different times, are similarly associated with vastly larger meteor systems. Professor Lockyer, moreover, has shown that fragments of meteoric stones, intensely heated in a vacuum, give a spectrum closely resembling the spectrum of a comet. Nor can there be much doubt that the countless millions of so-called shooting stars—whether grouped together as comets or flying singly through space—play an important part in the economy of the solar system. Indeed, some astronomers maintain that the unending downfall of meteoric showers upon the surface of the

sun is enough to account for the continuance of the solar light and heat. The whole immense space between the sun and the planets would certainly seem to be swarming with meteoric life, and there are even astronomers who believe that not only our solar system but the whole universe may have been formed by the coming together, under the influence of gravitation, of widely diffused meteoric matter; the collision would produce heat and incandescence, and they hold to this hypothesis rather than to that of a primeval universe in a state of vapor, which became solid through cooling and contraction. It must be said, however, that the supposition that the sun's heat and light may be kept up through a ceaseless down-pouring of meteors upon its surface is far from being so generally accepted as the theory advanced by Helmholtz. This German physicist supposes that the heat of the sun is kept up by the gradual contraction of its own mass, and thus the nebular hypothesis of Laplace—conceived in 1796—would seem as time goes on to be more and more securely established. Here let us say that Laplace, in his *Mécanique Céleste*, taught that in the far distant past the matter which at present constitutes our solar system was expanded into an immense glowing nebula rotating through space and extending far beyond where the farthest planet now is, and that this nebulous mass contracted little by little as its heat radiated into space, and as it contracted it rotated more and more rapidly, until finally smaller rings of nebulous matter one after the other were left behind from the central mass; but these smaller rings continued to revolve around it, and thus was formed our solar system—sun, planets, and moons—the sun to-day representing the core of the original nebula; and this is what is known as the nebular hypothesis. It may well be, however, that Laplace's bold conception applies only to our own sun-system, and that it does not account for the origin of the double and multiple stars in the visible universe. And let us observe that about ten thousand binary or double stars are already known. Certainly some of these double stars are of a radically different type from our own solar system, and it has been asked whether our system may not be unique in its character. May it not be an exceptional formation?

It certainly is unique among the star systems which have thus far been studied. Here let us remark that the theory of secular tidal friction developed by George Howard Darwin, son of the famous naturalist, and applied to the double stars, is conceived by Dr. T. J. J. See to have had not a little to do

with modifying their figures and their motions. The masses of the dozen double stars which this astronomer has carefully observed differ but little one from the other, and Dr. See,* who has made double stars a special study, contrasts them with our own sun accompanied by its many planets, and he supposes that they have not developed from their primal nebula in the same manner as our sun system has developed. The two stars composing a binary system are supposed in the beginning to have formed a single nebulous mass; then, after assuming the figure of an hour-glass, the nebula split into two parts, and the changes which have come about between them since they split in two have been due to tidal friction; they revolve one about the other in highly eccentric orbits, and this high eccentricity has been brought about by the action of the tides of each star on the other.†

Whether beyond the tens of millions of stars which compose our universe there may not be other universes, it is not possible to tell. Yet astronomical analogies would indicate that the furthest star which the strongest telescope can descry does not mark the limits of creation. The immensity of our universe may perhaps be grasped—but only very faintly—if we represent our solar system as a ring six feet in diameter with the sun in the centre. In this ring Neptune—the most distant planet, 2,760,000,000 miles from the sun—would be seen lying near the circumference, or about three feet from the centre of the ring. Once outside our imaginary ring and preserving the same scale of measurement, we should find nothing at all except some comets speeding from one sun to the other and swarms of meteors, until we had gone about three and a half miles. No, not until we had gone about this distance beyond the circumference of our ring should we come to the very nearest of all the outlying stars—Alpha Centauri.‡

Then from Alpha Centauri let us fancy ourselves journeying on and on and on into space, passing countless brilliant suns, some of them revolving one about the other, until at length we arrive at the furthest star which the most powerful telescope can faintly discern; and it is supposed that this almost invisible star may be represented as lying ten thousand times further from the circumference of our ring than Alpha Centauri. Another way, perhaps, to picture to ourselves the

* See his very interesting article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, on the Solar System.

† *The Tides*. By George Howard Darwin.

‡ It is a binary, distant about twenty millions of millions of miles from the earth.

vastness of our universe is to state that if our sun (which is believed to be moving toward a point in the constellation Hercules at the probable rate of 150,000,000 miles every year) were to move straight on in the direction of the nearest so-called fixed star, Alpha Centauri, and if this star were to stay where it is, our sun would barely reach Alpha Centauri in 139,200 years. But whatever conception we may form of our universe, whatever hypothesis we may adopt in regard to its formation, we are still left in the midst of a mystery.

Whence arose the first nebula? How was meteoric dust developed? We are told that our sun system and other sun systems are controlled by the force of gravitation. But whence comes the force of gravitation? We know that our sun and many so-called fixed stars have a proper motion through space, and we know pretty well the direction of this motion. But is it consistent with the theory of gravity that the path of our sun or any other body should be a straight line? Moreover, there are a few stars which are known to be moving through space at a rate so terrific that it has been questioned whether these stars, which are moving at this indescribable, bewildering speed, may not be merely visitors, birds of passage, so to speak, from some remote universe, some outlying, far-off part of God's creation.

As we have already said, when our century began the distance of not a single star had been measured, while any knowledge of the chemical nature of the planets and stars by direct observation was believed to be an impossibility. Yet the nebular hypothesis requires, for its complete confirmation, that the matter which exists throughout our solar system should be the same matter as composes our earth. What at that time was thought to be an impossibility has been achieved: the discovery of the chemical nature of the heavenly bodies has been made through spectrum analysis. Here we may remark that the seven colors pointed out by Descartes, viz., red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, were called by Newton a spectrum, from *specto*—I behold. There are, however, an infinite variety of colors, and they were roughly divided into seven merely for convenience sake. To be brief, spectrum analysis means analyzing and studying the different kinds of light when viewed through a prism. And it is fortunate that light is of a complex nature—that there are many kinds of light rays, and that they become widely scattered—differently refracted in passing through a piece of glass cut in the shape of

a wedge or prism. Moreover, some of the rays of light may be blotted out while other rays are made brighter, and it is in these differences that we have, as it were, a code of signals which, correctly interpreted, convey to the astronomer the chemical nature of the gases by which certain light rays have been blotted out and others have been made brighter. Newton, in his work on the solar spectrum, failed to perceive on his screen the dark lines which cross the colors of the spectrum. These significant dark lines, or narrow gaps, were first pointed out by Wollaston, in 1802. But this eminent English chemist missed their true significance. He viewed the dark lines in the colors of the solar spectrum as the boundary lines of the spectral colors, and it was left to a German, Joseph Fraunhofer, not only to trace a great number of these dark lines crossing the solar spectrum (the principal ones are now called Fraunhofer's lines), but also to discover similar dark lines—although differently arranged—in the spectra of several stars; and let us say that in his observations he placed a prism before the object-glass of his telescope—a star spectroscope was an instrument not yet invented. But although Fraunhofer made some suggestive experiments and found that two dark lines in the spectrum of the sun apparently corresponded in their place in the spectrum, and in their distance from each other, to two bright lines which were generally present in artificial, terrestrial flames, he advanced no further and left us in ignorance of the cause of these dark lines—of these rayless bands.

It was not until 1859 that another German physicist, Kirchhoff, told us what these dark lines in the spectrum of the sun meant. He proved that they are due to the absorption of the vapors of similar substances which when heated give out corresponding bright lines. Here was the answer, the correct interpretation of the dark lines as a code of signals: correctly interpreted, they gave a clue to the chemical constitution of our sun. And as it is the light of the sun which gives the moon its light, he perceived that the dark lines come in the same place in the spectrum of the moon.

But when Kirchhoff examined the light of the stars with a spectroscope (all the so-called fixed stars are suns) he found that the dark lines in the star spectrum did not all occupy the same place as the dark lines in our sun spectrum, and he argued that some intrinsic difference must exist between the light of our sun and the light of the stars.

This brief work of Kirchhoff may be called the first step in

our study of the solar system and the stellar systems by spectrum analysis.

Since 1859 great progress has been made through this ingenious method of research. We know to-day not only that certain earthly substances are present in the stars, but that in some stars there are substances which are not found on our earth. Spectrum analysis has also enabled us to separate into double stars systems whose component parts are too close together for the largest telescope to resolve; these intimately connected double stars are detected through their giving a compound spectrum. Moreover the spectroscope has enabled us to calculate the rate at which a star may be travelling towards us or away from us; for the rate at which a star moves may be measured by its change of color: the color-change depending on the fact that if a star is coming towards us, the succession of light waves strike upon the eye more rapidly than if it is receding from us. If a star is receding it sends fewer vibrations in a second: hence a change in its color; its lines move towards the red end of the spectrum. But if it is moving towards us, it will appear tinged with blue. Here let us say that two centuries ago Huygens assumed as a good working hypothesis—yet one most difficult to conceive—that the vast, airless space between our earth and the stars was filled with an elastic, invisible substance to which he gave the name of ether; and he assumed that this subtle substance is set in wave-like motions by the sun and all luminous bodies, and that these waves or undulations when they strike upon the eye cause the sensation which we call light. Accepting as true this hypothesis, let us say that when the ether waves set in motion by the sun strike the earth they are impeded in their motion, for it is harder for them to travel through the solid earth than through the ether, and consequently a number of the ether waves bound or vibrate back from the earth to the eye, and as they vibrate differently according to the condition of the earth—its roughness, its dryness, its softness—they impress the eye differently and make an impression of the earth as it is. But a perfectly transparent body lets nearly all the ether waves pass through it; in this case very few of the ether waves vibrate back to the eye, and so you might walk up against a glass door without seeing it. But put some mercury behind the glass, and you have a reflected image of yourself, a looking-glass; because the mercury lets hardly any of the ether waves pass through it—it makes them vibrate back to your eye.

A leaf looks green because all the ether waves, except the green waves, are supposed to be absorbed by the leaf; only the green waves vibrate back to your eye, and vibrate just rapidly enough to make on your eye the sensation called green. A red object is supposed to absorb all the ether waves except the red ones, which vibrate back and give the sensation called red. A blue object is supposed to absorb all the ether waves except the blue ones, which vibrate back and give the sensation called blue; and so on with all the other colors. In a word, the colors of objects are supposed to be due to the unequal absorption of rays of light of different refrangibility. But spectrum analysis has done more than separate double stars and tell how fast stars may be travelling to or from us. It has also thrown not a little light on the nature of the nebulæ. Sir William Herschel supposed that the nebulæ were all star clusters which were too distant for any telescope to discover the stars which compose them. Now we know that, while stars and nebulæ are often closely connected, many nebulæ consist entirely of glowing hydrogen and nitrogen gases.

But wonderful as have been the results achieved through spectrum analysis, we have discovered by means of photography things almost as wonderful. By applying a sensitive photograph plate to the telescope instead of the human eye, we have obtained photographs of comets, stars, and nebulæ which it was utterly impossible for the eye to see through the telescope; the retina of the strongest eye soon wearies, whereas the metallic plate does not weary, and the cumulative effects of many hours' exposure reveal depths in our universe undreamed of before. Astronomers are even preparing to photograph the entire heavens, and when this task is completed we shall have photographs of between ten and twenty millions of stars.

PHYSICS.

From astronomy let us pass to the domain of Physics. Here we may confidently say that one of the most important discoveries of our century is the law of the conservation of energy. What led up to this discovery was the determination by many experiments of the mechanical equivalent of heat. A century ago Sir Humphry Davy concluded that heat was a mode of motion, "probably a vibration of the corpuscles (that is, the little particles) of bodies tending to separate them." Thus, if we set a pan of water on some burning coals, the vi-

bration which takes place in the coals as they burn passes into the metal of the pan, and through the pan it passes to the water. Presently the minute particles which compose the water tend to push apart. But being bound to one another by the force of attraction, they quiver and vibrate, for they cannot yet get away from each other; and it is this vibration which gives you the sensation of heat if you touch the water with your finger. But by and by, as the water in the pan gets hotter and hotter, the quivering and vibration of its tiny particles become more and more violent, until at length the force of attraction which holds the particles of water together is overcome by the force of motion, and then away fly these little particles in the shape of steam. But we have not space to tell all the ways whereby it has been shown that heat is not a material substance but a mode of motion, and that energy may be converted into heat. Let us merely observe that it is generally held that James P. Joule, of Manchester, in 1849, was the first to establish that a certain force exerted would produce a corresponding amount of heat; that there was a mechanical equivalent of heat. By a very ingenious experiment he showed that a weight weighing one pound must fall 772 feet in order to raise the temperature of one pound of water by 1° Fahrenheit. And Joule's conclusions led to the more general law known as the conservation of energy. By this is meant that the energy, the power to do work in the operations of nature which a body possesses, may be transformed but cannot be destroyed. The energy which converts heat into work or work into heat remains always the same; if it be lost in one form it will reappear in another. A ball that falls to the ground rests there, but the energy of the falling ball has been converted into heat, which heat, if it were stored up and utilized, would again lift the ball to the height from which it fell. This important principle would seem to show that all the forces of nature depend one on the other; and moreover, that force does not originate on the earth, but comes to us from the sun, or had its source in the sun before the earth parted from it.*

ELECTRICITY.

We shall now speak of electricity. Our century has witnessed marked advances in this science, although we do not

* Memorandums found among the papers of the French scientist, Sadi Carnot, prove that he had come to believe that heat is in reality motion—motion which has changed its form. A number of years before Joule, Carnot had convinced himself of the doctrine of the conservation of energy.

yet know what electricity really is. But while we take a reasonable pride in what has been achieved in the past hundred years through this form of energy, we should not forget what was done by Galvani and Franklin. These great men prepared the way for Volta.

In 1800 Alessandro Volta, an Italian, made the first step toward the electric telegraph by showing that two different metals—say, zinc and copper—joined by a wire and placed in acid and water, will set up a current of electricity from the one to the other. And in the electric battery which Volta made, and which is known as the *Voltaic pile*, a constant current of electricity will pass along the wire for any distance as long as the circuit is not interrupted.

The next discovery, namely, that electricity is in some mysterious way connected with magnetism, was made by a Dane named Hans Christian Oersted, in 1819. It had been known since the fifteenth century that a needle after having been rubbed on a loadstone* always points north and south; and this kind of needle, as it is very useful to mariners, became known as the mariner's compass.

But why did one end of the needle point to the north and the other end to the south? Not a few scientists answered this question by saying that the needle must be acted upon in some way by electric currents, which are known to be constantly streaming to and fro in the atmosphere. But it was not until 1819 that Oersted found that when an electric current is made to pass from south to north along a conducting wire which is placed parallel to a magnetic needle, the north end of the needle will turn towards the west until it lies at right angles to the path of the current. For example, if a copper wire be placed so that its two ends point north and south, and if a magnetic needle be poised right below it, the needle will now lie in a line with the wire, because a magnetic needle always points north and south. But if the wires of a Voltaic battery be made to join the two ends of this copper wire so that an electric current passes along it from south to north, then, as we have said, the north end of the needle begins to move away from the north towards the west, viz., towards the left side of the electric current, and it will keep moving until it points to the west.

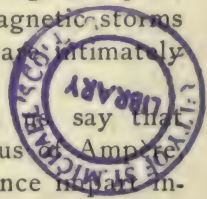
* It had long been known that a mineral called loadstone (iron in union with other substances) attracted iron; the loadstone is called a magnet because it was first discovered at a place called Magnesia, in Greece.

This discovery (the importance of which Oersted did not perceive) marked the very first step in a new science, the science of electro-magnetism. Shortly after Oersted's discovery a French physicist, André Ampère, heard about it and he set eagerly to work, and in less than a week brought to light some curious facts about electro-magnetism. First he found that while the magnetic needle does indeed always lie across the path of the electric current, the north end of the needle turns different ways according to the direction in which the electric current flows. Arguing also from the hypothesis that magnetic force is caused by electric currents, Ampère tried to magnetize a bar of steel by running an electric current round it; and by an ingenious method he succeeded. He wound a copper wire—enveloped in silk—round a steel bar; then joining the two ends of the wire to a Voltaic battery, he sent a current of electricity through it; and thus did he make the first electro-magnet.

Moreover, Ampère conceived the pregnant idea that if an electric current may change a piece of metal into a magnet, the whole earth might be viewed as a gigantic magnet (being acted upon by the electric currents flowing from east to west): and might not this give a clue to the direction of the magnetic needle?

Here let us observe that to-day the magnetism of the earth is supposed to be influenced by spots on the sun. The explanation commonly given of sun spots is that luminous clouds which envelop the sun open at times and give us a glimpse of the body of the sun within; and these small parts of the sun's body look like spots. It has been found also by observation that the spots regularly grow less during a period of five and a half years, after which they gradually increase again in number. There is, therefore, a regular cycle of about eleven years in the growth and diminution of sun spots. And that they do exert some influence upon our earth is perceived by their effects on the magnetic needle and the electric telegraph. Moreover, as grand displays of the aurora borealis very often appear at the same time as the breaking out of uncommonly big sun spots, there is reason to believe that the Aurora and magnetic storms set in motion by the sun, 92,000,000 miles away, are intimately connected.

But to come back to electro-magnetism, let us say that even as Oersted's discoveries had kindled the genius of Ampère, so did Ampère's successful work in this new science inspire in-



creased enthusiasm to an English scientist, Michael Faraday. Deeply impressed by Ampère's experiment whereby a steel bar had been made into a magnet by passing an electric current through it, Faraday determined to see whether by reversing the experiment he might not set up a current of electricity by means of a magnet. In this he succeeded, and the many feet of wire which in his experiment he wound round a hollow wooden cylinder into which he thrust and drew out a powerful bar magnet (while it rested in the cylinder no electric current was set upon the wire) led the way to what is known as the induction coil, by which powerful electrical effects are produced. Here we may observe how electricity and magnetism—through the discoveries of Volta, Oersted, Ampère, and Faraday—surely led up, step by step, to the invention of the telegraph and the telephone.

We remember how in 1800 Volta showed that a current of electricity may be produced by placing two different metals, joined by a wire, in acid and water and the current sent for any distance along the wire. Shortly afterwards it began to be asked whether this current might not be used in some way to make signals.

Different plans were tried and failed, until, as we have said, Oersted discovered that an electric current made to flow from south to north near a magnetic needle caused the needle to turn and point west—at right angles to the path of the current; and until Ampère further showed that the north end of the needle might be turned from side to side, in different directions, by changing the direction of the electric current; the direction of the needle depending on the direction of the current. What was afterwards accomplished by Wheatstone, Morse, and others was merely to invent practical methods of utilizing the discoveries of these scientists. An electric current is sent along a wire and a message is framed according to the way in which the current flows round a magnetic needle; the direction of the needle depends on the direction of the current; so many turns of the needle to the right or to the left mean this or that letter. Herein lies the whole secret of the electric telegraph.

But perhaps as useful as the telegraph has been the invention of the telephone. In 1876 Professor Graham Bell, of Boston, after several other inventors had tried and failed, produced an instrument which enables one person to speak to another at a distance. And this invention largely depends on a discovery

by Faraday which we have mentioned, namely, that an electric current may be set up in a coil of wire wound round a wooden cylinder through the motion of a magnet drawn in and out of the cylinder. Now, a telephone is a small instrument containing a permanent magnet at whose upper end is fastened a piece of soft iron, around which is coiled some copper wire enveloped in silk, and this wire is made to connect with another telephone perhaps many miles away. At a little distance above the piece of soft iron, around which the copper wire is coiled, rests an iron plate or disc enclosed in a wooden frame which has an opening at the top, and into this opening the person speaks.

The vibrations of the voice cause the particles of the disc to vibrate or quiver; this vibration or quivering of the particles of the disc affects the soft iron bar set a little below it and around which the wire is coiled. Now, this bar of soft iron—which has become magnetized by touching one end of a permanent magnet—has its magnetization changed according to the rate at which it vibrates and according to the form of the vibration or quivering; and this change in the magnetization of the iron immediately sets up currents of electricity in the coil of wire, and these currents flow instantaneously to the other end of the wire, which is connected with another telephone, and at this other end they flow around another coil of wire, affect another piece of soft iron, and cause the particles of another plate or disc to vibrate in exactly the same manner as the plate into the wooden frame of which the words were spoken. But if the same sounds are given out, it is not because the sound vibrations have passed along the wire, but because the vibrations, which at the speaker's end were changed into electric currents, are changed back again by these currents into identical sound vibrations in a similar plate or disc at the listener's end; and these vibrations reproduce the very tone of the speaker. Surely if we analyze this invention we cannot fail to see how much it owes to Faraday's discovery that an electric current may be set up in a coil of wire by means of a magnet drawn in and out of the coil.

But many as are the uses to which electricity has been turned in our wonderful century, we do not yet know what it really is. It may indeed be a fluid of a most subtle character. Yet this is merely a descriptive hypothesis. Here we quote from W. Stanley Jevons: * “An infinitely closer analogy exists between

* *The Principles of Science*, vol. ii. p. 154.

electricity and light undulations, which are about equally rapid in propagation; and while we shall probably continue for a long time to talk of the electric fluid, there can be no doubt that this expression merely represents some phase of a molecular motion, some wave of disturbance propagating itself at one time through material conductors, at another time through the ethereal basis of light."

GEOLOGY.

From electricity let us now turn to Geology. A century ago the history of our earth was read very differently from the way we read it to-day. It was then the common belief that our earth had existed not very much more than five or six thousand years, and that the mountains and valleys, the tilted rocks and cañons, were evidences of mighty catastrophes. But a poor English surveyor, William Smith, well named the Father of English Geologists, was at work making a map of the various geological formations of his country, and in this map he showed how the strata were placed one above the other and how each stratum was characterized by different fossils; and the work he accomplished contributed not a little to a correct reading of the earth's past history. It was not, however, until 1830 that the old-time views were seriously questioned by a famous geologist, Sir Charles Lyell. After patiently and carefully studying the changes which were going on around him during his own life-time, and the causes of those changes, Lyell wrote a book entitled *Principles of Geology*, in which he argued that the crust of the earth as we behold it now is not the work of any uncommon violence of nature, but is the result of causes which are still active; but so gradually, so imperceptibly are changes brought about that we do not observe them. We do not see Nature ever at her work carving out valleys, levelling mountains, making the beds of rivers, raising land above the sea in one place, submerging it in the sea at another. And we believe we are correct when we say that to-day Lyell's views prevail among the great majority of geologists, and they are called Uniformitarians. But whether we range ourselves with the Uniformitarians or not, the geology of our century has made it highly probable that our globe is millions of years old. It has also come to be generally accepted that at no very remote period in the past—it may be not more than eight or ten thousand years ago—there was what is called an Ice-age, or glacial epoch. It was Louis Agassiz who first pointed out, in

the different countries which he visited about fifty years ago, the scratchings on rocks seemingly made by ice. He also showed the remains of ancient moraines in places where to-day no glaciers are to be found, and he called attention to huge boulders—erratics—which must have been carried from a distance by ice. From all his observations Agassiz concluded that at one time a field of ice, not unlike the ice-field which in our age covers Greenland, must have spread over a portion of North America and Europe.

Since Agassiz studied the subject many others have taken it up; and let us observe that quite recently Dr. James A. Mitchell, professor of geology at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, has written a very interesting paper on glacial action in permo-carboniferous time. There is, therefore, not a little evidence to show that at one period of the earth's history, and it may be at different periods, a marked change of climate occurred in certain parts of the globe. This change may have been brought about by changes in the distribution of land and sea, and with this change of climate many regions became covered with a mantle of ice.

NATURAL SELECTION.

While the geologists of our century were at work studying the rocks, naturalists were endeavoring to explain how the different kinds of plants and animals which they saw around them had come to be what they are. The doctrine that they had been separately created by a distinct act of the Creator was almost universally held up to the beginning of the century. But in 1809 a great French naturalist, Lamarck, in a book too little read, entitled *Philosophie Zoologique*, taught that organic life had developed from lower into higher forms. Not many persons, however, accepted Lamarck's view. The great majority still held to the belief that Almighty God had created animals and plants pretty much as we see them to-day. What the great St. Augustine had written fifteen hundred years before about the operation of natural laws and creation by means of secondary causes seemed to be utterly forgotten. But as the century advanced, naturalists, although they had turned a deaf ear to Lamarck and had ignored St. Augustine, became more and more impressed by the fossils which they discovered in the rocks. In the lowest and oldest fossil-bearing strata, laid down millions of years ago, were found only shells of sea animals. A little higher up came fish. Above the primeval fish appeared

the remains of swimming reptiles, some of them of gigantic size. In a little higher strata still were discovered reptiles with wings, and birds with teeth and long reptilian tails. Above the winged reptiles and reptilian birds were found lowly organized mammals of a distinctly reptilian type; transition forms, as it were, leading up to typical mammals, which finally appeared in the highest and newest rocks. It was interesting, too, to observe, in studying these numberless fossil remains, that the nearer the strata came together—in rocks nearly of the same age—the more closely did the fossils contained in the strata resemble each other; while the farther apart the strata, the more unlike were the fossils. And naturalists began to ask themselves whether this might not point to genetic affinity. Did it not look as if new forms had not merely succeeded each other, but that there had been some special link connecting the numberless forms which appeared one after the other in the various strata? And the more they studied the fossils in the rocks and saw evidence of a gradual advance from the general to the special, from the low to the high, from the simple to the complex, and when naturalists became aware, too, of the striking facts revealed by embryology, the more convinced did they become that the organic life which they saw around them, instead of having been separately, specially created, had been gradually unfolded from a few simple types which God had created in the beginning. They only waited for some plausible explanation of how this unfolding might have come about in order to accept the doctrine of development. This plausible explanation was at last given by two naturalists—Charles Darwin and Alfred R. Wallace—who had been working at the problem thousands of miles apart, and who, without knowing what the other was doing, adopted the same line of argument. Their solution of the problem—which was Natural Selection*—appeared in two essays which were read the same evening—July 1, 1858—at the Linnæan Society, London.

It was, however, Darwin's work—*The Origin of Species*—which appeared in November, 1859, that made so profound an impression on the scientific world and persuaded so many naturalists to accept the doctrine of development. In this work Natural Selection, as the main but not the only cause of change of species, is made to explain so many difficulties, gives such satisfactory reasons why in the lowest and oldest rocks we

* Darwin called it natural selection in order to mark the analogy between it and artificial selection.



ALFRED R. WALLACE PROPOSED THE THEORY OF NATURAL SELECTION THE
SAME EVENING, JULY 1, 1858, WITH DARWIN.

should find the lowest types of life, and why little by little, as organic life multiplied and the struggle increased, more complicated forms appeared—better fitted to survive in changed conditions—that we can hardly wonder at the impression which this book made. Nevertheless, Lamarck's explanation of development still counts for not a little with some well-known naturalists, especially in America, where they are termed Neo-Lamarckians.

Lamarck's theory is that development has come about mainly

through the direct action of the environment upon internal structure and the transmission of the modifications thus produced. He tells us, in *Philosophie Zoologique*, that species vary under changing external influences. While Lamarck firmly believed in a Creator, he rejected the doctrine that animals had been created for a certain mode of life. He taught that a certain mode of life had, so to speak, created the animals.

And let us add that Lamarck's definition of species is perhaps the best definition we have. "A species," he says, "is a collection of similar individuals which are perpetuated by generation in the same condition, as long as their environment has not changed sufficiently to bring about variation in their habits, their character, and their form."

But, as we have observed, it was the theory of natural selection, as propounded by Darwin and Wallace and elaborated in Darwin's epoch-making book, that gave the first rude shock to the belief in separate, special creations. And now when our century is closing we find the doctrine of evolution opposed only by well-meaning persons who have not made natural history a special study.* With little or no knowledge of classification, of geographical distribution, of geology, of comparative anatomy, or of embryology, these persons do not hesitate to set up their own crude opinions against the opinions of authorities like St. George Mivart, Romanes, Cope, Marsh, Leidy, and hosts of other world-known students of nature. Their opposition, however, is of no avail, and we may confidently assert that while naturalists are not all of one mind in regard to the causes of development (some holding natural selection to be the main factor, others adopting Lamarck's view, while a very small number believe that we have yet to find a *vera causa*), no naturalist of any repute declares his disbelief in the progressive evolution of species from other species. But, while naturalists differ in regard to the factors of development, we ourselves believe that the greater popularity of natural selection is largely owing to the fact that it does not require a naturalist to think it out. Its very simplicity has done much to make it popular. But it does require a naturalist's knowledge to discover the slight, promiscuous variations which exist in all groups of animals and plants. And it is from these variations (which are

* See Monsignor Beaunard's earnest letter on the Scientific Instruction of the Clergy, in *Annales Catholiques*, 6th August, 1898. He calls his letter a "Cri d'alarme."

See also *Dublin Review*, October, 1898, page 246, where Bishop Hedley of Newport says: " . . . the foremost Catholic men of science of the day not only hold a theory of evolution, but consider that there can be no doubt on the matter."

probably largely due to the direct action of the environment) that favorable ones are seized upon and developed by nature. In the struggle for life nature selects, so to speak, the variations which are most fitted to survive: the variations best adapted to thrive on a certain food, to live in a certain climate, to escape certain enemies. And climate, food, and enemies are not always the same; there is some little change, imperceptible to us, going on all the time. And thus in the course of years the race becomes changed to suit the changed conditions. This is what is meant by natural selection. And we may add that Lamarck's explanation of the origin of species is not really opposed to Darwin and Wallace's view. It is rather complementary to it.

MEDICINE.

We shall now conclude our brief review of science in the nineteenth century with a few remarks on the progress of Medicine. Perhaps no discovery has done so much to lessen pain as the discovery of chloroform. The use of this anæsthetic for producing unconsciousness was first made about fifty years ago by Sir James Y. Simpson; and by means of chloroform surgeons are not afraid to perform operations which used to be considered impossible. Before its use the shock to the system was too great for recovery.

Almost as useful to mankind as chloroform has been Dr. Lister's antiseptic treatment of wounds. By this treatment freshly cut surfaces may be exposed to the air and will soon heal; for it has been proved that suppuration and putrefaction are not due to normal changes, but are caused by the presence of bacteria. Lister's method consists in carefully washing every instrument that touches a wound in a solution of corrosive sublimate, and in filling the air which surrounds the patient with an abundant spray of carbolic acid. The microscopic disease-germs are thus kept away or destroyed. Here let us say that we owe to the brilliant researches of Pasteur the foundation of modern bacteriology. Through Pasteur the microscope has lifted physiology and pathology into new realms of discovery. The minute, injurious animal organisms which may gain an entrance into our blood or tissues, bringing with them disease and death, have in a number of cases been checked and destroyed; and it was mainly upon Pasteur's researches and upon the discovery of chloroform that modern surgery waited before it made its stupendous advance.

Quite recently we have seen another discovery open the way to still further progress in medicine. The wonderful phenomena of the X rays, as they are sometimes called, have rendered many opaque objects transparent, and have allowed the surgeon to see where calcareous deposits and foreign metallic substances may be hidden in the body. We owe the discovery of these mysterious rays to William Konrad Roentgen, professor of physics at Würzburg, Germany. For many years he had made a special study of phenomena which spring from the action of electric currents in glass tubes exhausted of air and known as Crookes, or vacuum, tubes. He found that the rays emanating from a Crookes tube, excited by an electric current, produced an effect in many ways like the effect produced by ordinary rays of light, yet with this singular difference, viz., that they would penetrate certain substances which ordinary light rays do not penetrate. Like electricity, these rays are invisible and are recognized only by their effects. Their exact nature we do not know, and hence the name of X, or unknown, rays given to them by their discoverer. There is a high probability, however, that they are transverse vibrations in the ether, but of vastly shorter wave-lengths than the vibrations of ordinary light rays. And they differ from ordinary light rays in the fact that they cannot be deflected or refracted or brought to a focus: they proceed only in straight lines. Let us add that the picture of the object which we obtain through the X rays is not, strictly speaking, a photograph, although developed in the same manner; the picture (or radiograph, as it is called) is a shadow-picture of the object.

But, great as has been the progress in medicine during the past hundred years, we may confidently look for still greater progress in the not distant future through the solution of the great problem of immunity and its practical corollary, artificial immunization (the new doctrine of antitoxins), as well as through a profounder study of cellular pathology, with which Professor Rudolph Virchow's name is closely associated. This eminent German biologist tells us, after long observation and experiment, that we must give up the idea that highly organized living things are units; they are organisms each constituent part of which has its own special life. Ultimate analysis of higher animals brings us to the cell, which is composed of chemical substances not in themselves alive. The organism, according to Virchow, is not an individual but a social mechanism; as a nation is to its citizens so is man to his cells. The

cells are the factors of existence; all life comes from antecedent life; every cell springs from another cell. And while he admits that many diseases are caused by invading microbes, he maintains that—microbes apart—disease is due to the inherited properties of the cells of the organ affected. And in the treatment of disease we should strive to affect the cells.

Here we end our review of what science has accomplished in this wonderful century. But before we dismiss the subject let us ask what may have been the century's note—its distinguishing mark? To our mind it has been its closer touch with nature; it has looked more to achievement than to sterile rhetoric; it has seen, with the monk Roger Bacon, that it is only by observation and experiment that we can pass the golden gateway which leads into the domain of the physical sciences. And while our century has not denied to tradition its due value, it has refused to let tradition lay too heavy a hand on freedom and originality of thought. It has aimed, as never before, to trace phenomena to their sources, and the study of Origins is leading to a revolution in our conception of every branch of study. But having said this, we may add that the truly great and wise among us recognize how little we know compared to what there is to be known. We recognize that we are finite minds attempting infinite problems, and in the words of one of the profoundest thinkers of our time on the Philosophy of Science, we say:* “From science modestly pursued, with a due consciousness of the extreme finitude of our intellectual powers, there can arise only nobler and wider notions of the purpose of creation. . . . Our science will not deny the existence of things because they cannot be weighed and measured. It will rather lead us to believe that the wonders and subtleties of possible existence surpass all that our mental powers allow us clearly to perceive.”

* W. Stanley Jevons, *The Principles of Science*, vol. ii. page 468.



St. Catherine of Siena.

HER carved semblance hangs upon my wall:
The meek-bowed head within the halo wide,
The pierced hands folded o'er the wounded side;
Against her breast the lily petals fall,
Herself a fragile lily, pale and tall,
Siena's old-time Saint and present pride:
A face not beautiful, but calm, clear-eyed
To look through visions to the heart of all.



O Caterina, thou whose simple feet
To lowly needs in loving service bent,
Trod life's plain ways, whence came thy skill to move
The destiny of states with influence sweet?
A messenger of peace from heaven sent
With serpent's wisdom in the harmless dove!

CAROLYN SAGE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FLORENCE.

BY E. MCAULIFFE.

"The rills that glitter down the grassy slope
Of Casentino, making fresh and soft
The banks whereby they glide to Arno's stream,
Stand ever in my view."—*Dante*.

"Florence, within her ancient limit mark,
Which calls her still to matin prayers and noon,
Was chaste and sober, and abode in peace."—*Ibid*.



WE had our first experience of Italian life in Florence, where we took a suite of rooms in a private family. Our rooms fronted on a sunny square opposite the Pitti Palace, and not far from Casa Guidi; we had those beautiful windows before us, which Ruskin says are the finest in Europe; we had a view of the Boboli gardens, which I think the most beautiful in Italy, and of the Fortezza Belvidere, a fortress which stands on the summit of the hill, behind the gardens and overlooking them. The first sound we heard on awakening in the morning was the bugle call, the first sight that greeted our eyes was the regimental drill in the camp-field, where the men looked as though they were exercising in the clouds. Then followed the march down the winding paths to the city, with pennons waving and lances glittering in the sun.

But it was not alone the exterior attractions that pleased us so much; it was beyond all else the sweet, pious interior. The family consisted of a young widow, beautiful and not at all conscious of it; not learned,

"Save in gracious household ways";

and a little child of four years, whose prattle was a continual Italian lesson. We encouraged her to visit us; so her mother brought her in for one or two hours every evening after dinner. Little Adelina's first care was to instruct us in our religion. She commenced by asking us if we were Christians; we answered in the affirmative, but she shook her head incredulously, saying: "Forestieri non sono Cristiani, tutti sono eretici" (Foreigners are not Christians; they are all heretics). Then she



"LINGERING UNDER ARCADES FILLED WITH THE WORK OF FRA ANGELICO."

ordered us to "segna" (make the sign of the cross). We asked her to teach us how; then she took the right hand of each in turn, and taught us how. Next she brought a prayer-book, and, opening it at a picture of the crucifixion, told us the history of our redemption, and then held it up to each one's lips to be kissed. After which she would kiss us herself, and say "brave bambine" (good children).

Now, there was a considerable distance to be traversed from my rooms to those occupied by the family; the house was immense and old-fashioned, built around a square central court, which was not lit by gas, or in any other way. When it was time to leave, Donna Louisa lighted her lamp, and it was an art study to watch the little group going down the long, gloomy passage; Adelina skipping like a fawn beside her graceful young mother, who carried in her hand the antique Etruscan lamp which shed its little halo of light around them; it was like a picture from the illuminated border of an old manuscript.

Our mornings were spent in the churches; the monasteries, art galleries, museums, etc., occupied the afternoons, besides many expeditions outside the walls. Even at this distance of

time the memory of those days of ecstasy makes my pulses throb: Santa Maria Novella, where St. Dominic preached; Santa Croce, full of the spirit of St. Francis; San Marco—what hours of delight we spent in those cloisters! lingering under arcades filled with the work of Fra Angelico, of whom Ruskin says: “A man who smiled seldom, wept often, prayed constantly, and never harbored an impure thought. His pictures are simply so many pieces of jewelry.” We saw those massive books of which Longfellow speaks in repelling the aspersions cast by Protestant writers on the monks of the middle ages: “That they slept their lives away is most untrue. For, in an age when books were few, so few, so precious, that they were often chained to their oaken shelves with iron chains, like galley slaves to their benches—these men, with their laborious hands, copied upon parchment all the lore and wisdom of the past, and transmitted it to us. Perhaps it is not too much to say that, but for these monks, not one line of the classics would have reached our day.”

We visited the Certosa, in the beautiful Val d'Eura, and saw the remnant of a once numerous community, a few aged men in the white robes of their order. This is one of the suppressed monasteries. The government makes money out of it by taxing visitors; *United Italy* makes quite a revenue out of the sacred shrines and places of pilgrimage all over the oppressed land.

One of our favorite walks was up the narrow, steep road to San Miniato, where a deed of grace was accomplished centuries ago. Giovanni Gualberto, a young knight belonging to a noble family, was descending the hill on Good Friday, after Mass. He had been strongly wrestling with himself that morning, because a beloved brother had been cruelly slain and vengeance was in his heart. Now, however, he was calmed by prayer, and in a better frame of mind, when midway on the hill he met the slayer face to face. All his good resolutions vanished; like a flash of lightning his sword was out and raised to strike, when the offender, falling on his knees, besought him, for the sake of Him who died on that day, to spare and pardon him. Gualberto sheathed his sword, but never returned to his ancestral home. Filled with horror at himself for the crime he was so near committing, he sought the desolate heights of Vallombrosa, where he founded a monastery of the most austere rule, and soon gathered about him a number of holy men. He lived here a life of great sanctity, and was canonized after his death.



"THE REMNANT OF A ONCE NUMEROUS COMMUNITY, A FEW AGED MEN IN THE WHITE ROBES OF THEIR ORDER."

Alluding to such foundations, Bulwer writes: "There was a certain vastness of mind in the adoption of utter solitude, in which the first enthusiasts of our religion indulged. The remote desert, the solitary rock, the rude dwelling hollowed from the cave, . . . all make a picture of severe and preternatural grandeur." On the very spot where this noble victory over self was achieved, on the hill-side at San Miniato, a fine fresco, in good preservation, perpetuates its memory. It represents

the knight standing and sheathing his sword, while his foe kneels at his feet, with hands raised in an attitude of supplication.

The cloisters of Vallombrosa are now deserted, except by a few aged monks who show the place to strangers. When they die, their places will not be filled by religious. Thus goes on the work of de-Christianizing the land.

In spite of religious persecution and infidel rulers, there exists in Florence to-day one of the greatest and most useful religious societies in the world. I speak of the "*Misericordia*." This extraordinary society was founded in the thirteenth century, and has gone on extending its labors, insomuch that it still possesses the vigor of youth. The members are all men: laborers, mechanics, men of business, bankers, nobles, even the grand dukes have not disdained membership. A certain number are appointed for each day's work; the tolling of a bell gives notice when and where they are wanted, like our old system of fire-bells. They are called for all accidents, they bring the injured to the hospitals; they visit the sick and the needy in their homes, provide nurses when necessary, and all comforts that the sick require; and they bury the dead. For all this no pay is received or thought of; it is pure charity, unostentatious charity, for the recipients only know them as "brothers of the *Misericordia*"; their faces, when in the discharge of their good works, are never seen. Every brother wears a black domino, with holes to accommodate his eyes, thus keeping literally the Gospel precept of not letting his left hand know what his right hand doeth. Boxes, labelled "*For the Misericordia*," are placed in different parts of the city, and the alms collected in these boxes, together with private donations, comprise their entire revenue.

In Italy funerals generally take place at night, and it is a weird and thrilling sight to see the long procession of black dominoes winding through a narrow street by torchlight, and chanting the psalms that compose the office for the dead. In funerals of the poor they dispense with a hearse, and the members bear the coffin (generally covered with flowers) on their shoulders to a chapel near the cemetery, where it is left for the night and quietly buried next morning, none but relatives attending. White dominoes are worn in processions of the Blessed Sacrament. Every Sunday morning, at the early Masses, when the priest has finished giving Communion to all who approach the altar, he descends the steps bearing the ciborium,

and passes down the aisle and into the street, and so on to the houses of all who have sent notice that they are unable, through sickness or infirmity, to come to the church. A band of the *Misericordia* accompanies the priest. One goes in front, ringing the little bell; four carry the small canopy over the Blessed Sacrament, others following, all chanting as they go. Many persons join the ranks through devotion, and even



CAMPANILE AND CATHEDRAL, FLORENCE.

go into the sick person's room, or kneel on the landing if the room is crowded, while the holy rites are being administered. As the priest, bearing his sacred burden, passes through the streets all who meet him kneel, except those unhappy ones who know no God but United Italy. On week-days this devotion is more noticeable, as there are more people in the streets, and they are mostly intent on business. Once I saw a poor bill-poster who was on the top of a ladder when he heard the bell, and he hurried down at the risk of breaking his neck, in order to be in time to kneel as the *Santissimo* passed. The Society of the *Misericordia* is highly revered by all creeds and classes. I have never heard it sneered at or ridiculed by our brethren outside the church.

Another wonderful Florentine custom is that of keeping lamps burning before holy pictures in their places of business, thus placing religion above all. The picture is attached to the wall, near the ceiling, at the end of the store, so that when the lamp is lit it can be seen from the street. 'As you pass through a street at nightfall they are like so many stars, glimmering through the gloom before the gas is lighted. We used to buy fruit from a young man who kept a little shop close to one of the bridges (Ponte Santa Trinità); he was very handsome and polite, and a good father to his little family. One day, on going into the store, I noticed that Auguste was in a state of pleased excitement. After he had received my order and selected for me his best fruit, he took down from a shelf a long roll, which on unrolling proved to be a brand-new print of the Madonna. He looked at the bright hues of the picture in perfect ecstasy; then at me, saying: "Bella, signora, non è vero?" (Is it not beautiful, madam?) The picture which hung above the lamp was faded and smoky, and this was to take its place. Of course I admired it immensely, and applauded him for his devotion to the Blessed Mother. There is another store, near the Mercato Vecchio, a very fashionable establishment for fine handkerchiefs, laces, and white goods in general, where the proprietor sends out all packages wrapped in the sheets of a religious newspaper; no other kind of paper is used; and this is done with the pious intention of enlightening the *heretics*. These are the really good Italians, for there is not the slightest doubt that such things stand against them in a business way.

Christmas came, and all Florence poured into the churches for the novena. The chapel of the royal palace opposite our house was opened to the public for the occasion, and we went every evening with the family, to which were added two grandfathers and a beautiful young aunt (Zia), who was sister to my little landlady. When the eve of *Natale* (Christmas) came we went with them to midnight Mass, in the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore. I felt, with the Ancient Mariner:

"O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!"

But we were more favored than the Ancient Mariner, for we

had the "wedding feast." Adelina, the little gossip, had told us how Signor Alberto came every evening and stayed with Zia and Nonno (grandpa) talking; and so it happened that there was a wedding soon after Christmas, and Zia was the bride and Signor Alberto the bridegroom. This is a digression; to return to my subject.

I have seen Florence under many aspects, but never so



PORTA ST. NICOLA, FLORENCE.

beautiful as on that starry Christmas eve. All the ways that led to the cathedral were crowded; none but the sick stayed at home. There were no disorderly characters abroad; "silent and devout," like the spirits whom Dante met, they wended their way past the marvels of art in the streets and squares, past the Baptistery gates, past San Michele, past Giotto's tower, not giving a thought to art; all minds intent on one subject only: the Divine Inspirer of all art. As the clock

strikes the hour of midnight, the priest standing, vested, at the foot of the altar, a silken screen is suddenly withdrawn, which reveals a little waxen image of a new-born babe in front of the tabernacle. A low murmur of love and adoration runs through the multitude, which is quickly hushed as the Mass begins. Numbers approach the holy table. In such scenes one feels as though heaven was not so far off. At the close of the ceremonies the scene changes; we are on earth again. In the streets now the crowd is all joy and gladness. Christmas wishes are interchanged, the restaurants are opened, the people pouring into them for early breakfast—whole families have come from a distance, and remain up all night in order to attend the four o'clock Mass, before returning to their homes in the distant hills.

How pleasant it was to hear on all sides the soft Tuscan tongue! We had drifted quite out of the region where English prevailed. It is a curious thing that the most perfect language, language grammatically correct, is spoken intuitively by all, even the uneducated. The maid who waited on us, and who was neither refined nor delicate in appearance—being, on the contrary, rather coarse and masculine—used the most beautiful forms of expression. I never asked her a question without being astonished at the poetic imagery of her reply. One evening, when she came in to light the lamps, I asked: "Is it raining, Annunziata?" "No, signora," she replied, "*il cielo e sereno e stellato*" (the sky is serene and starry). Listening to the music of the *bella lingua* was an unceasing delight; receiving the parting wishes at night, for instance: "Felice notte alle, signore," "Felicissima notte," "Buon riposo," "Buoni sogni"—a rippling stream of graceful words that left the hearers refreshed by its sweetness.

The Tuscans are essentially religious and good; all their faults may be attributed to misgovernment. They forgot the admonitions of St. Catherine, who wrote such stirring epistles to them in her day: "Is it not better to remain united to our own father and mother (the Pope and the holy Church) than to a tyrannical government? Better to lean on a strong pillar (which, though shaken by persecution, is not broken) than on a straw, that we are certain will be blown down by the first gust of wind?" There is no nation so crushed and overburdened by taxation as the Italian. United Italy devours her offspring; it is a modern Minotaur! The oppressed people fly to our friendly shores, but many have lost their faith, and the

Masonic lodge has done its work of destruction. Freemasons and Jews rule the kingdom, hence the temptation to youth; there is no promotion in army, navy, or civil service unless at the cost of religion. Knowing all this, the real piety which I witnessed was most gratifying, because it involves a kind of martyrdom.

We were in the habit of going to Rome always for Lent, but the last year we were in Italy we kept Lent in Florence.



PANORAMA FROM PORTA ST. NICOLA.

The ceremonies of Holy Week were well attended. On Holy Thursday the shops were all shut, and the churches filled. On the afternoon of that day the crucifix is laid on the steps of a side altar, so that every one may adore the sacred wounds, and an unceasing stream of people perform that act of homage. Whole companies of soldiers especially interested me; they were young and still true to their faith. On Good Friday, and until noon of Holy Saturday, all business is suspended. A very in-

teresting ceremony is performed in connection with the new fire on Holy Saturday. The flint used is a piece that a zealous young knight of the Pazzi family chopped off from the Holy Sepulchre with his battle-axe, at the time of the Crusades, and brought in triumph to his native city, where it was received with great veneration and guarded among the treasures of the cathedral. The palace of the family is opposite the cathedral, and the Pazzis always bear the expense of the Holy Saturday pageant. An immense car, drawn by four large, beautiful white oxen (all decorated with ribbons and flowers, their horns gilded, and chains of roses around their necks), stands on the square, in front of the main entrance of the cathedral. The car is loaded with fireworks, and when the new fire is struck, a dove, bearing in his bill a taper kindled from it, flies down the central aisle, across the square, and drops the taper into the car, which at once explodes with a tremendous noise, to the great delight of thousands of country people, who have waited for this since early morning. This is called the *scoppio del carro*. At the same moment all the bells ring out, and Lent is over.

“Yet, Italy! . . .

Parent of our religion! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the Keys of Heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.”

—Byron.



CYRANO DE BERGERAC.*

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



ROSTAND recalls by the title of this play the name of a dramatist almost forgotten. Yet Bergerac was a noted character in his day, and the impress of his literary work survives in one of the classics of the English language, *Gulliver's Travels*. Notorious as a duellist, we have him in the work before us reckless and defiant, but more than this, he is put before us as one imbued with a spirit of knight-errantry, vaunting and exaggerated in its own way as that satirized by Cervantes. He is at war with meanness, sycophancy, dishonesty, the courtier's unscrupulous ambition, the churchman's complacency to power. These are the dragons, giants, and wizards of the new Don Quixote.

The opening and the main part of the action are fixed in the year 1640, but the influences belong to the age of Louis XIV. It was not till the year 1645 that the fashionable world flocked to the College Royal to hear Gassendi lecture on astronomy, but we find the word Gassendist a commonplace of our play. Though we hear of the great Cardinal, the lights and shadows are of the era of the Great King. With a precise knowledge of the history of French dramatic literature, he lays the first scene in the Hôtel de Bourgogne, but we venture to say that neither the *Précieuses* nor the wits and fops who paid court to them at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, ever witnessed anything which for softness, delicacy, boldness, and invention approached the work of M. Rostand. There are hints which make us think he is unjust to Molière, but of this anon.

The stage directions are very full, but invaluable as accessorial stimulants to the imagination. We are in the hall of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, a sort of tennis-court arranged for the production of a play. In this play the whole first act proceeds, and the spectators have before them the very form and manner of the time when the reckless spirit of the days of the Fronde were blending into the pride and authority which so mark the era of Louis XIV. from the moment he emancipated

* *Cyrano de Bergerac*. A play in five acts. By Edmond Rostand.

himself from tutelage. The anachronism of a few years—so we read it—is nothing; it is the living force, the intense vitality we look at. Action, thought, humor, fire, frenzy, folly, play before us, and yet we are conscious of an invisible presence called the Cardinal,—but to us it seems the majesty of Louis, which awed while it inspired all classes from the great noble to the roturier.

The Burgher, in answer to his son's question, while they are waiting for the play within the play, "Is the Academy here?" says, "Oh, ay! I see several of them—all names that will live." Among them he mentions Bourdon, who was not born until 1638; so that he was just two years old when our friend was classing him among the Immortals. But is there not a truth of time, a dramatic truth, superior to the calendar? And it is vindicated by the next interlocation, we should think. First Marquis: "Here come our *Précieuses*," etc.; and he gives an account of them.

In passing we may say that the translation by Gladys Thomas and Mary F. Guillemard is sprightly in the comic parts, notwithstanding the difficulty of turning into English the subtleties of French pleasantry. We can give no better proof of this than the opinion of judicious critics that all attempts to render the shades of Molière's humor into English verse have failed. It is said that the imitations or paraphrases in the plays of Sheridan are without the latter's own sparkle or the slyness of Molière. If this be true in the main, we say a great deal for the translation of the work before us. Yet there is a delicacy in the following passage not caught in the translation. The admiring comments following the entrance of Roxane lead up to this one by the second Marquis:

"Et si fraîche :

Qu'on pourrait, l'approchant, prendre un rhume de cœur!"

is translated: "And what freshness! A man approaching her too near might chance to get a bad chill at the heart!" The play of the thought is lost. It really means the grapes hang too high; for she is compared to a peach smiling at a strawberry in the preceding cue.

We learn at this point that Roxane, the beauty who reminds the first marquis of a peach smiling at a strawberry, is a cousin of Cyrano, for whom all are looking out eagerly. Cyrano has deadly skill of fence, and it is hoped by the young men that some way he will protect his cousin; for there are

dangers ahead, some scandal such as might be expected when a noble of great influence, the Count de Guiche, shows an interest in Roxane. Christian, who is in love with her, has just heard that De Guiche intends a Viscount de Valvert shall marry her; for he is "triste" and "complaisant" and De Guiche is "puissant." A very odious idea, to be sure; and on hearing Valvert called by De Guiche, Christian puts his hand into his pocket for a glove to throw at him, but finds there the hand of a pickpocket. The latter, who adds murder in the way of business to larceny, sends Christian off to warn Lignière, a drunken friend of his, that a hundred assassins are to attack him, of whom he is one. The information may be relied upon, for the "distinguished-looking roué," this Lignière, has exposed the De Guiche *cum* Valvert plot in a song, and so made enemies in high places.

The fun goes on in the play-theatre as in the theatre of a play. The wig of our friend the burgher is fished from the pit by a string, let down from the upper gallery by a page amid cries of delight when the bald crown is exposed, but a word, "the Cardinal," creeps through the house, and silence falls upon the wild pages above, whispering disgustedly that they must behave now. The curtain of the theatre on the stage rises, and we have the opening of the action when an actor, Montfleury, possibly the dramatist, begins the part of Phædon in the play of the play-theatre.

Montfleury has recited three lines of Phædon's speech when a voice from the middle of the pit cries: "Villain! did I not forbid you to show your face here for a month?" A friend recognizes it as the voice of Cyrano and is uneasy at the desperate hardness of the interruption; but the voice again is heard: "King of clowns! Leave the stage this instant!" Now the house gets excited and rises into moods of passion, various, interesting, weak, fierce, and appalling as the conflicting elements release themselves. The frightened actor is urged to continue by the crowd from all parts of the house as with increasing excitement it tries to quell Cyrano, whose *sang-froid* amid it all seems more terrible than the fury of the mass. We are reminded of one scene like it in real life, but whether M. Rostand had it in his mind or not we do not know; and that is when Mirabeau tamed for one immortal instant the National Assembly, maddened at what it called his great treason, or rather the "Great Treason of Mirabeau," when with his influence fled the last hope for the monarchy.

The opposition to Montfleury is too pointed not to mean a hit at *La Vengeance des Marquis* and *L'Impromptu de l'Hôtel de Mondé*. In the time at which we hold the play is placed the attack might also be on "Scaramouch" (Torelli), the manager of the Italian farce-company; at present it may represent the revolt of purity of thought and taste against the school which has been debasing the mind and heart of France since Balzac entered on the inauspicious reign which prepared for the corrupt hour of Zola and the oligarchy of the morgue and the stews. The actor has to leave the stage and Valvert takes up the quarrel, which he begins by an insulting reference to Cyrano's nose, which was a portentous feature like that of Glorieux. How to insult himself about his nose Cyrano tells Valvert in a speech that may be compared with Touchstone's. The duel begins, Cyrano composing a lyrical account of what he intends to do to the rhythm of the passes:

"At the envoi's end I touch."

Very fanciful this and possibly Gascon-like.

There is later on a balcony-scene in which Christian, prompted by Cyrano, makes love to Roxane. By and by the prompter in the darkness assumes his principal's place, but acting for the latter. This seems rather absurd on the bald statement, and yet how is it that we hardly take into account the deception or the grotesqueness? Don Giovanni sheltering himself behind Leporello is in his element; but the hero Cyrano, the purger of the stage and the man of lofty ideals, is rather out of his rôle in such a performance. Yet we think the incongruity of circumstance and character, together with our insensibility to it, can be explained by the greatness of the sacrifice Cyrano makes for love. We go at once with Romeo's submission to the insults of Tybalt and Cyrano's to those of Christian because of his promise to Roxane to watch over the favored lover. This is the first step, the laying down a soldier's and a Gascon's pride. Any act of self-effacement becomes intelligible after this; so we are prepared for the putting at his rival's service fancy, passion, purity of soul, and the high purposes which made him a Don Quixote without a craze. The extravagance of sentiment woven into his mental texture and the majesty of his self-extinction saved the conception from passing to the ridiculous. It was a perilous enterprise, but M. Rostand has a love for the difficult. It is this hardihood of temperament which will doubtless produce the new variety

in literature, as M. Brunetière would say, on the analogy of natural selection. In any case an act of heroism wins one; and admiration is not diminished when the heroism means the tragedy of a life. The most that can be said in criticism of this balcony incident is that Cyrano failed to estimate the true proportions between sacrifice and duty. He lied, but the lie was the laying down of his happiness for the woman he loved.

Christian, who was a very dull lover, had disgusted the *Précieuse* Roxane by his want of eloquence. He was exceedingly handsome, but his tongue was a non-conductor of the electricity within. A pebble is thrown at her window. She comes out and asks, "Who is that?" He replies, "Christian." She (disdainfully), "Oh! you?" So far this is rather like burlesque, but he says: "I would speak with you." She: "No; you speak stupidly." Then Cyrano prompts, but Christian halts in repeating the words supplied to him, as might be expected. However, she recognizes an improvement; for she was about to shut the window. Instead she pauses and says:

"Hold! 'tis a trifle better! ay a trifle."

This is severe, but there is some encouragement in it; and Christian proceeds with such energy as he can command:

"Love grew apace, rocked by the anxious beating
Of this poor heart, which the cruel wanton boy
Took for a cradle!"

and so on; his fancy, or rather his prompter's manifesting passion in conceits of a rather commonplace character.* She remarks the faltering of the words, and asks has palsy seized on his imagination, whereupon Cyrano steps into his place and pours out his passion with great fire and energy. There is such an improvement that she proposes—*Précieuse* that she is!—to go down to join him below. Cyrano, not wishing the plot to be discovered, objects; then she suggests his climbing to the balcony, and is most naturally amazed at his refusal. But gradually the fencing of their wits gives way in Cyrano to a passion rising like the waves of the sea and sweeps away her spirit by its force. It is his own love he pours out, though in the standing-place of Christian; his own soul that declares its frenzy, its wishes, its unselfishness and despair. Here we have the enchantment which puts away the paltry imposition

* The translation is excellent here.

from our minds and leaves us only with a love boundless as the sea and the surrender to another of all it asks, feeling rich in the memory which it consecrates:

“Ah! que pour ton bonheur je donnerais le mien,
Quand même tu devrais n'en savoir jamais rien,
S'il se pouvait, parfois, que de loin, j'entendisse
Rire un peu le bonheur né de mon sacrifice!”*

We pass over the scene in which a friar, ignorant of the purport of a letter from De Guiche, presents it to Roxane, and the manner she prevails on him to marry her to Christian. Cyrano has undertaken to keep De Guiche in play during the quarter of an hour the marriage ceremony is being performed. This scene is admirable, and perhaps in it, more than in the reckless, flashing, fighting ones, the true Gascon character comes out. The early princes of the House of Bourbon had a liking for this bragging, harebrained, witty, shrewd people. A Gascon was the captain of the king's mousquetaires under Louis XIII., and another—the D'Artagnan who shakes hands with Cyrano after his song-duel—was captain in the reign of the Great King himself. We have a notion that some one says the Scotch were the Gascons of England—well, in the play Cyrano flung down his purse to compensate the manager for driving Montfleury from the stage, but if this munificence be characteristic of Gascons, the saying quoted is “gasconade” of another and a tolerably bold description. However, in the scene we have just referred to, Gascon meets Gascon, and Cyrano's lies (scientific ones, Munchausen-like and immense) take in De Guiche, and this result—having regard to circumstances and coloring—so far from violating probability, possesses dramatic propriety of a kind which marks out the author as a playwright of no common skill.

At the siege of Arras Cyrano has the chance to guard over Christian, now the husband of Roxane. The Cadets of Gascony is the title of Act IV., and the poor fellows are sleeping their hunger off. We note when Le Bret swears “*Mordious!*” Carbon tells him: “Curse under his breath,” from which request we have new testimony to a practice which seems to

*The translation of the entire speech beginning “Certes, ce sentiment,” Act III. Sc. 6, gives no idea of the force and delicacy of the original. “Entre les blues rameaux” is translated “throned there in the branches.” The purple of the night through which she trembles among the branches, as “a leaf among the leaves,” is the objective association of the idea.

have prevailed in the army at different times and among different nations. Mercutio tells us that when Queen Mab drums in a soldier's ear he starts and wakes,

"And thus being frightened, swears a prayer or two,"

and on the authority of Sterne we have it that the troops swore horribly in Flanders.

Firing is heard in the distance, and again, but nearer. Carbon, the officer in command, says: "'Tis nothing! 'Tis Cyrano coming back!" We learn that at the risk of his life Cyrano takes letters at each day's dawn, the letters he promised Roxane Christian should write her. The Cadets complain of hunger; Cyrano mocks them with what one of them calls pointed words. He opens with a speech to encourage them with the thought how much better it is to die like a soldier than on a bed of fever; from each and all the cry: "I am hungry!" He directs the piper to play old country airs and points out the associations they are to call up in a speech the insight of which may be compared in its influence on the memory with the fancifulness of Mercutio's just cited on the imagination. The stage direction ends in something like mockery—*et des larmes sont furtivement essuyées, avec un revers de manche, un coin de manteau*—but for all that the smoke-wreaths of home are in the tones, the forest, the shepherd-boy, even-
ing on the Dordogne River—it was Gascony, their own land; and so the hungry lads were moved deeply, their eyes had a far-off look as if dreaming, and the tears came. The idea wrought out so exquisitely is a familiar one, but it acts on the memory like Queen Mab's doings on the imagination.

Roxane arrives in the camp by the aid of a most powerful *deus ex machina*, or the superlative courtesy of Spanish warriors. M. Rostand is really a magician, and makes us accept things which would cause Mr. Grant Allen or some such person to be set down as a liar beyond all credibility. This power may be explained by the proportion of things in the imagination, the harmony of their relations to each other and the whole; so that they constitute a thing consistent in itself and fitted to the condition of the mind which receives as well as that which creates it. How long minds working in such a realm will continue to produce works of originality or freshness is another question, nor is this the place to discuss it. It may be supposed that a mathematical or chemical exactness of correspondence between things and the ideas which represent them

has been sought by those who found works of the pure imagination were losing interest. The work before us is a return to the imaginative; and surely this must be a truer art than that of the investigating and reporting method, if painting be in any sense truer than photography. It is imagination which lifts this man here and his passions to the universal and ideal; so that we feel with him, if placed in Troy three thousand years ago, at least as acutely as if we read the dissection of his motives in the morning paper. From which perusal would the reader rise better instructed or more purified?

Roxane arrives at the camp *en grande tenue*. Stowed away in the carriage are the materials for a Vitellian feast. The starving Gascons are fed; De Guiche, who is not in the play, is coming up; everything is hidden away, but that seigneur brings with him eyes sharpened by hunger and a nose susceptible to vinous smells. He remarks the high color and improved appearance of the Gascons. He enviously accuses one of them of being drunk, but Cyrano attributes the thick speech and unsteady movement of the impeached hero to the emptiness of his stomach. But the kindness of Roxane prompted her to pity De Guiche, and the remnants of the feast were set before him, to which he did justice. We suppose Mr. Burke is right when he says that hunger reduces the proudest man to the level of the most humble. The Spaniards make an attack upon the camp; Christian falls.

An interval of fifteen years elapses. The scene is the park of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in Paris. Roxane is a boarder in the convent; the Count de Guiche, now Duke de Grammont, visits her.

"*The Duke*: And you stay here still—ever vainly fair,
Ever in weeds?

"*Roxane*: Ever.

"*The Duke*: Still faithful?

"*Roxane*: Still.

"*The Duke*: Am I forgiven?

"*Roxane*: Ay, since I am here. (A pause.)"

This introduction prepares for the full revelation of the sacrifice made by Cyrano.

The reader learns that day by day he comes to cheer her with the news of the world outside. His own great grief is hidden; for her heart is with the dead, that love for a figment of the

brain. It was the soul of Cyrano that had spoken to her; the music of the passion was his. She had been attracted by the beauty of Christian, but the sentiment was burned out by the fire of a love high and intense poured by Cyrano that night beneath the balcony. We may say, in passing, there is nothing in common between that and the balcony-scene in "Romeo and Juliet," though the latter is recalled by it. We are tempted to contrast the two scenes; it is enough to remark that whatever of delicacy and grace is to be found in M. Rostand's scene is in the accident of objective association, while the grace and delicacy of the "Romeo and Juliet" one are in the heart inspiring and in turn purified by the fancy.

And Cyrano bears his burden. The ills of life are nothing: destitution, enmity, all that marks a ruined career are not regarded; to see her smile at his simple talk, or incisive criticism, of men about the court repays him. The duke who has won the prizes of fame and fortune envies him, but with respect for his worth. He shows this by saying that none dare attack him, but many hate him.

"Yesterday at the Queen's card-play 'twas said,
'That Cyrano may die by accident.'
Let him stay in—be prudent!"

The duke's warning was not without cause. A dastardly act strikes Cyrano to the ground—a lackey's throwing on his head a large piece of wood as he passed beneath a window. This is kept from Roxane. Cyrano comes a little later than usual; she does not observe how pale and weak he is and that he totters to a chair, but says:

"Late! For the first time all these fourteen years!"

He makes excuses, banters her about the Penelope web she has been so long engaged on: "Beshrew me if my eyes will ever see it finished!"

Roxane:

"I was sure
To hear that well-known jest!"

He sees the leaves falling, and they naturally suggest sad and solemn thoughts to a man who feels the hand of death upon him. He makes an effort to break from this train of thought and play the *rôle* of her court-calendar—so she called him—but almost swoons. She runs forward with a cry; he tells her it is nothing—his old wound; she speaks of the wound

she carries in her heart—over her heart the last letter of Christian, now faded. He reminds her of her promise to let him read it before his death. She hands him the old faded letter, stained by the writer's tears. He reads it, though the evening light has changed to darkness, as if he knew it by heart, and reads in such a tone that a chord in her memory is struck and she recognizes the voice which had so passionately pleaded beneath the balcony. It was he who had written all the letters from the camp, he whose soul went out in that scene and subdued her soul. Christian was a mere statue now in her mind.

With a resignation almost cynical, he admits it all. "Look you," he says, "it was my life to be the prompter every one forgets. . . . I pay my tribute with the rest to Molière's genius—Christian's fair face."

It seems that M. Rostand thinks Molière was a crow decked in others' feathers, as the enemies of Shakspeare said of him. But the play closes with a wild burst of madness on the part of Cyrano. With drawn sword he challenges his old enemies—Falsehood, Compromise, Prejudice, Treachery; the sword drops from his hand, he falls back into the arms of the bystanders; Roxane kisses his forehead; opening his eyes, he recognizes her, and dies with that kiss the *plume** upon his brow, the guerdon of his knight-errantry.

We have not the space to examine the allusions to the stage of Louis XIV.'s time, but they peep out here and there with the malice or appreciation of a man then living and sore at, or pleased with, his contemporaries. We confess to just a little surprise about the estimate of Molière; it is a very mixed one, and for that reason far from just. If the satire on court prelates and time-serving churchmen which Molière allows from time to time to appear in his plays, and the whole concentrated essence of which is boiled into "*Tartuffe*," is considered dishonest by M. Rostand, why does he himself bring out the suspicion of an evil influence on the part of Count de Guiche over his uncle the Cardinal, and the employment of a friar as the messenger in a plot which calls to mind a little too much of the cynical if not suggestive wit of the seventeenth century. Does he think his play would lack flavor if this were absent?

* The translators make him say "My *panache*," but the words "*mon panache*" really mean that that kiss was the victor's plume won by the devotion of a life.

CATHOLIC CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

BY W. H. MCGINTY.

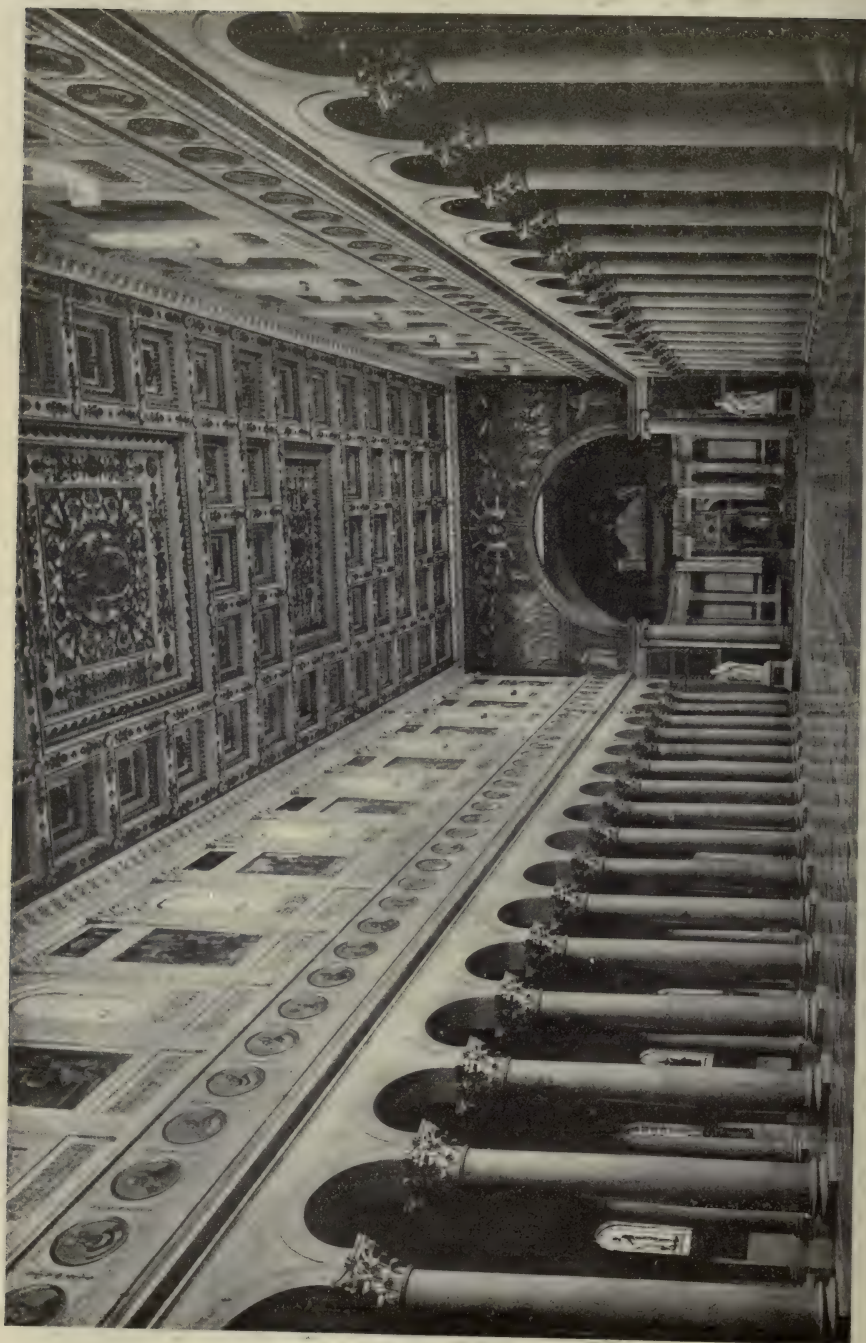


THE artistic feeling which actuates every refined and educated person is, at this time, appealing to the Catholic Church for the better and more intelligent use of her superior talents in church building. The noble examples of the past, from the basilica through the different periods of Romanesque, Byzantine, or Eastern Christian style, through the rise, development, and perfection of that period of Gothic or Western Christian style down to the modern or copying period, the Catholic Church has put the greatest attainable talents into the building of her churches. Architect, builder, sculptor, painter, each in his turn has strained every nerve to accomplish the best that was in him in honor of the house of God.

The world's architecture is the world's history. So also church architecture is church history, and in no way is the record of the progress of the Catholic Church more truly written or more easily read than in the sacred edifices from the dawn of history in Europe to the erection of the façade of the cathedral at Milan. The American architect who would, a few years ago, break away from the local examples set so profusely before him and start out with some fine specimen of Gothic style like St. Patrick's in New York or the classical Philadelphia cathedral as a model, would be looked upon as having questionable judgment.

The time is here, however, when good taste and pure detail, combined with an intelligent distribution of floor space, has superseded "constructed ornament" consisting of adjuncts as useless as unnecessary; the lack of judgment resulting in poor acoustic properties; the sacrificing of pew space to sanctuary; ignoring ventilation and those numerous other elements which go to make up a successful church.

We are at the beginning of an age which will exemplify the beauties of simplicity. Gaudiness and arrogant superfluity will have no home in the time into which the wheels of progress have carried us. The Catholic Church should now, as in the great past, take the lead in this artistic development. It should



ST. PAUL WITHOUT THE WALLS, ROME.

encourage the budding talent throughout the country, using the broadened experience and increased knowledge in perfecting Catholic church-building work.

THE ELEMENTS OF ARCHITECTURE.

The three elements entering into architecture have been called, by an eminent historian, the *Æsthetic*, *Technic*, and *Phonetic*. We shall interpret these elements to mean, in church building, *Design*, *Construction*, and *Decoration*.

Without doubt the strict observance of the first great rule of design (that nothing can be ornamental which is not useful) would beget splendid architecture.

It does away at once with all those needless, meaningless, and useless adjuncts which are nailed on and painted on to the exterior as well as the interior of our churches, and which please only the untrained eye, while they shock the sensibilities of true feeling. Whatever is useful can, however, be made ornamental, and by studying how best to ornament our con-



CHAPEL ON EAST OF CHOIR, MONREALE CATHEDRAL.

struction with chaste carvings, with the proper distribution of light and shade, and by the projection and outline of our mouldings, we can secure that simple beauty, resembling nature, which is the acme of artistic development.

Assuming one hundred parts for the perfection of our conception as a whole, sixty of these parts would be given to the perfection of the plan. This illustrates better than any argument the importance and necessity of great study in church-planning. Each worshipper must see, must hear, must be well warmed, must have good air to breathe, and a comfortable place to sit and kneel. The sanctuary must be roomy and convenient, the altar and its surroundings well arranged, the sacristies ample, and the pulpit considered in relation to both the preacher and the people.

POINTED GOTHIC.

The length, breadth, and height of the best examples of the past must be well digested mentally, to enable us to plan in a way to conform with our selected period of architecture. To plan a Gothic church, for instance, we must be familiar with the churches developed in the Frankish province from A. D. 1108 to 1328, during which time the Pointed Gothic architecture was invented, soon to spread its influence through Europe. This style, since its perfection, has seemed to a great many as the most fitting to carry out the religious forms of the church. Its beginning was the Abbey of St. Denis, A. D. 1144, and it was developed, beautified, and perfected until it received its greatest amount of finish at the completion of the choir of St. Ouen at Rouen, in 1339.

The great need of intelligent planning must not be subordinated to the adoption of any example of old-world architecture, however imposing. In the great cathedrals of Europe, with their numerous chapels, many services are in progress at the same moment. Congregations wander (without hindrance from fixed seats) through the edifices, worshipping in small numbers at as many altars as happen to be in use. With us conditions are different. The capacity of the church is fully tested at each of the services. The whole people at Mass are obliged to centre attention at the one altar, to listen to the instruction of the single clergyman. Climatic peculiarities have also to be contended with, and the question of pure air under certain conditions of the atmosphere requires wholly different treatment from any like problem in the churches abroad.



CLUSTERED COLUMNS IN THE CLOISTER, MONREALE, SICILY.

THE MODEL PARISH CHURCH.

The parish church of medium size, seating a thousand persons or less, where each attendant can properly and comfortably hear divine service; where the surrounding religious influences

are not so distant as to be mere shapeless forms; where the priest, the people, and the choir can unite in the perpetuation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—this is the problem which the intelligent architect likes to solve. He feels that in work of this scope he will live to see the work completed, and with the funds at his disposal he can do justice to himself and to the parish which gives him employment. If the pastor, however, has in his mind's eye St. Stephen's at Vienna or Cologne Cathedral, after either of which he desires to model his structure, at an expense of fifty thousand dollars, slated clere-stories and galvanized iron towers will be "in it," to say nothing of other aberrations not necessary to name.

In church-planning perhaps the lower church has been the subject of more discussion and criticism than any other portion of the building. It is without doubt a very useful part of the church, and to provide the same amount of floor space in an adjoining chapel is an expensive luxury which few parishes can afford.

A feature capable of special attractions, which will be developed in ways now only suggestive, is the side altars, small chapels, and oratories. The church in its entirety is used for great gatherings and congregational worship. The chapel is the place for individual worship and novenas for favors which it is hoped the petitioner will receive, and especially for thanksgiving.

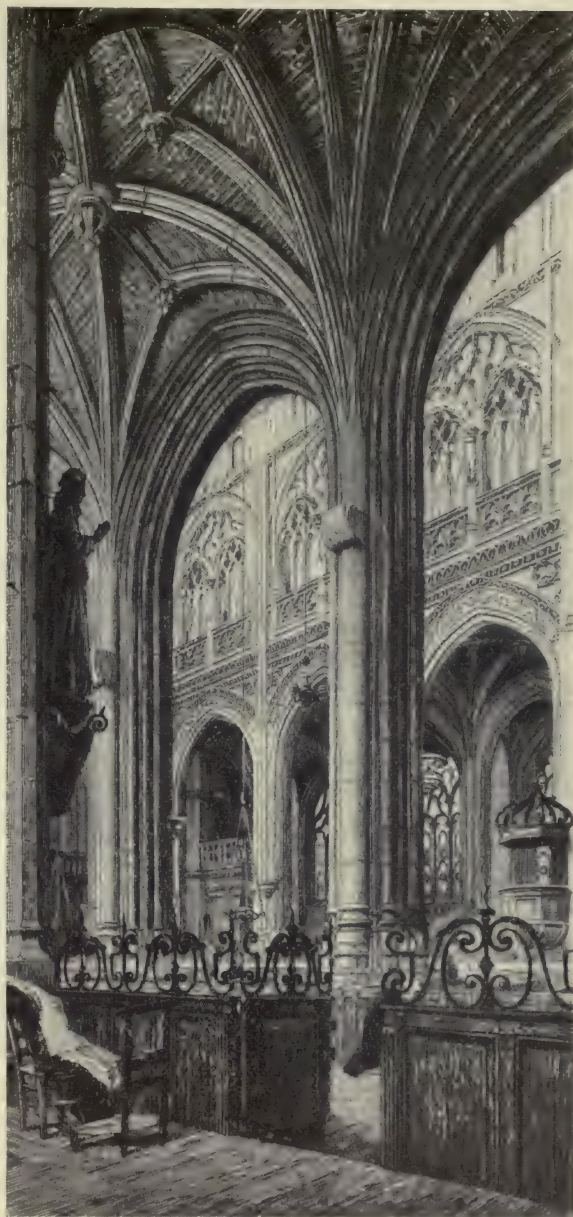
THE USES OF GAS AND ELECTRICITY.

Nearly all of our churches are well warmed, but few are well lighted and hardly any well ventilated. With the new uses to which gas is being put, in the operation at small expense, without fire or flame, of gas-engines, which when attached to a dynamo will furnish electric light at any time and in any quantity, as well as power for ventilating purposes, the church without its lighting and ventilating plant will soon be the exception and not the rule. The absence of any danger from an apparatus of this kind, coupled with the fact that no additional care is required from the engineer, will soon cause it to be adopted by the clergy as readily as the large corporations that have learned to be independent of the electric light companies.

Construction, or the technic portion of architecture, can best be described as applied mechanics. To determine what the foundation will have to support, to provide for its carrying capacity and to distribute the weight so that it is brought to

the base provided for it safely and economically, is good construction. The foundation is not only the beginning but the end of any superstructure. Every day and all around us foundations are provided for churches which disgrace our intelligence. We wonder at damp basements, and yet go on building them. We wonder at settlements in our buildings after having invited them, or rather insisted on having them, by the method we follow in building the foundation.

The other great problem in church construction is to provide for the roof. The great span of the nave necessitates a roof having considerable outward thrust, and care must be taken that this force will not push out the side walls or crush them. The church roof truss is a very important matter, but is an important mathematical matter. It has none of those unknown or mysterious quantities about it which are hidden to



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF PONT AUDEMER (EURE).

the student of mathematics. Before the employment of the numerous public and private testing-machines materials had to be used without a knowledge of their special weaknesses, and naturally a large element of doubt had to be provided for, more especially in the use of wood and iron. The church truss, however, is but recreation to the architect of this day with unlimited data at his command.

DECORATION—THE POETRY OF ARCHITECTURE.

The decoration, or the painting and sculpture, is the third element in church building—the poetry of the work. Here it is that the masters of the world's art have given the best effort of their lives. Here Murillo, in the cathedral at Seville, left his masterpiece, the great painting of St. Anthony of Padua; here Michael Angelo, at St. Peter's, planned and decorated the magnificent dome; here also, in the Gothic churches of France, the sculptor's work teaches history and religion to all who are familiar with the alphabet of art, the great cathedrals of Chartres and of Rheims alone having over five thousand artistic sculptured figures each.

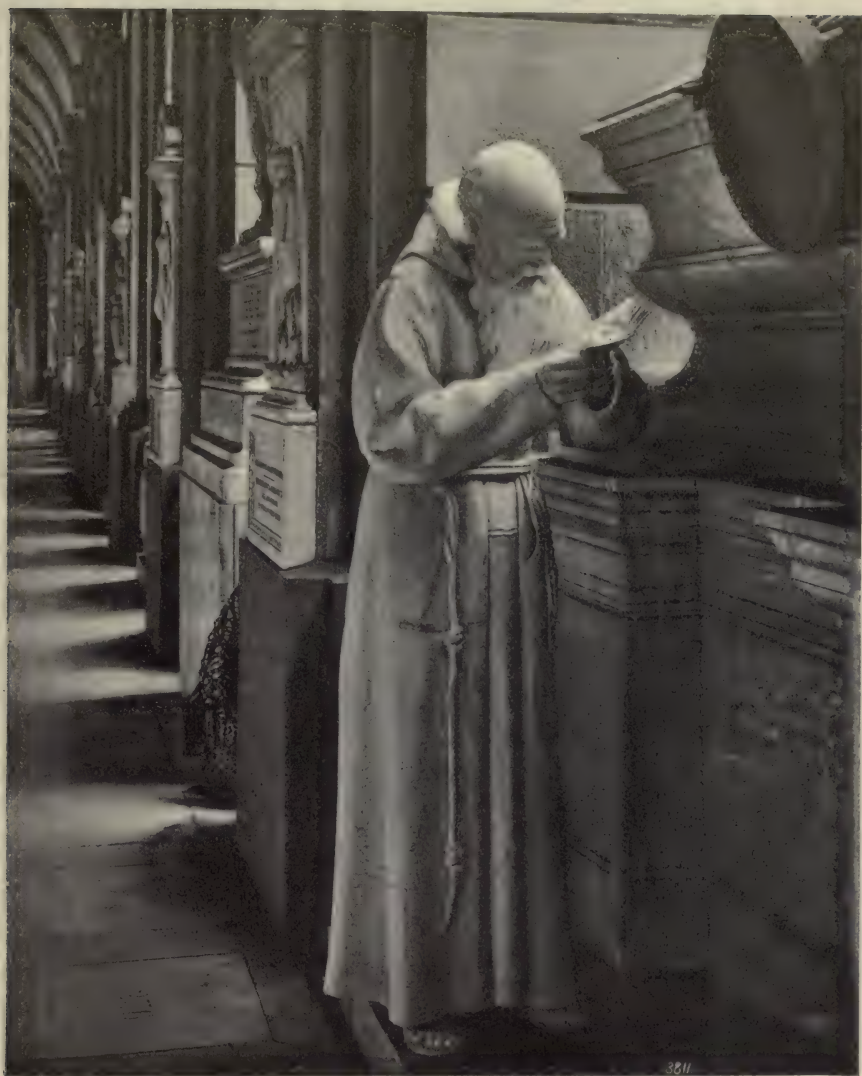
Catholic church decoration in this country is apt to be overdone, and with vitiated taste we indulge in meaningless lines and glaring contrasts which distract the attention of the worshipper, instead of by the harmony of our colors endeavoring to carry him beyond worldly influences.

The cathedral and parish church cannot be treated alike to have satisfactory results, any more than a patient with a fever and one with a broken leg could be doctored for the same complaint. In decorating, however, we can try to overcome defects in height and size, as in exterior design a building is made to look high by running perpendicular lines, and made to look low by horizontal lines.

THE WORTH OF A GOOD PICTURE.

Soft and chaste colors, with the church emblems delicately interwoven, appeal to the religious feelings much stronger than bright hues and glaring contrasts. One good picture is worth miles of stencil-work. The picture of the Crucifixion by Brumidi over the altar in the Philadelphia Cathedral would tend to soften the heart and elevate the mind of the most hardened criminal.

In decoration we must not by any means forget the great formative principle of Gothic architecture, which was painted



MARBLE MONK IN THE CAMPO SANTO, ITALY.

glass. Before its introduction the windows were small and far apart, filled with plain white glass. Immediately upon the substitution of painted glass, however, windows were enlarged, circular plans were abandoned, and polygonal apses and chapels of the chevet introduced. "So far as internal architecture is concerned," says Fergusson, "the invention of painted glass was perhaps the most beautiful ever made. The painted slabs of the Assyrian palaces are comparatively poor attempts

at the same effect. The hieroglyphics of the Egyptians were far less splendid and complete; nor can the panelled temples of the Greeks, nor the mosaics and frescoes of the Italian churches, be compared with the brilliant effect and parti-colored glories of the windows of a perfect Gothic cathedral, where the whole history of the Bible was written in hues of the rainbow by the earnest hand of faith."

The elements which enter into the successful use of materials in architecture may be enumerated as mass, stability, durability, construction, forms, proportion, carved ornament, decorative color, sculpture, and painting. These elements are used by the architect to produce his ideal, so as to unitedly form the æsthetic, phonetic, and technic parts of the structure.



TWILIGHT.

BY REV. WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.



HE mists were rising o'er the chilly sea,
One solitary wild fowl streaked the sky,
The fishers' boat, wet-sailed, cast lazily
Its anchor in the bay; the sob and sigh
Of waves along the bare and sedgy lea
Mixed weirdly with the children's distant cry,
While sadly thoughts of other days and thee
Came like soft music, and my tear-dimmed eye
Lost trace of sea and sky, and hazy grew
The air about, and like a gray-robed nun
The sober twilight crept apace as through
A mystic temple; then the darkness fell
In clouds like perfumed incense and the blue
Of heaven twinkled with a myriad stars.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY: A RECONSTRUCTION.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.



It is quite in the nature of things that a youth who wins fame, thus overstepping the decent laws of progression, should be miscalculated, whether for praise or blame, by the majority. The art and the personality are out of focus. By the time the party of the first part has lived on into the years of man's life; by the time several hundred thousand sporadically reflective people have knowledge of him; by the time the shock and strangeness which genius always is, begin to look somewhat pertinent and integral, then, indeed, the general judgment bids fair to be truer. But in the case of Aubrey Beardsley, who in his adolescence, thanks to the contagion of journalistic report, was more famous than was Alcibiades, or Pico della Mirandola, or Mozart, the critical equilibrium has not yet been established, though he has been just a year in his grave; though new portfolios of his drawings are still published, each with its preface; though we have had, of late, no fewer than six exquisitely intelligent essays about him, of which Mr. Arthur Symonds' is easily first. Taken together, these sum up and state a most interesting modern problem; unlike every modern problem, it would seem to be well worth solution. What sort of "heathen, Christian or man," asks one dazzled, affronted citizen of another, was this creator of demon dwarves, of bare elongated sorceresses, of mincing Atalantas with blanketed dogs, of blue poster ladies inscrutable behind green spotted veils? (Suffer the hubbub: it is inevitable.) So far, only Mr. Henry Harland has answered clearly. His short paper in the *Academy*, written with his usual power of lightness and simpleness, and with no design but love's or truth's, puts the matter on its right ground, and supplies us, at the close, with the unuttered premise.

"I wonder whether people who know Aubrey Beardsley only through his work ever realize how young he was. When the world first began to talk of him, when Mr. Pennell first wrote of him in the *Studio*, and Mr. Dent undertook the publication of his first book, the *Morte D'Arthur*, Aubrey was not yet one-and-twenty. He was barely five-and-twenty when he died. And at the moment of his utmost celebrity, when the world was talking loudest of him, during the winter of 1894-95, he was twenty-two.

"For my part, I could only think of him, I can only remember him, as a boy. Oh, a marvellously precocious boy, a boy who had read, observed, reflected: a boy (as a great critic said of him) who had found a 'short cut' to the mastery of his art: a boy of genius, indeed; but still a boy, and a singularly bright, frank, boyish boy, at that. He had all a boy's freshness, enthusiasm, exuberance, all a boy's eagerness and relish for the fun and the romance and the pleasantness of life. His enjoyment of things, his enjoyment of books, pictures, music, of the opera, the play; his enjoyment of London and Paris, of the London streets and the Paris streets, their beauty, their action and suggestion; his enjoyment of people, of conversation, of human sympathy and intercourse; his enjoyment of his own gifts, his own achievements, and of his success, the recognition he had won: it was boyish, boyish; it was fresh and young and eager. He had a boy's curiosity, a boy's craving for adventure, experience, and a boy's capacity for seeing the elements of adventure in the simplest doings: that is to say, a boy's imagination. A little dinner at a restaurant, an hour spent in a café, nay, even a ride on the top of an omnibus, or a walk in Kensington Gardens, held, for his unspoiled imagination, the elements of adventure. Taking his house in Cambridge Street, furnishing and decorating it: that was a great adventure. Starting the *Yellow Book* with me, and afterwards the *Savoy* with Arthur Symons: those were tremendous, breathless adventures. And he had a boy's fondness for a 'lark,' a boy's playfulness, mischief. He loved a romp, a masquerade, a harmless practical joke. One evening I was seated in my study, when the servant brought a visiting-card, on which was written, 'Miss Tibbett and Master Tibbett.' I went into the drawing-room, and there was Miss Beardsley with a tall boy in an Eton jacket. The tall boy in the Eton jacket,—Master Tibbett, if you please—was Aubrey, jubilant, laughing for delight in his own prank.

"He had a boy's playfulness, mischievousness. And when I hear honest folk deploring, horror-struck, the quality in his work which it has been the fashion somewhat cheaply to describe as 'decadent': when I hear them crying out, 'Ah, yes, monstrous clever, certainly; but so immoral, so depraved!'—I, who knew the boy, can only shake my head and smile. For I know that what they hold up their hands at, as depraved, immoral, was nothing more than the mischievous humor, or, if you like, the devilry, of the boy, who, boylike, loved to give Solemnity a shock. I do not say that it would not have been better if, in his work, he had restrained this mischievous humor;

but I do say that it was nothing worse than mischievous humor. If Aubrey had lived, he *would* have restrained it; or, rather, he would have outgrown it, he would have left it behind him. He would have sown his wild oats, and had done with them.

"For the man in Aubrey Beardsley, the man as distinguished from the boy, the man the boy was developing into,—*had* developed into during the last sad year of his life,—was a man of very deep and serious feelings, of very high and earnest aims. Aubrey Beardsley's temperament was essentially the religious temperament. A hundred times, in a hundred ways, one felt that this was so; one would even tell him to his face that it was so; at which he would perhaps laugh a little, quietly, gently, a laugh that was by no means a disavowal. And just at the threshold of that last sad year, he acknowledged that it was so: he became a Catholic. He became beautifully, serenely devout: not in any morbid or effeminate sense, but in the right sense, the wholesome, manly sense. His heart, his life, were filled with the joy and the love it is the merit of the Supreme Faith to bestow. In all his wretched bodily suffering, at Bournemouth, at Dieppe, and in the end at Mentone, he had that to help him."

"Aubrey Beardsley's temperament was essentially the religious temperament." Will some cry out that this is like telling us that the pine-needle is spherical, or that Bohemia, after all, has a sea-coast? But it is really the irradiation of the whole subject from within: the light by which men must search out, and discard, some received opinions. Aubrey Beardsley came to the ancient Faith gradually and steadily. He was intensely reserved in character: he had not a word to reveal while he suffered his own complex processes; he smiled, and lit his candles, and went about talking paradoxes, and transferred to paper wistful diabolic phantoms, (perhaps to be rid of seeing them, to avoid having them come true,) and softly enjoyed the confusion of the public, which with such adroit metaphysical attack he sandbagged and waylaid. All this, observe, that he might have a depopulated world in which to do his momentous thinking! The too inductive Comte de Caylus confessed: "*Je grave pour ne pas me pendre.*" Our more cunning artist had, too, his singular self-protective makeshifts. Hidden by the domino, and the horns and hoofs of exaggeration, and the forbidding Rosicrucian flame, was a little walled inner oratory. He meant that none should guess at it, if he could hinder. But there were two or three clairvoyants about, beside Mr. Harland, who is not a Catholic. One of the most subtle minds

among his pagan friends, one who saw much of him during 1896, has recorded that it is only "with a great effort" that he can connect the Beardsley whom he knew "with his so positive intelligence, with his imaginative sight of the very spirit of man as a thing of definite outline," with the exile who "died in the peace of the sacraments of the Church, holding the rosary between his fingers." Nor was this most sincere change, as has been foolishly hinted, an access of mere death-bed piety. When the young man made ready to enter the Church he was at the height of his reputation; he expected to live, and to serve God with an unmistakable service. He had no fear of death, nor of anything. His dominant qualities, from a child, after his tender compassion for all weak and disadvantaged things, were this same reticence, and this courage. Once they were enfranchised to the Faith,

"To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,"

these very qualities subordinated themselves to a new third, which was in him less a natural gift than a special grace, although it was a natural gift as well: an absolutely limpid spiritual simplicity. For it is well to remember that Beardsley's nature was one of great richness and depth; his strong yet wary and elaborate line which we all admire, was a symbol of the ways he had to travel. He could not be perfectly simple until he was perfectly free. Like Keats, he "lived in a thousand worlds"; he apprehended often more than could be expressed; and in much that he chose to express, in his wonderful black-and-white, lay more than others were ready to receive. This is not saying that he loved mysticism or equivocation, for his work is ever direct, and stubbornly of a piece; but only that he frequently played in it an unguessed game: the game of abounding comment, instinctive to the great reader, the great observer, that he was. Memorable portraiture, to cite but one instance, has gone undetected in the almost savagely pathetic Return of Tannhäuser to the Venusberg. The drawing is not in the least like the *Nibelungenlied* or the heroic dream of Wagner: it is, on the contrary, a powerful gloss or footnote to English history of the seventeenth century. With what some reverent spirits might call utter bravado, with what one might choose to consider, rather, a remote obsession, an irritating magic "to tease us out of thought," Beardsley has not seldom, in his later compositions, set his glittering interiors with bits of the most alien-looking ritual detail. There are altar candles in the *Scarlet Pastorale*; there is a statuette of

Our Lady in the exquisite Coiffure; there is something very like a monstrance on the ornate stand in the right-hand corner of The Baron's Prayer, in *The Rape of the Lock*. On altar candles, statuette, monstrance, one and all, the backs of the extra-mundane figures are significantly turned. Who has ever noted the ecclesiast paraphernalia? Apparently they were set there for Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's quite secret pleasure. They are beautiful, and drawn without accent. The obviously sacred subject, like the S. Rose of Lima, in the *Savoy*, dating from the same period, has an arrangement of draperies which is, let us say, elegantly farcical. Made wise after the event, a critic may dare to look on such art with the gross moral eye: the too-little or the too-much, the rash half-visionary handling which means neither abuse nor evasion, is truly but the cried unrest of S. Augustine, *donec requiescamus in Te*. While Aubrey seemed to be coursing after decorative possibilities, after his own "amazingly novel convention," he was all the while on the trail of the eternal. The spirit in him which came out unique and original from the embrace of a thousand varicolored precedents in art, "delightful manias," as Mr. Robert Ross romantically enumerates them, "Greek vases, Italian primitives, the Hypnerotomachia, Chinese porcelain, Japanese Kake-monos, Renaissance friezes, old French and English furniture, rare enamels, mediæval illumination, the débonnaire masters of the eighteenth century, the English pre-Raphaelites,"—this same spirit, roving, aspiring, insatiate, elementally sincere, urged him swiftly from virtue to virtue, made him an ascetic enamored of perfection. The contemporaries who were once able to get at close range this mild and courteous lad with the flat blonde hair, of whom no photograph gives a just estimate, were not those whose fur continued to rise at the sight of his "prancing page." Something in him disarmed opposition: certainly it was no specific conciliation of his own. He who on his all-wakeful rounds saw most things in this world, and around them, and through them, was predestined, before he left it, to see also the Holy Grail.

Aubrey Vincent Beardsley was born at Brighton, Sussex, on the 21st of August, 1872. His family were not rich, except in love. He was a gentle, shy child, who began to show symptoms of delicate health in his eighth year, and was moved from town to country, and from school to school. He played at concerts with his sister Mabel, (throughout his life his close friend and confidant,) and had a pretty vogue as a prodigy in music, for which his lifelong talent was very marked. He re-

cited extraordinarily well, too, and gloried in acting Shakspeare, as drama after drama would issue from the Mermaid Press. The boy of ten was always drawing, always reading serious masterpieces; and he attracted from the first his teachers, and some others who foresaw no common future for him. Like Correggio's, or Schubert's, his art grew without a master, by early diligence and self-directed study. The history of its development is well told in Mr. Ross's preface to the *Volpone*, published by Mr. John Lane. Aubrey left school in 1888, and within a twelvemonth had become a clerk in the Guardian Life and Fire Insurance office, where he remained until 1892. Then his genius blazed up, and at the first real opportunity his name was all at once upon everybody's lips. It was but a career of five years in all: who does not remember that bright, stinging, quick-passing pageant, such as Baudelaire may have beheld in dreams? The material measure of Aubrey's success was astonishing: he started on five shillings a week, and ended with an income of five thousand pounds a year. Throughout, he showed himself entirely unworldly, receptive to all wise criticism, perfectly modest and unspoiled. A nursling of no university, it was not the least marvellous thing about him that he made himself into an excellent scholar, a lover of the ancients, a sound authority on a great many purely literary subjects. He cared only for the best books; he had a library, choice and not too large, rich in everything save fiction, to which he gave small heed, unless it were French. He had a passion for writing, and he wrote well. It seemed impossible for him to fail at anything upon which his heart was set. I am afraid he "resolved," as Rasselas did, "to become a poet"; what wonder if the sequel is a little vague! No one ever seems to have caught him at work: once interrupted, he would hide his materials, and, on a fund of very imperfect vitality, become, miscellaneously gay, the life of the company. He had incredible zest when his task pleased him, and but fitful energies when it did not; he hated all illustration, even when, in the mood of the day before, he had elected to do it. Though he had time for friendship, he had no time for posing and tall talk. Such as he was, frail and animated, boyish and beloved, Mr. Harland has painted him, in the heyday of his genius.

In March of 1896 he was taken ill at Brussels, and had to spend the cold weather of that year at Bournemouth for recuperation. Here he allowed his old frank liking for the *Lives of the Saints* to revive, and he re-read Newman and Bossuet. In the mild sunshine, in sound of the sea, he never for a mo-

ment believed himself a confirmed invalid. "My appearance always shocks a new doctor," he admitted once, with his peculiarly sweet smile; "but I have really always looked more or less like this. Those who have not known me from childhood cannot realize how very slim I have always been." He was seldom strong enough to visit during the winter, but he visited the Rev. David Bearne, S.J., with whom he had at first a purely literary acquaintance. He borrowed books bearing upon S. Ignatius, and upon an historic crisis in the life of the great community he was fast learning to revere and love: the Society of Jesus. To Father Bearne he began to confide various long-held theories about his ideal religion. Careful as he was to conceal his deeper feelings from outsiders by means of flippant speech, Aubrey had been a loyal Anglican. Now he knew that that familiar influence had failed him on every side. He needed, he said, the staying principle of authority; he needed, above all, the sure grace of the sacraments, and these he felt convinced he could not find, apart from the Mother. In the Jesuit sacristy he went over the creed of Pius the Fourth, but could not be drawn to utter objections. "And did I doubt, I should prefer to submit myself," said the most independent and unconventional of neophytes, he who was so fond of an argument, even when he had no real concern with it! In fact, by that time his mind was already made up; he had been under instruction, and his minor difficulties had been removed. On the last day of March, 1897, he was made a child of the Church, in his own room. His beloved and devoted mother, who is still a non-Catholic, built a fair little altar there beside him. "I shall never forget," wrote Father Bearne, "the joy with which he received his First Communion." Some weeks after, he went up to London, and then, always under his mother's ministering care, on through Paris, to the south of France. One of his last drawings before leaving England was the austere and altogether noble figure, the *Ave Atque Vale*, reproduced in the *Savoy*. The sweet, equal translation from Catullus was his own. The air of France did not help him. There, as in Bournemouth, he struggled hard to keep faith with his publishers, but in vain; the effort to work often brought him low with hemorrhage. He was tormented, too, by the eagerness of his desire to consecrate himself to devotional art. That would have been, for him, nothing but a return, with ripened faculties, to his own first choice and early love: to the pencilled world of his boyhood, where seraphs were, and the Epiphany star, and the transparent profile of our Lady, with a slanted

jonquil held against her girlish hair. It is characteristic of him that, passionately as he cherished that desire, he kept doggedly on, as best he could, with the tasks he had pledged himself to do: and so, in the dissatisfaction of a losing battle, his strength was spent, until he could no longer sit up at all. He must have known that in many eyes he was passing unvindicated, but he was brave enough to sacrifice the last chance of vindication to his duty. Meanwhile, during those weeks and months, he was leading the life of penance, the life of the saints. Father Bearne says that before Aubrey went from Bournemouth he showed a certain anxiety regarding the sort of confessor he might meet with in the course of his travels, and asked for letters of introduction to some foreign clergymen. Whereupon Father Bearne reminded him, in all affection, that in the Catholic Church the main consideration must ever be the *sacerdos* as such, and not the individual: but that he should have the letters, if he wished. Aubrey, however, understood the point,—a difficult one for converts—at once; and after his usual thorough habit, took the hint to heart: so literally, indeed, that wherever he happened to be on great festivals, (as Father Bearne was told afterwards,) he would go to the nearest priest, or send for him, and make his confession, with the simplicity of a child. If he went out to walk, he was repeatedly found before the tabernacle, rapt in prayer. If he had to lie indoors, often in such agony that it seemed incredible he should survive it, he was angelically unselfish and serene. His physicians, strange to say, agreed that he must eventually recover; but he had gradually lost interest in the pursuits and glories of this world. He sent to England for a girdle of S. Thomas Aquinas, and later, for a copy of S. Alphonsus' *Clock of the Passion*. "He gave himself up,"—I am quoting from a private letter,—“to a great devotion to the Passion of our Blessed Lord. His own sufferings were sharp, but for a time God allowed him unbroken consolation. Then came desolate hours, and temptation, and distress. The thought of some of his drawings was a torture. ‘At any cost,’ he telegraphed to his publishers, one day, ‘such and such a design must be sacrificed.’ Nor would he take any rest until he was assured that all should be as he directed.” His whole conduct was a source of profound edification to his fellow-guests at the Hôtel Cosmopolitain at Mentone. He beguiled his forced inaction, as he was able, by turning his pleasant room into a little picture-gallery, pinning up rows of unframed prints against the wall. One has a view of this room in a large photograph of himself

seated, reading, which he had taken, at Christmastide, for his friends. Looking narrowly at the wall, one can make out the subject of the greater number of the prints: it is that of the Cross and Passion of Christ.

Mrs. Beardsley had planned to take her only son on to Lucerne, in February; he had gained apparent strength, and he was full of hope. But it was not to be: he was to die in the Riviera, "the land of last letters," and of English graves. During the first week of March, 1898, he underwent a painful hemorrhage, and fell into a subsequent final exhaustion. He received Extreme Unction, and was "happy." The pathetic and triumphant word was always on his own lips, and recurs, over and over, in the messages of the mother and sister who tried to answer the many inquiries of dear friends at home. To one of these Mrs. Beardsley wrote: "My darling is oh so happy in spite of his sufferings! He whispered to me his great gratitude and love to you: some day I may be able to tell you all he said." And again, Miss Beardsley addresses the same friend: "Dear Aubrey is slightly better. His state of mind is most beautiful: perfect resignation, sweetness, and gentleness: it is marvellous. He lies very quietly, holding his rosary. He cares for nothing but spiritual things, and is so grateful to God. There is hope for him; yet it is selfish to talk of recovery as hope, when he is so happy now. Last night he, and we too, thought he was dying. He tells me all his thoughts; they are wonderful. And he delights in the prayers, psalms, and hymns which we say for him. When he believed he was dying, he was very happy, but he is wonderfully resigned and obedient under the delay." . . . "Aubrey spoke lovingly of you last night, and is happy to know you are praying for him. To-day, I am afraid he is troubled with a sense of desolation, and with evil visions, but he is consoled, notwithstanding, and is most patient. We are so happy together, I cannot feel sad for him, though it is terrible to watch his sufferings. I shall stay with him always now, while he needs me." The young man to whom these tidings were given day by day was Aubrey Beardsley's dearest friend, his "more than brother." His own indefatigable faith, the prayers he offered and got others to offer, had much to do with that heartfelt conversion of the year before; and there was the sweetest return for this great service, near the end. For Aubrey himself, asked for prayers, as he lay dying, obtained then a spiritual favor ardently desired, not on his own behalf, by Mr. A——: one of

those gracious miracles which are always being wrought by the providence of God, and of which cables and printing-presses take no account, albeit they are the only fresh news in all the world. Between these two comrades was a sacred and lovely intimacy, of which I will say no more.

Some passages in other letters sum up the nature and meaning of Aubrey Beardsley's blessed inner life. The first of these was written by his sister: "It has been a grief to my mother and myself that none of the notices which have appeared have, as far as we know, made any reference to the testimony which my brother bore to the Faith, in the wonderful patience and resignation with which he endured his sufferings, and the childlike sweetness and grace of his last days on earth. As you already know, in April of 1897 he left England for Paris, where his first thought, on arriving, was to find a director. My mother, at his request, went to the church nearest to their hotel, S. Thomas d'Aquinas, and arranged for the Abbé Vacossin to visit my brother, and prepare him for his Easter Communion. M. Vacossin, like all my brother's subsequent directors, was profoundly touched and interested by his childlike faith and simple trust, qualities which throughout his life endeared him to his friends. Later, he passed under the direction of Père Coubé and of Père Henry of the Jesuit order. I came to St. Germain, where my brother passed the early summer of 1897, and made my Whitsuntide Communion there with him in the chapel of the Convent of S. Thomas: the last time dear Aubrey ever made his Communion in a church. He was so reserved and sensitive that even those nearest to him did not always realize the depth of his devotion and the fervor of his piety.

"In the late autumn he went south to Mentone, where he spent the four last and happiest months of his life. He had of late ceased to take any interest in purely worldly matters; even the work which he loved so much, and which increasing weakness forbade him to continue, was sacrificed, with touching resignation, to the Will of God. Not a word of complaint or impatience ever passed his lips, and the affectionate gratitude he showed for the tender care of my mother, and the kindness of those who surround him, won him the affection of all who came in contact with him. Mr. Widmer, the proprietor of the Hôtel Cosmopolitain, and all the guests there, were devoted to my brother. Chief among his friends were M. l'Abbé Ortmans and M. l'Abbé Luggani, the former of whom was his director.

"He spent his time chiefly in spiritual exercises, and in reading the *Lives of the Saints*, especially S. Teresa. Although even up to within a fortnight of his death, the doctors still assured him of the possibility of his life being prolonged for even years, he never thought of those years except as ones to be devoted to the service of God; and if he had lived, he contemplated entering some religious order. He was therefore wholly prepared to give up his life to God, when the end came so swiftly and even unexpectedly. On the 6th of March he had an agonizing attack of hemorrhage, from which it seemed impossible he could recover. Extreme Unction was administered, and he rallied for a few days. I arrived in Mentone on the 8th, and was privileged to spend the last eight days of his life with him. His patience, sweetness, and piety were the marvel of all who beheld him, and having come to the ears of a sufferer dying from the same disease, were the means, by God's grace, of his conversion to the Catholic Church. Among other devotions, Aubrey loved to have read to him the short prayers in the *Glories of Mary* by S. Alphonsus Liguori, whose *Clock of the Passion* was the last book he held in his hands. To the last moment of his life, through all the time of his illness, he clasped his rosary and a fragment of the True Cross, while his large crucifix lay beside him. His last words were those of loving farewell to his friends, and of thanks to M. Ortman, who gave him the last absolution, and prayed beside him to the end. At one in the morning of the 16th March he passed away, after days of terrible suffering which he *rejoiced in*, offering it in union with the Passion of Christ. Even after death, the perfect peace and beauty of his smile bore testimony to all who came to pray beside him (and they were many), that the longing of his heart was fulfilled, and his highest aspirations consummated. Ah, it is difficult for me to write calmly and impartially of one so dear to me; yet I cannot think that any save those of his own family can speak with absolute certainty and knowledge of the real beauty of his character, and of the manifest graces which God vouchsafed him. Only those who knew him intimately realized the greatness and sweetness of Aubrey's nature."

The last letter which I shall quote, the first and unpublished memoir of Aubrey Beardsley, came last spring from a friend of my own in England, a poet who was also Aubrey's friend. It was prepared for the gratification, (a very great gratification it proved), of some Americans whose love for the new-

departed soul brought them, though but one or two were Catholics, to a Requiem Mass offered in a private chapel. The name of the young writer is goodly and fragrant to his own generation: even he has seldom given us so beautifully wise a page. "I must tell you what I can of dear Aubrey Beardsley. Unhappily, although I knew him so well, and had talked with him of many matters, I had not seen him since he became a Catholic. He has constantly been abroad; and he was no letter-writer, especially as his end drew near and inevitable. But I can say, emphatically, that his conversion was a spiritual work, and not an half-insincere æsthetic act of change, not a sort of emotional experience or experiment. He became a Catholic with a true humility and exaltation of soul, and prepared to sacrifice much. He withdrew himself from certain valued intimacies which he felt incompatible with the Faith: that implies something in our days, when artists so largely claim exemption, in the name of art, from laws and rules of life! His work, as himself declared, would have been very directly religious, in scope and character: he would have dismissed from it all suggestion of anything dangerously morbid; he would have made it plain that he was sometimes a satirist of vices and follies and extravagances, but not, so to say, a sentimental student of them for their curiosity's and fascination's sake. There was always in him a vein of mental or imaginative unhealthiness and nervousness, probably due to his extreme physical fragility: this he was setting himself to conquer, to transform into a spiritual and artistic source of energy. He died at twenty-five; his whole work was done in some five or six years,—that work for which he won extraordinary praise and blame; and only we who were his personal friends can truly realize his inexpressibly light hold upon life during the few years of his passionate devotion to his art. His long consciousness of imminent death, the certainty that whatever he might do in art, in thought, in life at all, must be done very soon or never, forced him to face the ultimate questions. I do not for an instant mean that his conversion was a kind of feverish snatching at comfort and peace, a sort of anodyne or opiate for his restless mind: I only mean that dwelling under the sentence of death, in the shadow of it, he was brought swiftly face to face with the values and purposes of life and of human activity, and that he 'co-operated with grace,' as theology puts it, by a more immediate and vivid vision of faith than is granted to most converts. All

that was best in his art, its often intense idealism, its longing to express the ultimate truths of beauty in line and form, its profound imaginativeness, helped to lead him straight to that Faith which embraces and explains all human apprehensions of, and cravings for, the highest excellences. The eye of his body was quick to see: the eye of his soul was quickened to see. He was sorry, he said at the last, to die so young, and leave his work unfinished: but he was 'ready to obey God's will.' He had thoughts of entering an order or congregation in which he could have followed his art, and dedicated it wholly to the service of the Faith: at least that was the temper or tendency of his thoughts towards what proved to be the end. He was strangely gentle and winning, though passionate and vehement in his intellectual and æsthetic life: such passion and vehemence, moderated by his spiritual docility, might have achieved great and perfect things. As I have suggested, there was a side to his nature which might have led him far in the direction of technical excellence in the extreme, coupled with spiritual perversity in the extreme: but he lived long enough to show that his course would have been otherwise. I ascribe all in his work which even great friends and admirers find unwelcome, partly to his febrile, consumptive, suffering state of body, with its consequent restlessness and excitability of mind; partly to sheer boyish insolence of genius, love of audaciousness, consciousness of power. He was often ridiculed, insulted, misconstrued: and he sometimes replied by extravagance. Yet despite all wantonness of youthful genius, and the morbidity of disease, his truest self was ever on the spiritual side, and his conversion was true to that self. He was not the man to play with high things, still less with the highest of all. He would never have been a fantastical, dilettante trifler with Catholicism, making of it a foil to other and base emotions. All the greatness and goodness in him, brought face to face with the last reality of death, leaped up to the sudden vision of faith, as their satisfaction and true end. After a lingering period of strong daily pain, he died in quiet peace and happiness. *Requiescat*: with all my heart."

This, then, is the Aubrey Beardsley whom men stared at, and lost, and never knew: now hardly more perfectly "hidden with Christ in God" than in very deed he would have been, had he outlived, here among them, his mortal youth.

ZACH'S "INTERESTS."

BY EASTON SMITH.



IT was a lovely morning in the spring of '83, lovely even in New Mexico, where all days are "rare as a day in June" and sunshine and blue skies; God's chiefest gifts to a somewhat neglected territory, are so much in the order of things that we are apt to grow unappreciative of them.

In connection with a lawsuit which was then occupying all of my waking and most of my sleeping thoughts, I had business that called me some distance into the country. Though at that time stories of Indian atrocities were curdling the blood and sending terror to the heart of nearly every one in that part of the territory, when it was even thought dangerous to go beyond the town limits so bold had been their savage cruelties, I gladly welcomed the opportunity of leaving, if only for a day, the straggling, sunbaked village where for the past three years I had lived, breathed, and, through the stern necessity of fate, had my being. I felt a keen delight at the prospect of a twenty-mile drive over rock-scarred, cactus-covered hills, through long stretches of flower-stained prairie, however fraught with danger the trip might be.

Excepting a trusty Winchester, my only companion was an odd-looking specimen of the *genus homo* commonly known as Zach. His real name was Zacharias Wilson, but as brevity is the soul of Western wit in all things, few of us ever received the benefit of more than one syllable of our baptismal appellations. It was customary, moreover, in the social intercourse of those days to seize upon some personal peculiarity or deformity of our neighbor and nickname him thereby. It was in accordance with this refined and charitable practice that my friend was first known to me as "broken-nosed Zach" or "ugly" Wilson, and indeed it seemed the only form of address with which he was familiar. Poor Zach! he was not handsome. Venus was certainly very much below the horizon when he first saw the light; the fatal gift of beauty Nature had kindly withheld at his birth, and accident, as well as a somewhat pugnaciously bibulous disposition, had combined to do the rest.

When I first met Zach I thought he was the most repulsive-looking being I had ever beheld; tall and gaunt with a stoop that almost amounted to a deformity, small, deep-set eyes, and hair the color of burnt taffy; an unkempt beard, which he allowed to grow merely because he was too lazy to shave and not with a view of enhancing his charms, made a *tout ensemble* which the most indulgent lover of God's handiwork could not have considered attractive. Added to all this an explosion in a mine had horribly injured one side of his face, and the symmetry of his not too classic nose had been marred in a drunken brawl.

But I liked the man notwithstanding his unprepossessing appearance. There was a suggestion of something better lurking beneath a rough exterior—good traits of character and disposition that might possibly redeem his account in the next world, although it seemed too late for them to develop in this. Then too he did not murder the queen's English with the cool indifference of others of his class; he maltreated it severely, I must confess, but one cannot expect a pure Addisonian style from men who spend most of their lives, pick in hand, beneath the ground, and Zach's conversation, while not bespeaking culture of the highest order, was musical when compared to some other "highly esteemed fellow-townsmen" whom the weekly press delighted to honor, and certainly a point in his favor.

I knew he had a family somewhere in the country, and he, hearing that I wished a companion—for in those days no one would have been so foolhardy as to start out alone—volunteered to accompany me, saying he had "interests" in the Mangas valley, whither I was bound, and by going as my driver he could kill two birds with one stone.

The morning, as I have already mentioned, was perfect; we left town early and drove for miles in silence—I happy in the contemplation of the limitless panorama spread out before us, Zach cheerfully ruminative and deeply engaged in the mastication of a quid of tobacco.

The glorious, sun-browned mesas were studded with flowers of every hue, and every now and again we would come upon clumps of yucca in full bloom; its tall, staff-like stem, crowned with white, bell-shaped blossoms and swaying in the breeze, reminded one in the distance of a flag of truce—an emblem all unknown in the annals of Apache warfare.

What is it, I wonder, in the atmosphere of spring that the mere breathing of it acts as a Lethean draught, enabling us to

forget for the time all our cares and sorrows; that sends fresh blood pulsing through our veins while we rejoice like innocent children at the return of the birds and the flowers?

"No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the fields are green,"

I quoted aloud, and Zach, who was chasing the tobacco around in his mouth with an air of bovine content, started at the sound of my voice, but having no remarks to make on the subject, he resumed his effort to hit a particular spoke of the rapidly revolving wheel every time he expectorated. He had been devoting himself to this pleasing occupation with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, and had only missed the spoke three times out of twelve when I interrupted him.

"Are you fond of poetry, Zach?"

"Poetry? No sir, dunno as I ever read any. Never was much of a scholar nohow, and when a man's got interests to look after he don't waste much time on poetry and sich. Of course it is all right for young fellows like you what ain't got no interests," he added apologetically.

I was just going to inquire in what Zach's interests consisted, for I had never heard of his investing money anywhere but at the saloons, when a turn of the road revealed a cloud of dust which speedily resolved itself into the figures of two cowboys galloping furiously towards us. The unusual spectacle of a cowboy exerting himself sufficiently when "off duty" to make his steed gallop aroused our instant attention and put a stop to further conversation.

Upon seeing us they reined in their panting and foam-flecked horses, and told us that a party of thirty or more Apaches had broken off the reservation and had been seen heading for Gulch cañon. They had been sent to alarm the various ranchmen of that vicinity, and they advised us to return to town as quickly as possible; there was an air of excitement about the men so foreign to the stoical calm of the cowpuncher's accustomed manner that I was alarmed in spite of a sneaking sensation that they might be only chaffing us.

Before I had time to discover whether or not the information was reliable, Zach, with an oath and a muttered exclamation about his "interests," put whip to the horses and we went tearing down the valley at a rate that would have put any modern racer to the blush. The sudden lurch of the vehicle had pitched me forward, and upon gathering myself up I found,

to my amazement, that Zach was driving in the direction of the cañon with all possible speed and an evident desire to offer himself as a victim to the noble red man.

"Now look here, Zach," I exclaimed as calmly as my growing wrath would permit, "if you are willing to be scalped by Indians for the sake of a few miserable cows, well and good; but I want you to understand that I do not share your feelings and I demand that we either turn back, or at least stop at that house and make inquiries." The house alluded to was a good-sized adobe some three quarters of a mile ahead of us.

"Cows! Man, do you suppose I would run the risk of being scalped for all the blamed cattle in New Mexico? It is Mercy I am thinking about—Mercy down there in the cañon, and not a man on the place to protect her! Gosh! if those redskins have touched a hair of her head, I'll—" The remainder of the sentence melted into indistinct profanity, of which I only caught the vaguely uttered word "interests"; but like a flash the knowledge came to me that Zach's interests were not centred in cattle, or in real estate or mines, but in the woman he called wife, and I felt a strange respect for this man, who with all his apparently brutal instincts would so unhesitatingly face a cruel death to save the one he loved.

"Beg pardon, old fellow; I did not understand," said I, intent upon making the *amende honorable*, although I do not think Zach expected it, "but since you are the best shot, suppose you take the rifle and give me the ribbons. That's it; now we will see each other through, Indians or no Indians."

We soon reached the top of a hill which commanded a view of the entire cañon, but not a sign of past or approaching danger was to be seen.

"I reckon it is all a scare," exclaimed Zach, and only a deep-drawn sigh attested how intense was his relief. "There's where Mercy lives," he continued, pointing to a house nearly a mile below us, "and everything looks as peaceful as a summer's day. I might have had better sense than to believe that Dick Sloan, dern his mischievous skin! I'll bet he was nigh on to rolling off his saddle when he saw how his Smart Alec joke was taken in such good faith by us."

"Perhaps we had better stop here and inquire, at any rate," I suggested, thinking discretion the better part of valor. Zach agreed and we drove into the dusty yard, littered with unused or broken-down wagons and surrounded by a carelessly kept fence, which was evidently appreciated only as a saddle and harness rack.

There was no effort at landscape or any other kind of gardening, no slightest attempt to "make the wilderness blossom as a rose." Directly in front of the house was a long trough, into which the water flowed slowly but ceaselessly through an iron pipe; around it the ground was muddy and trampled by the hoofs of the thirsty cattle who came thither many weary miles during the long dry season to quench their thirst. Many come at first, but as the drought continues the number steadily decreases, and very soon there will be seen more carcasses on the withered plains, more buzzards blotting the sky's blue bosom, and later on more bones bleaching in the glare of the relentless sun.

My companion went into the house while I held the horses and underwent the inspection of at least a dozen little tow-headed children, who had swarmed at the sight of our buggy like bees at the beating of pans, and who apparently found my rather modest attire a subject for much amusement.

"A biled shirt, Maria, b' gosh, and shined boots!" ejaculated the eldest hopeful, doubling himself up in a paroxysm of unseemly mirth. I am not a bashful man, but in the presence of the ordinary infant, prodigy or otherwise, I quail. In my opinion, it requires far less nerve, if I may use the word, to argue a case before an assemblage of brilliant men, or to enter a room the cynosure of countless lovely eyes, than to face the outspoken criticism of the average young American.

In a little while Zach returned, his ugly face wreathed in smiles. According to the last and most authentic accounts, the Indians had gone in an exactly opposite direction from the one indicated to us, and, for the present, no danger was apprehended in this vicinity. Our cowboy friends had either been themselves mistaken, or, through a spirit of mischief, had wilfully misinformed us.

"Guess I will let the critters walk the rest of the way, as they seem a bit winded," said Zach, suiting the action to the word. "We can get dinner at my place, and after that there will be plenty of time to go to Jackson's and see your man; he only lives a few miles below me. While we are gone, Mercy can be getting ready to go back to town with us, where she'll be safe. I don't want no more such scares as I have had to-day." The proposition meeting my cordial approval, we let the tired horses take their own time in descending the rocky trail, while we regaled ourselves with tobacco—that universal panacea for masculine worry.

"How long have you been married, Zach?" I asked, won-

dering at the time what style of woman this Mercy could be to have consented to take for better or worse such an unattractive life partner as the man beside me. I had already concluded that the love was on his side only, for while the average woman prefers good qualities to good looks my hero had neither the one nor the other to recommend him.

"Nigh onto eight years," responded Zach. "Our marriage, Mercy's and mine, was kind of romantic-like, and if you care to listen I will tell you the whole business."

Upon my giving an eager assent, Zach laid aside his pipe and, putting a piece of tobacco the size of a child's fist into his mouth by way of refection, he began his story.

"When I first met Mercy, ten years ago this very spring, I did not amount to much more than I do now; I have always been in the habit of taking a drink whenever I felt like it, and then as now I occasionally took too much. However, I could always manage to make a good living and take care of my interests, which is more than lots of them can say what set themselves up for my betters. It was when I was hurt by that infernal explosion that I began to love Mercy; she was so good and pitiful and had such cool, slim hands, and—well, the first thing I knowed I was plum gone. As soon as I got strong enough to go 'round again I took to dropping in to see her. The old man, Mercy's father, hated me from the start, and in proportion as she grew to like me better he took to hating me worse. Finally he forbade me the house; then we used to meet kinder accidental like at a neighbor's, but the old gent soon caught on to that dodge and became furious—swore he would shoot me on sight if he ever saw me with his daughter again. I wasn't afraid of the festive old cuss, but I did not want to kill him because he was Mercy's father, and I couldn't see that it would help matters any to let him kill me, so for a long time I steered clear of the whole outfit and tried to forget Mercy by going on a regular jamboree. But it did not work, and one day I met her looking so pale and forlorn that, by George, I felt like bustin' out a-crying! I thought maybe she had been suffering like myself, and sez I, 'Zach, you're an ornery, good-for-nothing coward to let that little girl go break her heart and you take no steps to prevent it.'"

Here a violent fit of coughing, brought on by my efforts to hide the smiles which I could not restrain, came near strangling me, and for some seconds interrupted my friend's narrative. Presently he resumed:

"Well, sir, my mind was made up, so I went to a chum of mine and laid the case before him. Between us we fixed up a plan to go to Mercy's home that night, and, if she was willing, to take her away or get shot in the attempt. I took my revolver and Jim took his, and we drove out to where she lived about a mile from town. There was no moon that night, but I don't recollect ever before having seen so many stars shining in the heavens at one time. I remarked the fact to Jim, and Jim sez, sez he, 'This ain't nothin', my boy, to what you will see after the old man gets through with you.' Jim always was fond of a joke; he was killed, poor fellow, by the Injuns a few months later. Well, I got out and rapped at the door while Jim hitched the horses. Pretty soon I heard the old man come out and after a lot of fumbling he slid the bolt. When he saw me standing on the porch as large as life, and pretty large I was beside o' him, he was so taken aback he forgot to swear.

"'Good evening,' sez I, quite polite and pleasant like.

"'What the —— do you mean by coming here at this hour of the night?' he roared. It wasn't more than eight o'clock.

"'I came to see your daughter, Mercy, and I propose to see her before I leave the premises,' I replies, cool as a cucumber on ice. Before he had time to answer me, Mercy, who had woman-like left her door a little open so as to hear what was going on, came forward.

"'What is the matter, father?' Then, catching sight of me, she kinder gave a gasp; 'O Zach, is it you?' she sez.

"'Yes, Mercy, it is me, and I have come for you to choose between your father and your lover. If you care enough for me, come. There is a carriage at the door, we will drive to the preacher's and be married this very night; but if you love your father best, jest say the word, and I will go away and never come pestering you again.'

"'Yes, Mercy,' spoke up the old man, 'do as he sez and choose between us—your old daddy who has loved and taken care of you ever since you were a leetle, teeny, toddling girl, or this worthless scoundrel whom you have only known a twelve-month. Make your choice now, for, by ——, if you leave my house to-night to marry that man you will never enter it again while I live.'

"'I have chosen,' said Mercy, and her voice never trembled, although the big tears were running down her cheeks. 'You have been good to me, father, all my life except now when I most need your forbearance.' Mercy is educated,

you know, talks like a regular school-teacher," interpolated the narrator with an air of pardonable pride.

"‘It breaks my heart to grieve you, but I love Zach, and I cannot give him up,’ and with that she placed her little, slim hand in mine. ‘Why will you make it so hard for me, father? You have two other daughters, but poor Zach has no one to love him—nobody but me.’

"Talk about your angels! I had sort of lost belief in them since my mother died and left me a poor little codger of ten, but I believed in them then, for if Mercy did not look for all the world like them pictures we see of angels in the illustrated Bibles, you may shoot me for a jack-rabbit! I kinder felt sorry for the old man that night; when we’ve struck it rich ourselves we are mighty apt to be easy on any poor devil who is down on his luck, and I knew Mercy was the favorite child. Every speck of anger had died out of his voice, and it only sounded solemn when he answered her.

"‘Go,’ sez he, ‘and remember that as you have made your bed you must lie in it; from this hour you are no daughter of mine.’ With that he shut the door in our faces.

"Well, sir, if I wasn’t a proud man that night you never saw one; I fairly hugged myself all the way to the minister’s. You see I couldn’t hug Mercy, as there was a third party in the carriage and she kind of bashful anyway. ‘Zach,’ sez I to myself, ‘you ’re a daisy!—a regular Jim-dandy, old boy, and that’s what!’ Soon after we were married I bought this little place for Mercy ’cause she never could bear the town, and here we have lived ever since the boy was born. I don’t believe she regrets having taken old Zach, ugly as he is, and I know she has made earth pretty nigh a heaven for me. She has a powerfully affectionate nature, and it used to worry her considerably for her father to take no notice of her; but the old gent died a few years ago, and before passing in his checks he sent for Mercy and forgave her—it’s my opinion the forgiveness ought to have come from the other side. He sent for me, too; reckon he had found that I wasn’t as black as I had been painted. I never did have much use for the old cuss, but I went through the prodigal son business just to please Mercy."

By this time we were within sight of the house, a neat-looking, two-story dwelling, with Virginia creeper and Madeira vines climbing over the rude porch, and beds of gaudy flowers scattered here and there throughout the yard, all bespeaking careful attention.

We alighted, and I was shown into the dimly-lighted, unpretentious parlor, while Zach went to find his wife. Again I found myself indulging in interested speculations with regard to the heroine of this little frontier romance. Not being able to reconcile my ideas of the eternal fitness of things with Zach's story, I turned to the centre-table, on which was placed with systematic precision the usual type of literature that accompanies hair-cloth furniture and green crocheted antimacassars. A well-thumbed Bible—Mercy was evidently of a religious temperament—the regulation album with its hideously smirking family photographs; the *Trial of Mrs. Suratt*, *Biography of Abraham Lincoln*, etc. Bent upon self-improvement, I had taken up the *Records of the Late War*, and was endeavoring to reconcile the remarkable statistics therein presented with the true facts, when Zach entered the room leading by the hand a boy of six or seven years, and followed by a pale, timid-looking little woman whom he introduced as his wife. From his air of proud possession one would have imagined they were a bridal couple instead of eight years married. Here, indeed, marriage was not a failure. Mercy, I perceived, was as neat in her attire as in her surroundings, and, although laying no claim to beauty, she had more sweetness and refinement in her face than is usually seen in women of the laboring class—very different from the coarse-voiced, red-elbowed female whom one would naturally picture as Zach's helpmate.

Truly Love is the greatest of all magicians; not only does he turn the dross of life to gold, but he blinds our eyes so that we see nothing imperfect in the object of our affections. Every day we find some new Titania endeavoring to hide the ears of some new Bottom and veil the ass with rose-entwined garlands of pure affection. Perhaps it is as well; a great deal of hypocrisy is necessary in this world in order to make it at all endurable. I saw how Zach's rude features took on a softer expression, and his voice a gentle tone, whenever he addressed his wife; she, in turn, appeared to anticipate his every wish, and read his thoughts almost before they were uttered.

Her sister afterwards told me that when Zach was away Mercy went about like one in a dream; she would stand at the door for hours looking down the road, seemingly oblivious to everything around her; very different from the busy house-keeper she was at other times. Shortly after our trip to the Mangas valley Zach came to my office and requested me to draw up his will.

"Not that I feel like passing in my checks and crossing the Great Divide just yet," he remarked by way of explanation, "but when a man has interests he can't be too careful."

I agreed with him, and in the will he left everything to Mercy unconditionally—his child was not even mentioned.

"What about your son?" I asked. "Don't you propose making any provision for him?"

"Lord bless you, sir, Mercy'll look after the boy; no need of my worrying about him so long as she is above ground."

That was the last time I ever saw Zach. A good opening in my profession having been offered me in my old home, I gladly shook the dust of S—— from off my feet, and soon, in the busy interests of my new life, both Zach and Mercy, and the little idyl in which they played a part, were forgotten.

Three years later I was on my way to California, and as it was a business trip combined with pleasure I concluded to stop over at S—— and revisit old haunts. Thirty-six months had wrought great changes; I scarcely recognized the rambling mining village I had left in the flourishing town that greeted my alien eyes, yet I missed many of the old faces.

The morning after my arrival as I was hurriedly turning a corner I almost ran into a frail-looking woman, dressed in deep mourning, whom I recognized as Mercy Wilson. I at once proceeded to make inquiries concerning Zach. He had been killed, they told me, shortly after I left for the East; the "Golden Nugget" caved in and several men lost their lives by the disaster. Zach was among the number.

"The shock went nigh on to killin' his wife," said an old miner who had worked with Zach and who was giving me the details of the sad affair. "For weeks the doctors thought she would die whether or no, but she pulled through. These sickly sort of women hang on the longest after all. She sold her place as soon as she got well and moved into town so that the boy could go to school, and now she takes in sewing and makes a pretty good livin', they say. Zach left her fixed mighty comfortable, but she won't touch a cent of that money—is a saving it all fer the kid. Fine woman that! It allus was a puzzle to me how she could have cared for sech a pore, ugly scoundrel as Zach Wilson."

I turned away moralizing. So many things are mysteries in life! I almost envied Zach the prize he had won, though now lost to him for ever—the wealth of a good woman's love.

LETTERS OF GANGANELLI (CLEMENT XIV.)

BY REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.



THE best and most calumniated of the popes," as the *Encyclopædia Britannica* calls him, is mostly known to the general reader as the pope who in 1773 suppressed the Society of the Jesuits. In doing so, nothing can be too bad or too good to be said of him, according to the view taken of that act. Without going, however, into the question of the circumstances which led up to the suppression of the great society, we think that perhaps some points in the character of Clement XIV. which we can gather from his correspondence when a humble Franciscan, will go far to enable us to arrive at a fair estimate of what the man really was; and so give us grounds for weighing impartially what friends and enemies have said. Fortunately there fell lately into our hands a somewhat rare work: *Letters of Pope Clement XIV.*, in two volumes, a translation made in 1777 from the French. The correspondence dates from 1747 to April 2, 1773, though in this article we shall only use such letters as were written before the cardinalate. These letters used to be greatly admired, and indeed with reason; for they show that Ganganelli was a man of wonderful mind. Highly educated, he had a largeness of view which comes to one almost as a surprise; a simplicity of purpose which recognized only conscience as its guide; a plain, common sense view of religion; and an openness to recognize facts which are too often blinked at as "not edifying." He had no sympathy with that idea of edification which is not based upon truth; and has some remarkably sharp and well-deserved censures upon those who substitute walls of pietism for religion.

Just a word as to his life. Born, in 1705, at St. Arcangelo, near Rimini (his father was a physician), he entered the Franciscan Order at Urbino, being then in his eighteenth year. He was called to Rome to teach theology in the College of St. Bonaventura. Benedict XIV. appointed him a consultor of the Holy Office, saying "that he joined an amazing memory to extensive learning; and what is more agreeable, he is a thousand times more modest than the most ignorant, and so cheerful

that it could not be supposed that he had ever lived in retirement." Clement XIII. raised him to the sacred purple; and the messenger who went to acquaint him began by demanding, in somewhat an intimidating tone, if he were conscious to himself of having discharged his duty properly and if he had nothing to reproach himself with; adding "that a number of things had been said of him to the Holy Father; that from the dread of his being too much affected with it, he hesitated to inform him of the orders of His Holiness; but he could not help letting him know that it was the pope's pleasure that he should absolutely—yes, absolutely—be made cardinal." This was on September 24, 1759. Though raised to the highest rank, he preserved all his simple humility, living still in his convent—so much so, that an English peer who frequently visited him used to say: "I cannot find the Cardinal Ganganelli; I find only a friar filled with humility." His society was much sought after by the learned, and his geniality made him a universal favorite. He succeeded to the Papacy May 19, 1769, and retained all his old ways. When told that the papal dignity required him to keep a costly table, he replied: "Neither St. Peter nor St. Francis taught him to dine sumptuously," and in reply to the remonstrances of the head cook, he said: "You shall not lose your appointment, but I will not lose my health to keep your hand in." He was his own intimate councillor, saying that a sovereign who had a number of confidants was infallibly governed and often betrayed; adding, "I sleep sound when my secret is my own." Cautious, slow, and prudent, he let his mind take time over any serious business. "Our imagination is often our greatest enemy," he writes to Cardinal Stoppani; "I am striving to weary mine before I act." He died in his seventieth year, September 22, 1774.

Now to give some few extracts from his letters, written in the unrestrained intercourse of friendship. We only choose here such parts as illustrate points in his character. And we must exercise self-control, lest, where there is so much golden thought, we might be tempted to exceed the bounds of a magazine article.

To a Gentleman preparing to become a Trappist Monk (Oct. 29, 1747).

"We ought to deliberate well before we take up a new load of obligation. The Gospel is the best guide for a Christian; and to admit of one being buried in solitude, the vocation ought to be well tried. There is something extraordinary in whatever takes us out of the common road of life, and in

embracing the life of a monk we ought to dread some illusion. . . . Besides the difficulty of finding a great number of religious truly fervent, they ought to be apprehensive of injuring the state by rendering themselves useless members of society. We are not born monks; we are born citizens. . . . When at La Trappe, it is true, you will pray to God day and night; but cannot you direct your thoughts continually to him though in the midst of the world? It is not in words that the merit of prayer consists. . . . Many respectable writers have not hesitated to impute the remissness in monasteries to a tiresome repetition of forms of devotion. They thought, with reason, that the attention could not be preserved during too long prayers, and that bodily labor is of more advantage than continual singing of psalms. The world would not have exclaimed so much against the monks if they had been seen usefully employed. . . . St. Benedict was sensible that we ought to be useful to our country, and in consequence instituted a school for gentlemen at Monte Cassino. He knew what sort of laws the love of our neighbor inspires."

To a Papal Chamberlain.

"Gaiety is the true medicine for the studious; the mind and heart should be dilated when it has been contracted by obstinate toil. Blossoming is as necessary to the human mind as to trees, to make it recover its verdure and flourish; to us there are some folk like rose-trees without flowers, who present nothing to view but bark and prickles. When I meet such I do not say a word, but pass by as quickly as possible for fear of being stung! Gaiety retards old age; there is always a reviving freshness which accompanies gaiety, instead of the pale wrinkles that are the produce of cares. Benedict XIV. would not enjoy such good health if he were not always gay; he lays down the pen to give vent to some *bonsmots*, and resumes it without ever being fatigued."

To a Lady (January 2, 1749).

"True devotion, madam, neither consists in a careless air nor in a brown habit. Most pious people imagine, though why I don't know, that clothes of a dark color please Heaven more than those of a lighter and livelier hue; yet we find angels are always painted either in white or blue. I do not love piety which proclaims itself. . . . Observe, moreover, that the lady who talks scandal in company, or appears peevish or in an ill humor against mankind, is generally dressed in brown! Singu-

larity is so little allied to true devotion that we are ordered in the Gospel to wash our faces when we fast, that we may not appear remarkable. . . . The world would not have ridiculed religion so much had not its devotees given room for it. Almost always inflamed with bitter zeal, they are never satisfied except with themselves, and would have every one submit to their whims because their piety is often the effect only of caprice. . . . False devotees do little less injury to the cause of religion than the openly profane ; . . . they have a restless, impetuous, persecuting zeal, and are commonly either fanatical or superstitious, hypocrites or ignorant. When you find no rancor in your heart, nor pride in your mind, no singularity in your actions, and that you observe without affectation or trifling the laws of God and the Church, then you may believe you are in the way of salvation."

To a Canon of Osimo (February 6, 1749).

"Religion will never be perfectly established till it has no other principle but charity; for neither knowledge nor exterior magnificence constitutes its merit, but the love of God alone. It is the basis of our worship, and if we are not persuaded of this truth we are only images of virtue."

To Mgr. Cerati (July 8, 1749).

"The pope only discharges his duty in vindicating the memory of Cardinal Noris. It would be cruel to declare a man a heretic because he follows the opinions of the Augustinians or the Thomists; that is to say, doctrines solemnly approved of by the church. But when we are impelled by fanaticism we see nothing and become deaf to reason."

To the Abbate Nicolini (February 28, 1750).

"Notwithstanding the dreadful consequences of this new philosophy, I am of opinion that we ought not to exasperate those who profess it. There are some people unconvinced who deserve to be pitied, because, after all, faith is a gift of God. Jesus Christ, who thundered at the Pharisees, said nothing to the Sadducees. Unbelievers will be much more easily led back by gentleness than by severity. They affect a haughtiness to those who wound them keenly; and the more so, because they are answered frequently with much more reasoning than is found even in their own discourses and writings. The most petty ecclesiastic sets about attacking them without thinking that, though his zeal is laudable, his understanding by no means

keeping pace with it, he may do more harm than good. Converts are not made by declaration or invective. Examples, reason, and moderation are wanted, and we should begin by allowing that religion has indeed mysteries which are incomprehensible and which cannot all be explained. . . . Every impetuous zeal which would bring down fire from heaven excites only hatred. The church has the reputation of being of a persecuting spirit, in the eyes of unbelievers, from many of its ministers showing too ardent a zeal. . . . If God bears with unbelievers, we ought to bear with them, since they make a part of his plan; and by them religion appears stronger and the faith of the righteous is exercised."

To Cardinal Crescenci (March 1, 1750).

"It is known that sorcerers nowadays are not supernatural agents, and that a belief in Black Magic (though according to Scripture the devil is a real being) is almost always the effect of superstition or the work of a troubled brain."

To a Gentleman of Ravenna (March 3, 1750).

"I could never have suspected that you would have applied to an obscure religious like me to decide a family dispute. . . . Besides my incapacity in this affair, I do not love to give advice in secular matters. I remember St. Paul forbids every minister of the Lord from interfering in temporals. A man who is dead to the world should not intermeddle in the affairs of it. Every religious society that neglects this maxim will sink into oblivion sooner or later; as every religious who intrudes into families to know their secrets, to regulate marriages and wills, is equally contemptible and dangerous."

To a Dominican (June 11, 1750).

"We reproach Fleury with being too zealous for the liberties of the Gallican Church. . . . See how difficult it is to write to please every government; but sensible men give up to the French and Romans their different pretensions, so that the faith be not affected. Every country has its opinions, as every individual his whim."

To an Abbess (November 10, 1750).

"I think like our Father St. Francis (pardon my sincerity), who said 'that God has debarred us from having wives that we may be inspired with a desire of being religious; but I am afraid the devil has given us sisters to torment us.' He knew how difficult it is to direct nuns. . . . Talk but little with

your directors and a great deal with God, and peace will flourish again in your abbey."

To Count — (a recent convert from sin), (November 20, 1750).

"If you look upon religion in the great, as it ought to be viewed, you will not find in it the puerilities of trifling devotions. Never open those mystical or apocryphal books which, under the pretence of nourishing piety, amuse the soul with insignificant ceremonies, leaving the mind without light and the heart without compunction."

To a Friar appointed Provincial (January 31, 1751).

"Employ no spies except to discover the merit of those who are too modest to let it appear. . . . I will not mention duplicity, unfortunately too much practised by the heads of religious houses. . . . You will never prefer a complaint against any one without having several times warned him of your intention or without previously acquainting him. . . . Be communicative, for we lose much of the good will of those we govern by disgusting coldness. . . . Have few confidants, but when you make any let it not be by halves, for they will divine the rest and will consider that they are not obliged to be secret."

To the Bishop of Spoleto (March 17, 1751).

"What your lordship wrote to me on the subject of the relics of saints does honor to your discernment and to your religion. There are two rocks to be shunned by all true Catholics: that of believing too much, and that of not believing enough. If we were to give credit to all the stories told of the relics which are shown in every country, we must frequently suppose that a saint has ten heads or ten arms. This abuse, which has procured us the name of superstitious, has happily only taken root among the ignorant. Thank heaven! it is well known in Italy (and the clergy repeat it often) that there is nothing absolutely necessary but the mediation of Jesus Christ; and that of the saints, as the Council of Trent has formally declared, is only 'good and useful.' . . . If there are more superstitions in Italy than elsewhere, it is because the people have a more lively imagination, and consequently are more ready to catch without reflection at everything that is presented to their minds."

To Cardinal Quirini (July 3, 1751).

"It must be allowed that we live in a strange age. Never was there less religion, and yet never was it more talked about ;

never was there more wit, and never was it more abused. Men would know everything, yet study nothing; they decide upon everything, and yet sift nothing thoroughly. . . . If many of our pastors would fairly examine themselves, they would admit that by their haughtiness and dissipation they have given room for murmurings and complaints. Wherefore dissemble what all the world knows?"

To Father Louis of Cremona (March 1, 1753).

"The mouth of the preacher is truly the mouth of God. Alas! then, what should be thought of him who can utter buffooneries and trifles from the pulpit?"

To Count — (December 31, 1751).

"The first book I would place at the head of your library is the Gospel, as the most necessary and most sacred. It is right that the book which contains the principles and basis of religion should be the foundation of your studies. It is there you will learn to know what you owe to God, and to the wisdom and goodness of the Mediator in whom we hope and who hath reconciled heaven and earth by the shedding of His Blood. . . . It is quite simple, all is within reach of every capacity, and all is divine."

To Count — (April 19, 1752).

"If scruples lay hold of you, you are ruined; you will either relapse into dissipation or serve God like a slave. . . . The vessel of clay to which our souls are attached does not allow of angelical perfection. Religion is degraded when we apply our attention to trifles. . . . Only false devotees are scandalized at everything and see the devil everywhere. Fulfil the law without laboring in spirit and without straining the imagination, and you will be pleasing to God."

To Mgr. Cerati (November 13, 1753).

"Cardinal Bentivoglio said we should see an Englishman when we wanted to think, and a Frenchman when we wanted to talk."

To Cardinal Spinelli (July 3, 1752).

"If Pharisaical zeal were allowed to govern, we should very soon have nothing in the church but trifling ceremony; and religion, which is so beautiful and sublime, would become a round of superstitions. People generally love things which do not reform the heart; and are pleased to grow old without

rooting out bad habits, believing a few prayers, repeated in haste, sufficient to carry them to heaven. . . . Pharisees have lived in all ages and will continue to the end of the world; . . . they lay the faithful asleep by amusing them with ceremonials which neither influence the heart nor the understanding. . . . Muratori said that trifling devotions for the most part resembled the compositions for taking out stains, which lessen the spot only in appearance but in fact make it larger."

To Cardinal Quirini (May 31, 1753).

"*The Scholastics* often perplexed everything from their solicitude to clear up everything, and often replied to nothing from their desire to answer all. . . . Nothing is so dangerous as to give as a matter of faith what is only a matter of opinion, and to confound a pious belief with a thing that is revealed. . . . A truth is never better established than by the universal approbation of all the churches, which is a circumstance the greater part of modern theologians do not sufficiently attend to. . . . Do not permit *your theologians* to support free will by denying the almighty power of grace; nor, by enhancing the value of the inestimable and entirely free gift, to destroy liberty; nor from too great respect for the saints to forget what is due to Jesus Christ. . . . The great fault of some theologians is a desire to explain everything, not knowing where to stop."

To a newly-appointed Bishop (May 30, 1755).

"Do not suffer the piety of the faithful to be fed with false legends, nor to be occupied in petty observances, but teach them (your priests) to instruct their flock to have recourse constantly to Jesus Christ as our only mediator, and to honor the saints only in reference to him. . . . It is an odious thing in a bishop to know none but those of rank and fortune in his diocese. The lower people murmur, and with reason, for they are often more precious in the sight of God."

To a Gentleman of Tuscany (August 16, 1753).

"It is not by attending to trifling ceremonies that you will make your children true Christians. Christianity is the greatest enemy to Pharisaical zeal and superstition. The church prescribes duties enough without our endeavoring to multiply them. We too frequently neglect what is of precept to follow what is only of advice, because we love rather to hearken to caprice than to reason; and because pride and singularity perfectly agree."



"CHARITY SWEETENED BY RELIGION BEST ALLEVIATES THE MISERIES OF HUMANITY."

MONTMARTRE AND ITS POOR.

BY REV. FRANK X. MCGOWAN, O.S.A.



ANY Sunday morning—in summer when "the risen day" paints its colors on every side, and in winter when "the gray-eyed" dawn "smiles on the frowning night"—an army of mendicants may be seen toiling slowly up the steps of the Rue Foyatier and the Rue Devret, which lead to the national votive Church of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre in Paris. Ragged and vagabond, they pass through a small door in the board enclosure of the Rue Saint Eleuthère, and direct their steps towards the crypt, going under the scaffolding which supports the platform above to the main entrance of the church.

Who are these conspirators in tatters? Do they come to a plenary assembly to elect a new king? No, these poor victims who have been vanquished in the battle of life come hither responsive to the invitation of Him who hath said: "Come to me, all you that labor, and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

In this gay city of Paris, where evil seemingly rules, the good is not altogether disarmed, and this truth is manifest in the numerous acts of faith and charity daily and monthly performed without particular display or boastful clamoring. The state enrolls in its service an army of functionaries to direct the stream of official charity. The church has only to appeal to the devotion of her children, and benevolent works are forthwith multiplied under every form. Of these works one of the holiest is that of the Sunday Mass for the poverty-stricken in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart.

On entering the crypt the mendicants receive a hymn-book, and while sitting on the benches set apart for them, they unite their feeble voices in the plain chant of the office. Devout laymen direct the singing and lead in prayer for the congregation of beggars. These pious laics are, generally speaking, men of the upper classes of society, many of them favorites of fortune, and it is a touching sight to witness how interested they are in the physical and moral misfortunes of their beggarwards.

At eight o'clock Mass begins, and a salutary instruction is given; at nine o'clock these two or three thousand men (the number is fully that in winter) depart from the crypt, return their hymn-books, and receive a pound of bread with a bowl of soup. All this is done in religious silence and with perfect order. The Work, as it is called, distributes in this way 100,000 pounds of bread annually.

Thrice in the week these poor people are at liberty to go to the dispensary in the Rue du Mont-Cenis, where they may receive medical advice and remedies, and also a bowl of meat-soup.

Here catechists instruct these forlorn and often neglectful men in the principles of religion, long ago forgotten but now vividly recalled. A room for correspondence with letter-paper and envelopes is placed at their disposal, and the dispensary officials guarantee to post or forward the letters. As we readily see, these poor, disinherited beings obtain the bread of the soul as well as the bread of the body.

WHENCE THESE POOR?

Of what elements is this army of tatterdemalions composed? What catastrophes, griefs, vices have brought them to their wretched condition? These rags cover poor workingmen without work or courage, unclassified paupers, the infirm, the aged

and professional beggars. There are some of all classes, but the unemployed workingmen form the largest part of the contingent. While many of these indigent laborers are Parisian by birth, "to the manner born," the majority are haggard and disheveled workingmen who have come from all parts of France in the expectation of finding work easily. Their very dress and shoes bear the imprint of many unavailing journeys. Lacking work, Paris is only too often fatal to them. Disappointed in their quest for employment, they spend in drink whatever little money they have brought to the gay capital, for the city appeals powerfully to them in their depressed state, and strong liquors, such as brandy and absinthe, are the temptations to which they inevitably succumb. These despondent workingmen would be infinitely better off if they had stayed in their provincial homes. Yet these poor plodders roam over every portion of the French capital, their robust arms asking only for work, only to be disappointed, and their misery is indeed extreme, for this great pulsating city weighs heavily on the wretched, the feeble, the little, the poor defenceless creatures of the world. What heart-rending stories they who have been conquered in the struggle for life could tell to their more fortunate brethren!

The old, hoary with age, with tottering step, eyes dim and dull, are numerous also, and it is a pitiable spectacle to see these aged men seeking the benefits of religion, men without home, fire, bread, or children.

The unclassified as well as professional beggars are present in respectable numbers.

The unclassified, men who have seen the bright and the dingy sides of life, are easily recognizable by their language, their soft hands, and their poor attempt at a toilette. Many of these unfortunates have descended successively all the rungs of the social ladder and have stepped at last into the region of want. There may be among them men of the professions, notaries, lawyers, physicians, and reduced capitalists, but they are rarely met with. Paris and provincial France seem to be able to supply some occupation, however meagre, to those who once moved in the upper walks of life. Again, pride is a powerful factor in the career of French professional men; they are sensitive to a fault at ill success, and, as we know from the daily journals, too many of them seek in the throes of self-inflicted death freedom from what they deem dishonor in the eyes of the world, chill and hopeless poverty.

CHARACTER OF FRENCH PAUPERISM.

There is a marked difference between the conditions of mendicants in France and America. Here all professions and avocations are represented in the degradation and misery of our large cities; in the purlieus of want and crime are many men who have seen better days, and intelligent and well-bred tramps are often found in the vagrant multitudes who infest our highways, especially in the summer season. In France there is little of tramp-existence as it is portrayed in our American life, or as it has been since the close of the Civil War. Many reasons are suggested to account for the non-existence of *trampism* in France. According to some writers, a reason is that the relations of capital and labor are very harmonious; there is, comparatively speaking, in France a plentiful supply of labor, and the workingman earns a substantial and satisfying wage. It is a fact that a fairly extended strike occurred some months ago in Paris, and it was such an anomaly in labor and governmental circles that it created an excitement bordering on a revolution. Since the days of the Commune Paris never had such a public convulsion.

Besides, the stringent French laws, bearing on public begging and soliciting, tend in their enforcement to decrease the prevalence of this social eyesore, and the ready charity afforded by governmental, and particularly religious organizations, such as patronages, works, conferences, and charitable societies connected with the different churches, does away with many of the harrowing spectacles of penury and want observable in other large European and American cities. The votaries of the superior employments of life are not then to be found among that mendicant host who gather each Sunday on Montmartre to worship God and receive in his holy name the necessities of life. But, as the French proverb runs, "in the absence of thrushes, one will eat blackbirds," so we are satisfied to listen to the experience related by a former schoolmaster—a disciple of Diogenes—that is to say, a pupil of the Cynical school.

THE STORY OF ONE OF THEM.

As this not unhappy man sipped his small glass of *trois-six*, which he had invited his companion to take and also to pay for, he told his story in few and simple words:

"I was schoolmaster at B—, and had shone with great brilliance in the renowned family *universitaire*, until one day

an inspector of schools took it into his head to criticise my stock of learning and my methods of teaching before a full class of scholars. I answered him by throwing an inkstand at his head. The authorities had the bad taste to turn me out of school for this peccadillo. I came to Paris, and I have since worked at all trades but the right one. I have written articles for newspapers, which the editors found incomprehensible; I offered my services to a stock broker, a frightful thief, who took the whim to suspect my delicacy of execution in his work; I have been a public scrivener, a dancer in a theatre of the suburbs, a dealer in notes and countermarks, and am now at last a beggar. The trade is not so bad. I manage to lead a free and independent life, and, with a certain amount of natural ability, I am able to lay by some few savings for my old years."

This sharp-witted man had made an art of mendicancy, and had acquired from experience a thorough knowledge of all the places where charity was dispensed, and had his own selection from them. Fortifying himself with more of the exhilarating liquor, he proceeded: "I know all of the religious communities in Paris," and he mentioned one religious establishment in particular. "The house," he said, "is a good one; the ladies who visit the chapel are liberal, but the topographical situation is very bad indeed for the poor beggars. What is needed there is a large porte-cochère to give us shelter in the inclemency of weather and also from the attention of the police." Think of an American beggar or tramp discoursing on his needs in this off-handed, almost philosophical manner! Imagine the impatience or the fury of an American citizen listening to such semi-impudent talk, and being compelled to pay almost perforce for liquor drunk by the beggar and not ordered by the payer! Thus spoke the sometime schoolmaster, who united in himself two classes of mendicants, the professional and the unclassified. He absorbed one after the other three glasses, and then he said in a most amiable tone: "Let us go—you pay; I must quit, because I have an important engagement. I shall buy the paper and read your article." This man was a type of a class to be met with often enough in the metropolitan city of Paris.

He had been cast out from his legitimate calling, and eventually became, through the exigencies of disappointment and hunger, a vagrant moving around a vicious circle in a city that ought to have given him employment. He seemed to

have lost all heart to work; he was even insensible to the social and political events happening around him. It was not that he lacked intelligence or was without some sympathy for human life. No, he was one of that generation of public teachers who were educated in a wrong groove. He was taught and forced to teach pure naturalism to the rising youth of France. His motto was "Sans Dieu," his catechism "les Droits de l'homme," his religion atheism pure and simple, and when severe correction was administered to him, his acceptance of it was a disgraceful act of violence, unheard of in a Catholic school. Crouching under a tyranny worse than any African slavery, he felt impelled to break his bonds and assert his manhood. As a consequence, he was expelled from his position of schoolmaster and blacklisted in every educational bureau of France. At last driven into beggary, he has no hope in life, save what is given him by the kindly offices of that religion which he despised in the days of his prosperity and which he taught his young pupils to revile. Besides affording him relief in his misery, the persecuted church will bless his dying hours with all the sacramental helps in her possession. Is there anything to equal the charity of God's holy church?

THE NEEDY AND HELPLESS POOR.

The generality of those who frequent the Mass for the poverty-stricken in the Basilica of Montmartre is composed of those who have fallen into unmerited misery: poor laborers without work, the aged and infirm, who form nine-tenths of the wretched throng. In the Oblate Fathers, who have charge of this magnificent votive church, in which the daily prayer to the Sacred Heart is *Sauvez la France*, these poor creatures find

"A heart for pity and a hand
Open as day to melting charity."

And it is only in a religious establishment such tenderness for God's poor is manifest. If the kind and benevolent feeling, that is the direct outcome of devotion to the bleeding Heart of the Saviour, were not warm and active in the breasts of these religious men, to constrain them to acts of compassion when poor strangers enter their church, would they not doubtless close the door against them, as is daily done by officials who are paid to dole out public benefactions to wandering mendicants, craving from legitimate sources of relief "something for God's sake"?

POLICE INSPECTORS IN RAGS.

A word or two relative to other kinds of mendicants, who do not number a corporal's guard in this large army of the indigent. There is the police-beggar, who cannot be distinguished, in lack of decent dress and in outward dejection of manner, from the poorest claimant to Christian charity. The chief of police never fails to have his representative at these pious ceremonies. The espionage maintained by the police authorities of Paris is proverbial. There is no gathering, no meeting into which the police inspector does not penetrate. Paris is the hot-bed of revolutionism, anarchy, and thievery and swindling. Parisian thieves and swindlers are especially versatile. They are, to use a newspaper expression, "lightning artists in thievery and swindling." They adopt costume and manner to suit the demands of their ill-omened avocation. At Havre, not long since, Parisian detectives took into custody a famous swindler who was about to sail for New York. He dressed sometimes in a garb that was a cross between the dress of a Spanish serenader and that of one of Buffalo Bill's cowboys. He put on clerical soutane, and thus, as a priest or friar, obtained subscriptions for imaginary charities. Again, this expert in swindling was an officer of marines, wearing the cross of the Legion of Honor, with face bronzed by African suns, and he succeeded in borrowing large sums of money from military men among the Dreyfusards by representing himself as an officer who had to leave the army owing to his conviction that the sometime prisoner of Devil's Island was a victim of the Jesuits. The Parisian thief and swindler is like the traditional flea, now you have it and now you have it not, and the police authorities must be ever on the watch for this ubiquitous personage. Hence not even these peaceable and religious gatherings on Sundays at Montmartre or at the dispensary on weekdays are unattended by police inspectors clad in rags. But few conspirators are to be found among these wretched creatures, whose only thought is to worship, in their misery or old age, the God whom they have probably neglected all their lives long and to obtain the frugal help of religious benevolence.

There is also the beggar who is such for the love of Christ, and who follows in the footsteps of the great beggar-saint of this century, Benedict Joseph Labre, a Frenchman himself. Of this holy man the Roman Breviary says: "*Ita disponente*

Deo, ut beatus juvenis arctioris sequelæ crucis Christi in medio populi spectaculum fieret mundo, et Angelis, et hominibus"; and the biographer of our present Pope, Leo XIII., Mgr. de T'Serclaes, declares that the elevation of this marvellous mendicant, Joseph Labre, to the honors of our altars seemed to be an audacious defiance hurled against an age that was entirely sated with material progress and sensual refinement. What kind of a beggar is this imitator of the canonized vagrant who was the butt of ridicule, persecution, and ill-treatment in almost every European capital for Christ's sake? We do not answer, for we do not wish to penetrate too critically into God's designs.

The Mass for the poverty-stricken and its Work battle against the moral and material misery which is the parent of malice, despair, and crime. At first hunger conducts the mendicant to the Basilica of Montmartre; then his soul is moved deeply by the singing of the hymns, the exhortations of the priests, and contact with that charity which welcomes and relieves him, and he unconsciously is brought back in tears to the God of his First Communion.

The work of the Sacred Heart in behalf of the poor is a boon to French society, and a source of salvation for these outcasts of civilization.



THE PRESS AND THE NEXT CONCLAVE.

BY REV. GEO. McDERMOT, C.S.P.



SOME TIME, a distant one it is hoped, the Sacred College will be called upon to elect a successor to St. Peter; and one may venture to predict that that august body will disregard the pretensions of the states which claim a veto, as it is called, at the election. This pretension has never been acknowledged as a right. The election of Pius IX. of pious memory took place in disregard of it. The ambassador of Austria demanded that the conclave should not be held until his countrymen should arrive. The emperor held the keys of the Papal States, he could have occupied them to enforce his will—as, in fact, he entered into a part of them during the election, to put down revolutionary disturbances—but notwithstanding this danger to freedom of election the business of the conclave proceeded. This claim of the Catholic states to have an influence on the choice of the Sacred College, though a menace to the spiritual authority, is not without some appearance of propriety when we look on the surface at the relations between the church and the Christian commonwealth. But in these relations the secular power has been always trying to overstep the line which divides the things which belong to Cæsar from those which belong to God. It is in some such spirit of aggressiveness the pretension named has its origin. There is no authority for it in principle or practice similar to the acclamation or assent of a people at the coronation of a temporal king, like him of France before the Revolution. Christendom is not Italy. The king of the States of the Church is the pope. He owes nothing to the subject except—though the exception is everything in the best sense,—except what an enlightened conscience dictates to a father, a ruler, and a priest.

If Catholics object to interference on the part of Catholic states, what should be said of the forecasts, the criticisms, the language of the rationalistic and Protestant press of the world concerning the next conclave? The maxim, *Ne quæras quis hoc dixerit sed quid dicatur attende*, does not apply to the intrusive opinions, advices, and predictions of our enemies on this mat-

ter. We Catholics do not interfere, even when we have the constitutional right, in questions of church government and doctrine in England. No Catholic of either house of Parliament has joined in the discussions agitating sections of the Establishment in that country. I hope no Catholic will vote on any measure that may result from that agitation.

I regret indeed that modern toleration and historic criticism have no power, or so very little power, upon the Protestant or the rationalist when he comes to treat of a Catholic doctrine or moral principle, a Catholic saint or statesman; but at least he is within his rights in judging of them in his own way and according to his bias. If he prefers refuted charges and old misconceptions to exact explanation and historic truth, I am sorry for him, but I cannot say he is not free to use his intellect in that direction. He will exercise this freedom whether I like it or not; he will say I am blinded by unreasoning veneration if I should express the opinion that the church in the twelve centuries of her supremacy proved that hers was the best system of ecclesiastical polity, because she preserved authority and law where no other influence could have succeeded, and he will point out to me as a refutation the errors and the crimes of men. If I talk of the material progress of Europe from the fall of the Western Empire, when the church replaced all that had been destroyed, replaced over and over again the works which foreign or domestic war had overthrown, he will sneer at what he calls my enthusiasm of faith in not seeing that the church made this labor for herself when she paralyzed the controlling hand of Rome.* Even on questions of doctrine neither of them will permit me to rely upon the revelation of the Lord; one will tell me I derive the Resurrection and the Last Judgment from a pagan source, and both that I derive Purgatory from a custom acquired by the Jews from their Persian masters. Well, I allow them to so defame me, but I deny their right to kill the reigning pope and appoint his successor. We Catholics never think of appointing the state-prelate who is to sit on the throne of St. Augustine of Canterbury.

Indeed, it is a considerable time since Mr. Stead placed Cardinal Gibbons on the papal throne. In one of those vivid moments we understand so well he saw his Eminence revealed in the symbolical motto which stood for a future pope in a prophecy of St. Malachi, but which others have since applied to Cardinal Svampa. To do him justice, Mr. Stead had a

* Gibbon, etc., plainly; Guizot, etc., more guardedly.

theory which explained his overtures to mysticism, and at the same time his determining the succession to the supreme pontificate while Leo XIII. was still in the plenitude of physical and intellectual vigor. It was not in his case the wantonness of mere magazine or newspaper contempt for Catholic sentiment. There was none of the bald insolence with which the ordinary Protestant or the rationalist outrages Catholic feeling. Mr. Stead simply had his theory, which could not work until he whose symbol was "Ignis ardens" should be called from the Potomac to the Tiber; and therefore it was necessary to consign Leo XIII. to the tomb.

Nor are we too sensitive in complaining of the opinions and the forecasts of journalists and publicists. We would not for millions deprive the king-makers and cabinet-makers who rule the world from their attics of this privilege, any more than of their inspiration. As long as for a penny we can read the mind of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Jewish *Daily Telegraph* we enjoy a cheap pleasure. It is good to know beforehand, from the *London Times*, the whims and flashes of the potentate who as Emperor of Germany forgets that Electors of Brandenburg only two centuries ago were the lackeys of Polish kings. We even can accept from *Reynold's Paper*—once the anarchical organ of Mr. Chamberlain—the opinion that the English monarchy will close with the Queen's reign; there is no undue punctiliousness in our way of looking at things—but we distinctly deny the right of an Italian infidel, a French Jew, an English rationalist or Protestant to insult us by presuming such an interest in the trials of the church as will leave her no liberty at all.

It may be said that Catholic papers and periodicals have for the last ten or twelve years been referring, at more or less length, to the health of the Holy Father and the events awaiting his death. I disapprove of anything of the kind, but at least the writers were his own children. Probably they felt bound to advert to matters so delicate and grave in order to remove errors or contradict inventions. Catholics must now and then break silence for the sake of those who might be misled.

We should prefer to be let alone. No work that has appeared since the Reformation has done us justice. No matter what the character claimed for himself by any writer outside the pale, he will be found tainted by prejudices which color his judgments if they do not warp his presentation of matters of

fact. M. Guizot is looked upon as a fair-minded man. He himself in plain terms states that he regards historical questions from a philosophic level. I find his *History of France* a Huguenot pamphlet inspired by Encyclopædism; as though the Encyclopædists could be taken as Catholic witnesses. We hear Mr. Hallam pronounced judicial. The *Constitutional History of England*, though in certain respects valuable, is an insidious argument in favor of the policy that oppressed the Catholics of England. If this be a correct estimate of writers supposed to carry the highest authority in the two nations standing in the forefront of liberal opinion, what is to be expected from the crowd who supply their impulses under the name of thoughts to the evanescent pages of reviews, magazines, and newspapers?

Mr. Gladstone in one of the pamphlets which added nothing to his reputation said the position of the pope was still a great one, though shorn of much of its power. No doubt the revolution in Italy, which owed much of its success to him, has deprived the pope of his place among European sovereigns; but for all that the ruler of Christendom must be the greatest influence in the world. Decius declared he would prefer to hear of a rival to the purple than to hear of the election of a Bishop of Rome. This judgment as to the influence of the office is still applicable. But the Bishop of Rome is the Lord's Vicar; we therefore submit, no one has a right to speak of the devolution of the office except Catholics, and they because it is their duty to pray that he who fills it may be the most worthy. For my part, I bore with great gentleness the news that the German Emperor had made himself chief bishop of the Lutherans. We only know of one question which can in appearance be matter for the opinion of the world, and that is the security for the exercise of the functions of the pope. In a recent article in a French periodical it was suggested that no one now would seek it unless a man free from worldly ambition. This is beside the question. The motives of a particular candidate—assuming there is such a thing as candidature—are in the recesses of his conscience. There can be something which wears the appearance of personal ambition in a man who honestly believes himself suited for a particular work in the church, or the most suited. I admit it is a dangerous motive; perhaps there is alloy in all motives, even those that seem the most purely spiritual. The missionary who goes to Corea with his life in his hand may have something of the human energy which inspires the volunteer of a forlorn hope; but these impulses

cannot be analyzed too nicely. I doubt if a contemplative with long years of experience will venture to distinguish with confidence between human impulses and the inspirations of the Holy Ghost.

I have another objection to this view: it assumes that the temporal sovereignty was an object of ambition, and now, because it has gone, only spiritually minded men will covet the tiara. This is one of the plausibilities of Liberalism which capture well-meaning but inconsiderate people, and which are very convincing indeed to the insolent and corrupt whose blatant utterances are the war-cries of religio-economic faction. Such men as these care nothing for the character of a pope, but they see in the overthrow of the temporal power the first great step to the destruction of religion. "The abolition of the temporal power," says Mazzini, "manifestly carries with it the emancipation of the human mind from the spiritual power." "Our final purpose," say the leading Carbonarists, "is that of Voltaire and the French Revolution—the total annihilation of Catholicism and of the Christian idea itself." Guizot and Dr. Lea are with Montanelli in objecting to a theocratic tyranny over the legislation which deals with marriage and education. Our enemies are infinitely various with one bond of unity—their detestation of the Lord's Church. Their supreme see is hell and their invisible head the prince of this world. This may seem uncivil language, but what can I say when I find a public lecturer and a high functionary in a Catholic country* promulgating principles identical with those of the author of *L'Impero il Papato*,† and so with regard to all writers to whom religion is subordinate to politics.

With very great respect, it is a matter of no consequence, except to himself, whether or not a member of the Sacred College is actuated by ambition. I am not sufficiently Protestant, rationalistic, or infidel to claim authority over another man's conscience. If a particular cardinal should seek the place of pope through unworthy motives, God pity him! If he should desire it through what he may think good motives—he is not to be envied—I still say God help him! for he seeks an awful burden, a responsibility whose consequences of good or evil eternity cannot annul. But in the practical business of election the individual electors can only be guided by their judgment and conscience, though the judgment in its result is the act

* Guizot, professor of history in the faculty of literature at Paris and minister of public instruction.
Montanelli.

of God the Holy Ghost; but putting aside the result, and only considering the component parts of the Sacred College, I may be permitted to hold that the electors are not more dishonest than the members of an English chapter acting under the *congé d'elire* of majesty informed by—say, a Presbyterian prime minister.

If the system in England be the most admirable instance of judicious compromise that wisdom and moderation acting on religious enthusiasm could produce—so its advocates say—and if no one thinks of anticipating the death of an English prelate and appointing as his successor one opposed to the opinions of his flock, there ought to be a similar reserve with regard to that place in Christendom to which two hundred millions of people must look—not merely may look—for guidance as to what they are to hold and to reject in matters of faith and morals. I deny the right of our enemies to say what ought or ought not to be done in a matter so intimately concerning us. This, I think, ought to be admitted where there is no question of the temporal power. It would be an unheard-of presumption for a stranger to dictate to a business man how he should conduct his concern. Then does the temporal power confer a right to criticise, to direct, to intervene? Four European states sent a missive to one of the popes of this century censuring him for misgovernment—Satan rebuking sin is not an uncommon form of consistency. The subjects of a successor of that pope, in pursuance of principles which the rulers of the states in question would deal very summarily with in their own dominions, flung off his authority. In these facts we discover nothing against the temporal sovereignty—very far from it; we only find brutal insolence on the part of rulers who presumed to lecture the king of a weak state instead of attending to their own affairs; and we see in the rebellion of the pope's subjects the Nemesis which is pursuing through the monarchies of Europe kings and ministers unfaithful to the true principle on which government rests—the authority conferred by the King of kings upon his vicegerents.* But the restoration of the temporal sovereignty, though not a principle within the domain of dogma, is a political necessity annexed to the exercise of the supreme religious authority, so that I cannot concede the consideration of its absence is a circumstance to be taken into account in judging of those members of the Sacred College who are called *papabili*.

* The infidel president of a French republic may be the vicegerent of God *de facto* and *de jure*, but I am at liberty as an individual to prefer that the vicegerent should be a descendant of St. Louis.

In the confidences which passed between Frederick the Great and Voltaire the king wrote as follows: "All the potentates of Europe being unwilling to recognize the Vicar of Christ in a man subject to another sovereign, will create patriarchs each one in his own dominions." He was acute enough to see that this would break in pieces the unity of the church and lead to realizing the Reformers' formula: the subject must profess the king's creed.* There can be no clearer way of putting the necessity of the pope's temporal power than the statement of Frederick. Loftier principles might be advanced to support it, more profound considerations within the domain of philosophic history could be presented to show that providence intended it, but the hard and unprincipled sagacity of Frederick supplies the argument which strikes the statesman to whom religion is a department of police for which nothing has yet been substituted or is likely to be substituted.

It is to be regretted that an idea has gone out that the Catholic press should henceforth take the place of France, Austria, and Spain† in influencing elections to the Papacy. Of course this could not take the shape of the veto, but it would act in what people understand as the formation and guidance of public opinion. The Catholic press is a section of the entire press, and if it enjoyed a license to dictate to the Sacred College one fails to see how it could possess a monopoly in the business of pope-making. It lays no claim to infallibility, and pressmen outside the church dispute its superior ability and knowledge. We should then, instead of the impudent and valueless opinions which have been appointing successors to Leo XIII. ever since his accession, have the semi-authorized foolishness of newspapers all over the world telling the cardinals what must be done if schism is to be prevented; we would have our faithful people wounded, mortified, and confused by the accusations, the retorts, and the libels which dishonor political conflicts. Holding as I do that no one should be elected unless a man determined to insist, so far as he can, on the right of the Holy See to the restoration of the usurped provinces,‡ I could not approve of the names of those great dignitaries being flung about in the gutter-press of Italy, shrieked

* *Cujus regio ejus religio.*

† Some authorities add Portugal.

‡ It is said that Cardinal Micara, in 1846, was in favor of giving the States of the Church to Italy. What was Italy but Mazzini? What is it now? However, it is possible that the "aspirations" of honest men, enlightened by the crimes of the revolutionary government, could be satisfied by a federation of Italian states exclusive of the States of the Church, the capital at Turin. But then to find the honest men!

at in the reptile press of Germany, scorched by fanaticism in England, held up to ridicule by the factitious and credulous infidelity of France, by virtue of any such concession.

Whatever pretence of propriety there was in tolerating the claim called the veto, there could be no justification whatever for that put forward by M. di Cesare on behalf of the press.* He is a man apparently acquainted with some of the inner workings of Italian policy, and may consider that giving the Italian press a mission like that of the political papers everywhere would tend to a reconciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal. Why, the very words I use would remind a feudal lawyer of the peace which left a disseizor *vi et armis* in possession of the disseizee's inheritance of castle and manor. But it means a great deal more than that; the pope is only the trustee of the temporalities. He may yield to superior force; he may again go to the catacombs and rule the church like his far-off predecessors, the crown of martyrdom just hovering above his brow, but he cannot give away her patrimony. There is one thing, said John Chrysostom, I dare not do: Tell the empress I dare not commit sin. There are unalterable principles, there are duties which bind for ever, and though statesmen may intrigue, and armies march, and a ribald press defame, God's hour comes to repay his servant's fidelity. I put the question in a word: the pope must rule from a prison or a throne. Which do men choose for him? Have two hundred millions of Catholics no right to what belongs to them and their descendants against the few Italians who became wealthy in the ruin of their country and to the shame of civilization?

* M. di Cesare states that "an Italian minister for foreign affairs" was anxious that a programme of preparation for the next conclave should be submitted to him. This is probable and might have been done in good faith. He is the author of *The Conclave of Leo XIII.*

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE.

BY JEANIE DRAKE,

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ANX-CONFEDERATE Major Norman leaned against one of the lofty, crumbling brick pillars which formed a widely open portal to the plantation of Rainford in the parish of Prince George, Winyaw. A pair of brilliant red-birds, after exchanging long, clear, eloquent whistles across the live-oak avenue, arranged a meeting on the frosty ground at his feet, and would have feasted on the crumbs which he absently threw them but for a sudden fluttering descent upon them of sere yellow leaves and small brown sparrows in whirling confusion. "Be off, you beasts!" cried the major, with more bitterness than the incident called for, and flung at the feathered marauders a bit of mortar taken from the pillar. With small effect it would have been but for the oncoming of a tall, very bony and very black old negro, who with grave ceremony handed to his master a soft felt hat.

"You'se a mighty nyoung-lookin' man for yo' years—for yo' years, Mass' William. But you oughter noo dose is too many for you to be out heah in de cold widout yo' hat."

The major, with visible softening of care-worn features, accepted the offering. "But where's your own, Abram?" he remarked, "for, *entre nous*, you're older than I am."

"Das true, sah, berry true. But de Lord done gib me ha'ar as bushy as Absalung's, ef 'tain't as long." He was, indeed, crowned with a thick natural mop of snowy, upstanding wool. "'Scusin'," he added hastily, "what mout look like a reproachin' ob baldness. But you has dat, sah, wid de prophet 'Lijah an' udder great men."

The major listened no longer, for his look dwelt in frowning gravity upon some fresh wheel-ruts along the avenue. "Time was, Abram," said he, "when we could shut our doors upon undesired guests. But Sherman tore down and destroyed more than my beautiful hand-wrought iron gates. It seems like yesterday," he went on, "that I found my way, foot-sore and famishing, back from Appomattox; and hardly knew my own home, such a wreck as it was! Furniture, pictures, silver, slaves, all

—all gone. All except you, Abram; and you stood by my dear mother, rest her soul!”

“Yes, sah,” said Abram, reflectively, “a imperdent Yankee says to me, he says: ‘Uncle, you kin cut an’ run des like de udders.’ An’ I says to him (wid de grand air ob we-all Normans), ‘Nyoung man, fust ting, I *ain’t* yo’ uncle; an’ nex’ ting, whar I gwine run *to*? Ef you ebber gits as good a place as I has at Rainford, you des *keep* it; but dat ain’t likely.”

This anecdote was probably not new to the major, his gaze remaining abstracted, and wandering across roadway and forest to where, beyond the creek, high factory-like chimneys showed themselves above the tree-tops. “I declare to Heaven,” he said, half to himself, “that I could have endured to the end without a murmur, if the smoke from that stranger’s works did not blow in my face with every wind to remind me that I was forced to sell my birthright for a mess of pottage. It was surely hard luck, Abram, when we two had toiled all those anxious years to make a living out of the old place, and without proper tools or men or means to obtain them, that at the last—to get rid of the mortgage—I should let Randall have the half he wanted. And then to have phosphate found on his part only—and over there he piles up his thousands while we are as hard up as ever!”

“‘Scusin’ de libbutty, we ain’t,” said Abram, politely but with decision. “‘Stid o’ bein’ a fiel’ han’, I is now yo’ pusalsonal ’tendant, same like I was in Paris when yo’ pa sent you on de grand tower arter you done git troo college. An’ ef Esau was starbin’ o’ hunger when he ’bleege to sell he birt-right, he done show some sense. Wha’ good birt-right gwine do a man when he *daid*? I dunno much ’bout dese yere Randalls. Dey ain’t”—loftily—“ob our ancient regiment, an’ I ’spec’ dey’s nuttin’ but canal; so you needn’t to bodder to study ’bout *dem*.”

“It forces a little study, however,” said the major drily, “when canaille wishes to ally itself with the ancien régime.” Custom enabled him thus to interpret the French of Africa-*atte*-Winyaw which bore witness to Abram’s tour abroad. “You showed young Mr. Randall into my library this morning and those are the marks of his carriage-wheels on my avenue. My motherless girl has been your pet for so long, Abram, that I may tell you I let him know—and not for the first time—that I have other views for my daughter. Presumptuous interloper!”

He spoke with fire, but as he moved towards the house his old playmate and servant following noted that, the flush of excitement dying away, a weary look replaced it as of one whom life-long anxieties and disappointments had, in spite of great courage, overborne. Abram's old white, woolly head was slowly shaken; and when, his master going indoors, he went off across fields, himself hobbling a little, his sympathy was presently intensified by vexed surprise. For on reaching the orchard, where every afternoon it was his custom to exasperate the plantation youth by counting for their discomfiture the few belated apples still clinging to wintry boughs, he heard, behind the farther hedge, a murmur of voices. To step behind a tree-trunk was easy enough; and then, craning his long neck between the branches, to find a spying-hole.

But here were no thievish pickaninnies to pounce upon. The voices were low and restrained, and surely that was the top of his own Miss Alicia's graceful head; and it was young Randall who held her hand and was most earnestly urging some matter upon her! Abram gave three soft knocks upon his own pate with his bony knuckles, which was his way of accusing stupidity for not having before guessed the girl's inclinations in this affair. Was it not clearly his duty, in his master's interest, to hear what they were saying? He stole cautiously to a nearer sheltering trunk; then reflected: "'Tain't fittin' fur a *Norman* listenin' unbeknownst. 'Tis a low-down, poor white trash trick. Nubbless obleege," and shuffled with infinite precaution back to his first tree. Temptation's siren voice lured him forward again in the increasing fervor of the speakers' tones and gestures; and again he advanced, but stopped short once more. "Ain't you know, Abram Norman, dat 'tis as mean to listen at haidge-holes as to steal de coppers offen a daid man's eyes!" suggested the voice of "nubbless" within and drove him back. But a new glimpse of Miss Alicia's head, now upon young Randall's shoulder, added such fuel to devouring curiosity that, as he told himself later: "Satan mout a-played ball wid de poor ole man ontwell de day ob judgment," had not the lovers' meeting now come to an end. Miss Alice went with downcast, pensive mien towards the house, and Uncle Abram, leaving the apples to count themselves, fell into a fit of musing, from which he roused himself to declare portentously to the landscape at large: "Yes sah, hist'ry gwine repeat heself. Hist'ry gwine repeat heself, onless Unc' Abram tek a han'."

He met his young mistress again next morning, as he led

forth from the front gate a little donkey to be loaded, at her request, with such leafy decoration for the dining-room as the January woods still afforded. "I gwine git it myself dis time," he declared. "Las' young fool nigger I sent for 'greens,' he done bring me collards outen de cabbage patch!" He tugged at the bridle now, reprovingly saying: "Wha's de mattah wid you, Dandy! Shyin' at yo' own Miss Alice! Missus"—with a bow more courtly even than the major's, his model—"dis here donkey done tu'n aside like Balaam's from a angel in he path."

The smile which greeted his compliment was wan, and the girl's eyes looked as though the night past had been given to tears rather than to sleep. He shook his head once more, turning to watch her up the avenue. This prevented his observing the approach of a negro who, with the rude irreverence of untrained youth, ran into and would have upset him if Dandy's legs had not been stouter than his own. He glared at the offender: "Who 'low you, Amos Brown, for projeck you'self dataway into a gemman? Is you blind, or is you des crazy? Dese here nyoung niggers—please God, dey ain't got no manners! An' dey ain't git nuttin' else from dese here fine new schools but loafin'—an' sassiness—an' craps! Look at dat now," in a grumbling undertone, "ef dat imperdent nigger ain't done gib a note to Miss Alice, under my ve'ey eyes!"

The rest of that day his usual autocratic supervision of underlings was relaxed to an extreme and significant degree. If Alicia Norman had not been wholly and remorsefully preoccupied herself, she must have remarked the old negro's wistful observance of her every movement; which observance increased as afternoon brought again the hour of yesterday's interview at the hedge, and did not relax even when that time passed without another such. He was in the room when she returned to bid her father a lingering second "good night," and again a third; at which Abram pursed up his thick lips and knotted his bushy white brows.

When, all having retired for the night, he closed the house, as was his custom, instead of going to bed he inducted himself into a quite remarkably rusty great-coat and hat, and trotted out on the avenue and along the road leading to the Randalls'. Arrived near their entrance, he kept watch there for an hour or two more—a hard vigil for so old a man in the January starlight, with rheumatic twinges playing about his joints, while the cold forced him to keep moving about and flapping his arms painfully together. But at the end of this

time his watchfulness was rewarded by hearing the new and costly gates of this regretted part of old Rainford softly swung on their hinges and held open while a carriage was carefully driven through.

"Who's that?" guardedly called the voice of young Randall from the vehicle.

"'Tis me. 'Tis Abram from Major's Norman's," said the old man, a shadowy form, hat in hand, at the carriage step.

The occupant leaned out. "What is it? What do you want?" he asked low but in evident suspense. "Amos, hold the horses."

"Come dis way, sah. Now, dat Amos ain't a-listening'. You needn't to go ober to Rainford, sah. She ain't a-comin'," he whispered.

"What—what! Is she ill, or—or—"

"No, sah," with the emollient but final air of a plenipotentiary. "At de las' minute she des fine she kaint leab her pa. Not dis way. She de only one he got."

Eyes accustomed to the starlight might have perceived the young man biting his lip in deep chagrin. "Very well, uncle," he said after a pause, "I will write her. This is for yourself."

"No, sah," waving the offering away; "I done dis for lub."

"Ah, so did I," young Randall murmured involuntarily.

"No, sah," respectfully but firmly, "'scusin' de libbutty, dat ain't de right kine ob lub dat teks a nyoung lady secret-like from her folks to gib low-down trash a chance for talk about her."

Even from a poor old dependent's lips this stung. "Perhaps you don't know, old man, that I have been asking her father for her for two years."

"Jacob sarbe fourteen for Rachel," responded Abram, mildly. "But ef dat *do* seem a mite long for dese yere disgen'rate days, why, des keep on wid her pa, a-tryin' an' a-tryin'. An' ef I fine—ef I fine, mind you," magisterially, "dat de chile reelly done sot her heart on you—well, den *dis* time you has ole Abram's good word."

With a rueful smile at this, young Randall re-entered his carriage and bade the driver return. Then, before the astonished Amos could realize it, Abram had pressed a dime into his unwilling hand, saying with infinite condescension, "For holdin' de hosses while I done talk to your massa," and passed on with a sense of gratified revenge for the afternoon's affront. But the slow smile left his features in a few moments, as he

jogged homeward, knowing that the hardest part of his task lay before him. Near his own entrance he strained his eyes, peering here and there into the darkness; but it was just inside that a girlish, cloaked figure stood, and put her hand to her heart at the approaching footsteps.

"'Tis only yo' ole Unc' Abram."

"'Tis only yo' ole Unc' Abram," he told her soothingly, "dat brings you notice dat no one won't be a-drivin' here to-night. Come in outen de cold, chile, so I kin tell you all about it."

He led her quietly back into the house, and seeing her shiver, placed her near the library fire while he relighted the lamp. It was strange that this illiterate old fellow should divine that the immediate solace the waiting girl needed was assurance that her lover was no laggard. His first words proved this.

"Honey, I done met yo' nyoung Mass' Randall a-tearin' an' a-hurryin' here wid he horses a-smokin' an' a-snortin,' an' I des tu'n him back."

"Uncle Abram, how dared you?"

"I dare do more 'n dat for Mass' William, an' for he chile. Dat ain't a fittin' way for my nyoung miss to go to her weddin'."

The girl's wrath held her speechless for a minute. Then she said vehemently: "And you have the insolence to stand there and tell me that, when I know that you helped your Mass' William to carry off my mother to be married, and were a witness at their wedding!"

"Dar now! Das *des* what I want you to relude to, dat I kin tell you dat de *times is change*. 'Lopement was de right t'ing den for de ancient regiment, or *Abram Norman wouldn't a-been dar!* But de lub affairs ob *bong tong* ain't manage dataway now. Ef dar ain't nuttin' against de man, why den 'tis *commy fo* to hab some patience and tek time, an' argufy an' 'splain, an' git yo' way in de end. An' ef you has a good, wise, kind pussón ob 'sperience to help you, den you's mighty lucky!"

But Alice walked the floor in impatient anger. "You are an audacious old meddler!" she broke out.

Abram leaned his knotted hands on the library table, bending his gaunt body forward until the lamplight shone on the kindly, wrinkled old face with its crown of white. "Miss' Alice, chile," he said very slowly and quietly, "you ain't nebber spoke dat way to Unc' Abram before. Maybe you done forgit dat yo' pa an' me was boys togedder. Dat I nuss him when he wounded at Shiloh. Dat I wid him all dese years for richer

for poorer, for better for wusser. Dat I stan' by yo' ma when she dyin' an' promise for tek care ob Mass' William. Would *dat* be tekkin' care to hab somebody come een de night an' steal he one ewe lamb? Ain't you see how bad yo' pa look; how tired-like an' wore out? Ain't you see how he hug you to him to-night like you was his only comfort in tribulations an' disapp'intments? An' dis de ve'ey season when he los' yo' ma, an' you gwine run off an' leab him in he old age an' loneliness!"

The girl's eyes drooped as though to hide a dimness; so she started when the speaker, with sudden cheerful change, called out: "Mornin', Mass' William! We gwine hab a fine day."

The major, in his dressing-gown, was silent until he laid his pistol on the mantel-piece. "I thought," said he, "that it was burglars, and here I find two owls conspiring. Alice, isn't it a bit late to give any orders, or to keep this old fellow up?"

And he never suspected why Abram answered for her boldly: "Dat he was glad to hand her over to her pa," and she could only cling to him long and lovingly in another good-night without spoken word.

After the late breakfast next morning, which Abram turned into a function, he laid before his young mistress a great bunch of roses, crimson, dewy, and fragrant. "Dese," said he, clearing his throat importantly, "am sent, wid he bes' complimuns, from Mass' Lewis Randall. Me and dat nyoung gemman had de honah ob a few minutes' talk on de av'noo while you-all was soun' asleep. An' I mus' say"—quite regardless of his master's face of wrathful wonder—"dat he got mighty fine manners—mos' as good as our own class. Ef he ain't, as yet, quite de *savvy fare* ob de ancient regiment, dat ain't no reason he ain't gwine git it after some collusion wid we-alls. 'Tis a Christian juty for to gib him de chance."

"Was it cigars or just chewing-tobacco?" the major inquired with ominous dryness. But when Abram had taken his hurt dignity away and Alice her blushes and her roses, the major fell into a fit of musing in which some vision of the future must have intruded itself, for at the last he confided, resentfully, to his pipe: "So they have enlisted the 'ancient regiment' in their cause! Who knows to what I will be driven? for I know that old fellow's wearing persistency when he takes anything into his head; and, confound him, he's sometimes right!"

CHRIST IS THE NEED OF THE NATIONS.

BY REV. MICHAEL P. SMITH.



THE connection between history and religion is very close. It resembles the union of the soul and the body. For as history represents the whole social framework, so does religion manifest a special, divine presence which has always permeated society.

There are and always have been universal needs on the part of mankind with regard to things of the highest moment; there is a darkness in the human mind, an unfilled void in the human heart, a weakness of moral purpose.

Man strives to know the Author of this world and of his being. He fain would understand the origin and issue of life, the reasons for the ills that afflict him; what, if anything, gives life value and dignity, what presents a worthy object of happiness; what will stay and comfort him when called on, as he inevitably will be, to renounce this life; what secrets the future has in store.

As an everlasting love was God's motive in creating man, so is that love made constant and practical by his providence in teaching man, in forming, raising, maturing him for his destiny by all the happenings of life. The instrument, means, and guidance of all this preparation we call religion: religion in its true and fullest sense—a manifestation on God's part of his will and his relations, and, on man's side, knowledge, feeling, trust, a bond, a covenant fully warranted, freely accepted, generously welcomed, by which man is brought face to face with his object, in the exceeding great cry of unquenchable passion, of irrepressible aspiration and possession by which his soul says, "Thou art my God."

GOD DEALS WITH NATIONS AS HE DOES WITH INDIVIDUALS.

The same methods which God uses towards individuals he uses towards nations, for "He made all things that they might be and he made the nations of the earth for health"; he is their sanction and support. Like individuals, nations have their varied gifts and endowments, their temperaments, habits, ideas, their virtues and vices, a determined moral character; like them,

they have their youth and their decay, they move forward, they abide for a time, they flourish and pass—only, as we count the life of the individual by years, we mark the span of nations by centuries.

Read in its broadest outlines, history shows us that however manifold, complex, minute, or hidden the government of God may seem to be, yet nations form the most part of it. They are the helpers, willing or unwilling, of his designs; the ministers of his will, the participants of his favor, the instruments, or the victims, by transgression, of his vengeance.

Standing on the vantage-ground of the present, with the accumulated knowledge of the ages, if we summon up the nations of antiquity, as they pass in review we see that four great empires, the Babylonian, the Assyrian, the Græce-Macedonian, and the Roman, are the central figures which deserve most particular notice.

The unsurpassed genius, the mighty resolves and heroic execution that welded them, the pomp and cruelty, the ambition and purposes, influenced by some conception of truth, the oscillations forwards and backwards, the thousand tendencies and counter-currents, the onward course to ever-deepening abysses of confusion, error, and revolt, to newer and more degrading beliefs and practices,—we see them through it all struggling, rising, profiting by a divine education, by an overruling Providence, which had a two-fold object, to impress upon man the keenest sense of his own misery and helplessness, and also to fit him for divine truth and life: this is the vision, this the interpretation, this the commentary on the past. Surely the very slowness of our Lord's coming, that delayed manifestation not given "until the fulness of time," is the proof of his religion. It came to a dying world given over to despair, to peoples enveloped in darkness and bound in inextricable error, to man passive from the failure of his efforts, submissive with the exhaustion of his struggles, yet to man enlightened by the acknowledgment of his weakness and purified by the intensity of his desires for help from on high.

Dealing with these needs as shown in their utmost urgency, in their typical and recognizable form, I need only allude to the general preparation of the Gentile nations, in which by the voice of conscience, by the rights of nature, by oral and written traditions, by the uncovenanted ways of his mercy and power God left not himself without witness. Nor need I speak of the special preparation of the Hebrew people, since they

stand apart, having an origin and character, a *rôle*, evident from the pages of profane as well as sacred history, a mission the purpose and failure of which is summed up by St. John, viz., "That He came to His own, and His own received Him not."

Cyrus, Darius, Alexander the Great led up to Rome; the Cæsars in their turn labored to build up Roman domination for ever, only, as we know, to make final and fitting preparation for that great spiritual, world-embracing empire of which Jesus Christ is the monarch.

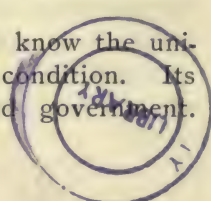
THE FINGER OF GOD IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

The existing obstacles which have opposed the diffusion of Christ's kingdom have been—the multiplicity of warring states, the diversity of language, and natural barriers, mountains and impassable forests.

Alexander the Great, in the manifestation of his warlike genius, had carried civilization eastward to the confines of the known world and had also placed the standard of intellectual endeavor and excellence; while his countrymen or subjects, making every fair isle and safe harbor in the Ægean and Mediterranean seas their own, had transported their industry and genius, Hellenic culture and ideals, westward to the pillars of Hercules. Greece, fair but unfortunate, though resigning her civil independence to Rome, still preserved the palm of mental superiority and her conqueror became her disciple. Meantime, a new and the greatest centre of human achievement was set up in imperial Rome, the mistress of the world, the home of majesty, valor, order, of all-embracing law. Thus Greek remained the language of arts and letters; Latin, the instrument of domination, and so the barrier of language was removed.

Again echoed the world in due subjection: to expedite her incessant military movements Rome had constructed highways radiating out from herself, crossing and recrossing in strategic network; her legionaries were but the pioneers of the apostles, and the roads which had known only the blare of trumpets, the onward path of the conquering eagles, shortly and swiftly carried the glad tidings of redemption, the message of peace and pardon to the whole earth—"Exivit sonus eorum in omnem terrani et verba eorum in fines orbis terræ."

As Rome epitomized the world, if we would know the universal need of Christ, must we consider its condition. Its greatness lay in its power of assimilation and government.



She took the nations as she found them: not destroying local existence and institutions, not suppressing, save when compelled, native rulers—rather she moulded them by contact with her own civilization, protected them with her promise and power, inspired them with desire to merit the title than which none was greater, "*Civis Romanus sum*"; for her unique idea was the common weal—the city with its municipal privileges—under imperial genius. And God, who uses the visible in preparation for the invisible, allowed her to do her work, to share her majesty, and then he turned the current of men's thoughts to a kingdom of which Rome should be the centre, of which she had the outward form, but not the substance nor the spirit.

Thus was the world made ready historically, geographically, and politically for His coming.

THE MORAL LIFE OF THE WORLD NEEDED A SAVIOUR.

And now what was the state of life? How far did the outward correspond to the inward condition? Amid so much greatness, splendor and power, did content, justice, morality flourish? The very reverse is the truth. The hour of Rome's greatest strength was that of her most abject need: that energy, restless or resistless activity were but the workings, the result of a fever that was consuming her; exalted above any previous estate of human glory, Rome in truth was the ante-chamber of hell, a land of darkness, where no order save that of force and selfishness reigned. The end, the greatness of a nation is attained if, where material plenty, order, authority flourish, there too are found the helps, the guarantees for man's moral life, the absence of obstacles, the presence of freedom and aid to seek his true destiny. But in Rome all these were wanting. The fundamental truths upon which life rests, by which its dignity and happiness are promoted, these were gone, overlaid with falsehood, submerged in a bottomless mass of corruption, ignorance, cruelty.

Knowledge of God, his creative act, his providence, had died out, and men in consequence suffered irreparable loss, were debased to the level of brutes; the belief in the immortality of the soul, its freedom, man's rights and duties, were unknown or ignored. Authority, whose principle is God, rested upon the irresponsible will of an individual, or lent itself wholly to the forceful demands of the state, to the exclusion of all other rights, divine or human. Whether we judge from the testimony of its own historians and satirists, or from the arraignment of

St. Paul, life had no redeeming features; men were without God in this world, without hope and given over to all unseemly desires in the blindness of their minds. Life in Rome was darkened and crushed by the despotism of its mad and monstrous rulers, hardened by the cruelty of the amphitheatre, defiled by the excess of the stage, pauperized by imperial largess to idle multitudes, and terrorized by insolent soldiers and a tumultuous, exacting, thoughtless populace. The rich lived in terror which they alleviated with unbridled depravity; the poor, amid surroundings in which every abomination showed forth in its native vileness, unattractive, hideous, unrelieved by concealment, or shame, or taste. The slave population far outnumbered the rest, and their condition was without consideration, honor or humanity; chattels not men, brutalized and ministering to brutality, subject as regards life and limb to each passing cruel whim of their masters.

THE MESSIAS COMETH.

Human life could touch no lower depths. Sickened, surfeited with lust, hate, and fear, in their darkest hour Jesus Christ, the Day-Star from on high, at last shone upon them, and in his light they at last began to see light and to live. His kingdom came not by observation—here a few of the better sort, a once stern soldier, a patrician lady, a handful of slaves—but speedily, and the attractions of his sweetness, the help of his grace, the blessedness of his teaching consoled, uplifted, strengthened souls, until in a little more than a hundred years a Tertullian could say: “We are but of yesterday, and we fill your streets, your forums, your courts and palaces.” And what a change! Light instead of darkness, worship of the Father in spirit and truth instead of idolatry, purity for foulness, hope in place of despair. As a polity Rome could not be saved; it had done its worst, its hour had come, it was unwieldy and overburdened. Though later Constantine gave the church freedom and protection, the empire broke under the burdens of its past crimes.

True, all that was best survived; literature, laws, the traditions, the ability for government, all these were preserved by the church. In Rome sufficient prominence was left with him who was its chief personage and later its ruler, the successor of St. Peter; sufficient power to overawe and correct the new world which rose on the ruins of the old; he was able to protect and save them not by the arm of the flesh, but by the

compelling power of truth and goodness which attached to his office as spiritual and visible head of Christ's Church. In the times immediately following, men admitted and revered the beauty and holiness of the church, they experienced her beneficent help and gave her her lawful place; for she was *Alma Mater*, a sweet nursing mother. Christian principles were the characteristics of all, individuals and nations; and Christendom, the domain of Christ, was formed, and a many-tinted garden sent up to heaven the fragrance of its piety. For then the pope ruled with power the whole flock, and even in things temporal, by common consent and public law, was the arbiter; then kings defended the church, knights fought for her, saints and scholars made her glorious.

THE REVOLT AGAINST AUTHORITY.

But lo! a change came. After centuries of unity and concord a frightful upheaval and revolt began, the direful effects of which last until our own day. The church's doctrines were attacked, her authority defied, her mysteries mocked, her possessions sequestered. Men no longer would have the unity, the harmony which Christ willed; they no longer admitted the distinction, the supremacy, the independence of the spiritual over the temporal—to Cæsar what is Cæsar's and to God what is God's—and so Cæsar came back to lord it in both domains, in church and state, over their subjects. Kings usurped spiritual headship; ancient and glorious churches, illustrious portions of the Church Catholic, became national, mere departments of state; Catholic sovereigns also intruded themselves into the holy precincts and confined the church in a gilded slavery. And here we have, whether kings be sovereign or the people, the cardinal point of most of the present ills of nations, viz., the constant, persistent rupture between church and state, the two whom God joined together for the betterment of mankind.

THE SPECTACLE OF THE MODERN WORLD.

As to-day we look upon the world a spectacle meets us which has scarce had a parallel since the days of ancient Rome. Nations are expanding, boundaries shifting, and whole peoples are being buried with unlooked-for and unsought political influences and combinations. Asia and Africa, continents which in some sort had dropped away from the map of the world, had kept aloof from friendship and interests, have been opened up, rediscovered as it were, and appropriated. Civilization has reversed its course, and now the West is bringing

light to the East; the isolation of ages is a thing of the past, barriers are broken down, the rapid facilities of travel, interest, not to say commercial advantages, make all men fellows; the lately born passion for acquisition, the requirements of modern industry, seem to demand the whole earth for its possession, its market, its field of exercise. As for these heathen and uncivilized peoples, since the Gospel has hardly reached them and multitudes are sitting in the valley of the shadow of death, their need of Christ is imperative. What solemn responsibilities, then, what sacred duties to provide for this enlightenment, devolves upon the Christian nations who have made these inroads and conquests! I shall not put this duty too high, nor expect an ideal performance; I shall willingly admit in the scope of their acts merely human considerations, commercial advantages, extension of trade, new markets; but do they reflect, that by conquest and dominion all Christians become their brother's keepers, if he through ignorance, through no fault, is lost to God? Do they suppose that these pagan, brutalized lives are to be ennobled only by commerce? to be made better, holier by adopting the drudgery and care of gain which is the characteristic of Western existence? Can we take away their ethical moral standards and substitute nothing? Must the Western nations find out at this day that man does not live for and by bread alone? Can it be truthfully, hopefully asserted that this solemn conviction of their spiritual needs and our duty enters into the policy we, together with other nations, are committing ourselves to? As to European nations, it will be hard to see aught else but greed, jealousy, rivalry for territory. They make no pretence even of humanitarian motives; they uphold even the unspeakable Turk, though his victims be numbered by untold thousands of Christian lives—and why? Because they are not agreed upon the division of his spoils.

CATHOLIC AND NON-CATHOLIC NATIONS.

When we turn to consider more attentively the nations of Europe, they divide themselves into those which have nominally or really preserved allegiance to the Catholic Church and those which in the sixteenth century rebelled against her authority and teaching, and further, those which in earlier times were lost to church unity by schisms. In the condition of Catholic nations there is much to give their well-wishers and co-religionists apprehension and grief. If it be true that decadence has set in, to what shall we attribute it? Is it simply a period of

lassitude, the ebb of the tide? Is it that these institutions do not suit the temperament of the people; that parliamentary, republican, constitutional, free rule has failed; that real parties do not exist, only factions, and hence that among them government is inefficient, corrupt, legislation partisan, taxation unbearable? These may in part be causes, but the common Father of Christendom finds and proclaims with paternal reproof and increasing warnings that the main cause is disloyalty to Christ and to His Church. The Pope insists that neglect of God and of their solemn obligations, laxity of morals, transgression of law, accommodation to false and un-Christian liberalism are the causes of decay, disorder, the sundering of all the safeguards of the body politic. They need Christ, his truth, his love and grace; for with a people gathered round his altars and devoted to the spirit of religion thrones are secure, laws just, national prosperity secured, national honor safeguarded. "Why have the nations raged and the peoples devised vain things: the kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together against the Lord and his Christ?" The reason is that they have broken the bonds which bound them in unity with the Apostolic See; they have resolved to cast away the yoke of allegiance to Christ and his church; they have sought a false independence, and to obtain it they have robbed the Christian world of its patrimony, have put restraint upon the Vicar of Christ, have allowed him to be made a prisoner, insulted and outraged him; and what have they profited? Reverence is denied them, they live in fear and trembling, their lives menaced, their states a prey to socialism and anarchism, and to them the command is given: "And now, O ye kings, understand and receive instruction, ye that judge the earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice unto him with trembling. Embrace discipline, lest you perish from the right way."

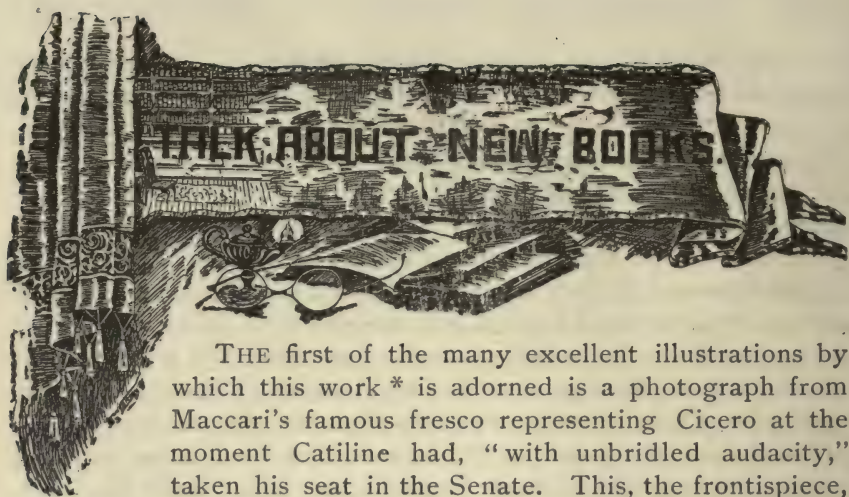
WHERE WEALTH INCREASES AND MEN DECAY.

Nor, if we attentively look at the condition of non-Catholic states, shall we find much to envy or approve. For consider not the favored few, not the classes but the masses: the direful poverty, the unremitting, ill-paid toil, the growing narrow lives unsweetened by religious motives, the cold abandonment, the indifference, the rejection of religion. Have we not read in the Scriptures of those who have sold themselves to Mammon and received the price?

Considering those things, namely, that such prosperity may have too great a price, where wealth increases and man decays, where the young and strong are idly consuming the products of the earth, where human ingenuity and the results of science are taxed to devise death-dealing machines, where countries are made camps, and the supernatural has died out of life and of government, and we shall say their need, too, is Christ. For unless history has lied, unless God has abdicated and changed his dealings, unless Christ has come short of his promised inheritance, the only remedy is return to him, and a full return to him and to his church. The main cause of these ills is disloyalty to Christ and his church—that unholy ambition, greed of worldly success, laxity of morals, insubordination of soul, transgression of the laws of God. They need Christ, his love, and his truth.

Sometimes the assertion is made that states which are Catholic are stationary and retrogressive or decadent, whereas the non-Catholic countries are found to be strong, expanding, imperial. This assertion, based as it is on defective, unscientific comparison, need not trouble us for answer—it is not true in the terms of those who urge it; but nowhere did Christ promise worldly prosperity as the reward of obedience to his Gospel; rather his spirit and his words point to other rewards. We are bidden “to seek first the kingdom of God and his justice.” There is, however, nothing in the institutions, laws, and teachings of the Catholic Church to hinder the truest and highest civilization; rather these favor it.

As for these United States, if in theory and in reality our relationship to the order which God has decreed be not ideal or most perfect, at least in God’s providence it seems to be the best possible under the circumstances. We are not, as a nation, in revolt against God, nor in concealed hostility to his church. Our form of government does not provide for such alliance, but it leaves us free to follow conscience, to serve God, to obey the church, and nowhere has the church shown such vitality, nowhere has the Apostolic See more freedom, nor more devoted children. The gates of Empire, by an unexpected combination of circumstances, swing open to us; a war undertaken to uplift humanity has brought unexpected responsibilities. Let us first make sure they have been imposed, and that our duty as well as our ability combine to rightly discharge them.



THE first of the many excellent illustrations by which this work * is adorned is a photograph from Maccari's famous fresco representing Cicero at the moment Catiline had, "with unbridled audacity," taken his seat in the Senate. This, the frontispiece, gives an idea of what preferences in subject and treatment underlie Mr. Willard's views; at the same time there is a fine spirit of candor throughout which, to the ordinary reader, would mark him down as impassive or coldly judicial. He is fair but not judicial, and in this answers Guizot's requirement of what the historian ought to be; a requirement which even in his philosophy Guizot himself practised to the very letter so far as not being judicial.†

Upon the whole we are inclined to think he has proved, against his will, that there is a decadence in the art of Italy. Rome is no longer the capital of the art world. Venice, Florence, Milan, and Genoa are no longer great centres of art. They used to be—we may say this with a qualification with respect to Genoa, which was looked upon as a sort of Bœotia—although their promising students invariably went for a time to Rome to obtain that finish which its technique and unparalleled collections afforded.

We see that Mr. Willard has an admiration for "classicism," though he endeavors to show it has a tendency to sterility; he praises the performances of Preraphaelitism and Romanticism, but he does this because they are a revolt against Classicism; the bias of his mind is in favor of realism, or, as we think he prefers to call it, Naturalism. Yet his realism is idealism when we come to examine it; and it, in truth, makes out the case for the Romanticists as well as if he held a brief for them.

We suggest that the history of art should be looked at as

* *History of Modern Italian Art.* By Ashton Rollins Willard. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† Guizot condemns Dr. Lingard for what he calls indifference. This, in our opinion, would be better stated by saying Dr. Lingard had a true perception of the equity of history.

a whole. The changes of the conceptions and treatment are manifestations of latent impulses and not unconnected, cataclysmic phenomena. The abnormal is a form of evolution as distinctly as the graduated, the decadent as the progressive. Shakspeare did not step from heaven, nor were the titanic creations of Michelangelo flung upon the world as the miracles of an unknown power.

Among the illustrations we have a photograph of Clement XIV. from the marble of Canova. This great work is viewed as the finest expression of the classic style, and yet we think this can only be held on some such principle as that which regards sculpture as the form in which that taste revealed itself. If anything could be idealized realism, it is the figure of the pontiff in the robes of his office, his hand blessing and protecting the world. Pure classicism loves the toga, the laurel crown, the drapery which shows the grace or strength of the limb. It is this sculpturesque preference which constitutes what is understood as classicism in painting. We must say, however, that the chapter on Canova and his contemporaries is very instructive and suggests thoughts on the effect of external influences in determining taste. Canova was peculiarly susceptible to impressions of the delicate, graceful, and sensitive, and he found them in classic art.

We have in the relation between Tenerani's works and Bartolini's an instance of evolution which did not proceed along the normal lines of development. Both of them belonged to the period of transition from Classicism to Naturalism. Tenerani had been a pupil in a school where the other had been a teacher, but the pupil stood against the teacher's ideas. He introduced into his conceptions a Danish element from the influence of Thorvaldsen, but despite all this, his work suggests that of Bartolini. This is one method by which a new variety comes upon the stage. Personal dislike caused resistance to the master's ideas, this produced the effect of taste in sending the pupil to a different source of inspiration, and the result, to a large extent, was the soul of Thorvaldsen in the chisel of Bartolini.

In Vincenzo Vela Naturalism attained its highest development. At the moment Romanticism was losing its hold on European literature it entered into art. It would be interesting to treat the reciprocal influences of literature and art. We pass with the remark that at least up to the French Revolution Rome was not only the art capital of the world, she was the arbiter

on all questions of literary conception and method. We have among the illustrations in the book the replica, now in Washington, of Vela's "Last Days of Napoleon." There can be only one opinion about this work, but its pre-eminent success is due, in our opinion, to a departure from what is understood as the principles of Realism. These require the man to be face and form as in the model, the animated clay if you like, and apart from any lesson to mankind—in other words, a human brute ugly or shapely, but a thing without an interest in the struggles of the past or of the future, an atom of the countless millions that were born and that died amid the immensities. In the marble, the emperor is in his last hours, seated in a chair with relaxed limbs but an intellect ablaze with the passions of hate and pride directed by profound policy and inexorable will. The map spread upon his lap, with the hand clinched on Russia and Prussia, is hardly needed to enlighten us as to what is passing within that brow of Jove or seen by the eyes which awe as might a fate's. It is very curious that, while recognizing that the effect of "commonplaceness" is produced, despite their admirable execution, by almost all the other works of this sculptor, Mr. Willard does not perceive that this is due to the principle which treats man as a soulless being. His Dante is only saved from vulgarity by his mediæval costume, but surely we ought to have that turbulent, unresting, feverish, unhappy but glorious spirit living in the marble. Popes and emperors, Neri and Bianchi, falsehood, fidelity, statecraft, and the low-lying rays of the Renaissance dawn should come to us at the sight. Instead we have a gentleman of the fourteenth century, like that kind of banality in exhibitions so often catalogued by the legend "Portrait of a Gentleman." We ask our readers whether at the sight of such pictures they have not had murderous and destructive impulses?

When he comes to the painters, Mr. Willard begins with Vincenzo Camuccini, the leader of the classic movement, of whose "Death of Cæsar" he gives an illustration from an engraving. Against this school Preraphaelitism was a revolt and so was Romanticism—which may be found, in principle, a form of the latter. Where these forms appeal to identical principles of taste is in their abstraction from the individual. Classicism was called an appeal from the mediæval individualism of the Renaissance; it should be looked upon as mistaken criticism which confounded individualism with the individual, but which possessed an advantage in suggesting to the mind new forms of

thought and supplying to a public tired of one kind of production conceptions which affected it like an introduction to a new world. All the phases of intellectual activity from age to age, which are generally described as changes of taste, are to our mind the seasonable discovery made by acute intellects that a particular vein has been exhausted. The period of transition from one standard of taste to another is the time of difficulty, and there is a temptation to men who mistake recklessness for boldness to jump an abyss. It is in the highest degree probable that words are taken for ideas; that is to say, that criticism couched in words is frequently supposed to be judgment formed from a survey of the whole field of contemporary and past art. The old Romanticism gave prominence to one figure, a dominant intelligence swaying all by the superiority of his gifts, but that is not individualism. The underlying thought of that form of conception was not the man himself, but the incarnation of a principle. It might be called realistic too, for whether the central figure in which the principle had earthly life was a good man or a bad one, it was what we would believe he looked like. This will in brief show the reader that criticism is often a jargon, and that we are led along by words which express the confusion rather than the distinctness of the critic's ideas.

Like the social and political movement in England known as Young England, the Romantic movement in art seems to have been, as Mr. Willard says, first of all an emotional one. Its characteristics were the selection of subjects of passionate human interest instead of the cold themes of the classic school. In a valuable note the author points out that this movement was literary in its origin. The impulse began in a reaction against Classicism, but obtained its force from the conceptions of the school inaugurated in Germany by Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*, published in 1773, and further advanced by Schiller's *Die Räuber*, published towards the close of the decade. Scott's translation of the first work started a tendency in Britain which was maintained by himself, Byron, and their contemporaries. The poems of Byron became very popular in Italy and supplied themes to the painters. In Germany the illustrations prepared for Goethe's *Faust* were conceived in the same spirit. The cold severity of the classic school—so marble-like and dignified—could have no place in a world into which entered the intense vitality, whether in good or evil, of this startling literature.

A little remains to be said of the Realistic school. It is our

opinion, from the instances presented by Mr. Willard, that any success which attends this phase of art is due to idealization. We have already hinted as much; a better illustration than that of the sitting statue representing the last days of Napoleon is Podesti's picture, called the Martyrdom of St. Thomas.* A difficult subject was saved from the suggestion of the ridiculous by idealized treatment of the gridiron. This, we think, is a fair instance of the true province of art rising superior to the dicta of schools.

What a chilling influence is the sceptical spirit of the age in which we live! We are not sure that deference to it improved the first conception of Morelli's Christ after the Resurrection. In its first state this picture showed the figure of Satan sinking into the earth, and from the accessories by which the thought was to be interpreted, one would fancy this a valuable detail. He, however, rejected it on reflection, because nineteenth century minds would only sneer at an embodiment of the principle of evil. So we see there is a sterility produced by unbelief, as well as by the use of traditional ideas and methods. We cannot help observing, as we have often done before, that the tyranny exercised by scepticism is a more cruel restraint on the exertions of genius than the control of legitimate authority. A classic myth, a theme from nature, may be treated without reserve; scenes and ideas from Holy Writ are to be estimated by the hypotheses of the Higher Criticism.

Upon the whole, we are pleased with this work. The anecdotes come in seasonably to brighten minuteness of detail. With regard to these we are inclined to think the author is too much given to the testing of their authenticity. We thought so, for example, when he rejects the story of the model for Vela's marble, *La Desolazione*. Every story of the kind assumes an artist is made indifferent to another's mental suffering when he has in view his object; just as a vivisectionist is in the interest of science. Indeed, psychical vivisection has been a study dear to Italians as well as to Easterns—quite as much as physical torture was the amusement of the hardy North and the savages of America and Africa.

We close by the remark that, in careful review, Mr. Willard has hardly named six painters of very considerable ability, two or three, at most, of exceptional ability in the present generation. Of the last, Niccolo Barabino, born and trained in

*Strictly he was a painter of the transition period.

Genoa, is one, and we claim him as a representative of our views of art, an idealist, if anything, and such an one as alone of his time would command the respect of Raphael and Correggio, if for an hour they could look upon the works of their successors. We have no space to speak of the chapters on Architecture; but we can say they will be found interesting by students, and possibly by general readers, as a testimony to the boldness and power which still seem to survive in one branch of art among Italians.

When the author of the present volume* produced his *Boyhood*, it met with a few criticisms which, as he himself remarks, are likely to be repeated in this instance. Against the first, that he pronounces boarding-schools an unalterable necessity, he has quite successfully defended himself. As to the second, his treatment of questions of purity, we think he has a claim on the considerate judgment of all broad-minded, sensible, experienced persons.

The whole book is replete with thoughtful, practicable suggestions toward a more profitable education of our young men. The wide common sense and large experience of the writer come plainly into view in every page; now and again a side remark may evidence an opinion on religion or ethics with which we cannot agree, but taken as a whole we heartily commend the spirit and pronouncements of the author.

By far the most significant is the chapter on Purity. It will take generations to train society generally to that open and wholesome treatment of a disagreeable question, but we cannot but commend every move towards this consummation. There is not an unworthy word or idea in the author's mind, and what else should we criticise harshly? Hardly a boy that lives but would be the better for reading that chapter or being drilled on the lines it suggests. What the writer, unfortunately, cannot dilate upon is the all-powerful weapon that the Catholic school can, through the confessional, bring to bear on this insidious enemy of social welfare and lovely morality; only his necessary lack of knowledge on this particular point could justify his silence, for in the world at large—among the medical profession, for example—unstinted praise is bestowed upon the church's successful efforts.

For those who cannot rid themselves of the notion that

* *Through Boyhood to Manhood: a Plea for Ideals.* By Ennis Richmond. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

openness is nastiness, and that to be ignorant is to be modest, we commend the reading of Coventry Patmore's essays on *Ancient and Modern Ideas of Purity*, which, if somewhat striking and novel, will throw some light on the question of the characteristically Catholic notions about this subject. A good, manly, instructive volume is the present, and we bid it prosper.

A great deal of practical, common-sense talk—such as Miss Conway's experience renders weighty—and strong insistence on preservation of lofty ideals, such as her title in the literary world makes us expect—these are the predominating characteristics of her last publication.* Many an ambitious young woman can learn some useful and important lessons, without the cost of bitter experience, if she will take to heart such chapters as "Making the Best of It"; many a down-hearted plodder will see bright gleams of encouragement in such as "Statutes of Limitation."

Quite in the spirit of the other books in the series, this volume deserves the warm praise already accorded them. Its bright, readable style, and clear, unostentatious tone will catch many a young reader's eye, and gently win her to conviction that she may profitably follow the writer's advice.

In contrast with unmeaning, narrowly-conceived books on devotion to the Blessed Virgin come works like the present, an English rendition of the sermons of the great French scholar and preacher.† The learning, the logic, and the piety of the preacher are splendidly preserved, all the better, perhaps, because the translator has attempted no literal translation. Out of Bossuet's score of sermons selection and condensation have produced a set of perhaps half that number, and the reader will be hardly the loser by it, except in so far as implied in translation, though to be sure a hearer would tolerate nothing but the preacher's own language. In strictly theological passages literal translation has been made carefully and well.

The book is not unneeded, for Catholics, as well as non-Catholics, may learn therefrom that devotion to Mary is something more than sentimental trifling, and that, if deeply studied and adequately considered, Mary's relations to Christ and his Eternal Father are integral portions of theology. It might not

* *Bettering Ourselves*. By Katherine E. Conway. Boston: Pilot Publishing Co.

† *Devotion to the Blessed Virgin*. By Jacques Bénigne Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux. Translated by F. M. Capes; with an introduction by the Rev. William T. Gordon. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

be unwise to remark that Bossuet's explanation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, so long anticipating the Vatican Council, will strongly impress some of our dissenting brethren.

This new edition of Mr. Potter's *Bible Stories** encourages the belief that daily the love of Scripture-reading goes on increasing and spreading, and gathering together new classes and types. We cannot have too much literature on the Bible, as long as standards are kept high, and there is a reverential handling of the sacred text; for there is a constant development of interest in one or other direction, which calls for a steady stream of publications. It is good to see those publications placing themselves in evidence on the student's shelves and in the preacher's bookcase, and even in the children's tiny libraries. And the last is not least significant, for interest in Scripture that has come with nursery tales is the likeliest to root deep, and live long, and thrive well.

The book before us is admirably adapted to make the young familiar, not only with the stories but with the very language of Sacred Writ, for the text is preserved almost verbatim, with the mere elimination of such sentences of the original irrelevant to the story presented. Good judgment is displayed in the selections made, the illustrations are attractive and appropriate, and the book is, as a whole, a very presentable and instructive volume. Perhaps some of our own *may* follow this plan, substituting the Catholic version. We think such a book would not be slighted by our Sunday-schools.

In an article entitled "Washington's Farewell Address and a Century of American History," published in the *Outlook* of February 25, the distinguished John Bach McMaster, professor of American history in the University of Pennsylvania, writes as follows:

"How, after a hundred years, has that full and fair experiment resulted? To the wise men of other lands endurance seemed impossible. In their eyes we did not possess one element of permanence. We had no established church; therefore we were an immoral and irreligious people. We had no king, no royal family; therefore we knew not what loyalty meant. We had no nobility; therefore we could not have a stable, well-balanced government. We had no entailed estates; therefore property would not be safe. Our President was but a leader set

* *Bible Stories in Bible Language*. By Edward Tuckerman Potter; with an introduction by Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

up by the mob to do their will; therefore, not principle, not a high and honorable purpose, would guide us in our conduct towards foreign powers, but the love of the almighty dollar and the passing whims of the hour. But what a commentary has time made on this prophecy of failure! Where else on the face of the globe has man set up a government better or more stable than is provided by the Constitution of the United States? Where else during the nineteenth century has property been safer? Where else has absolute religious toleration been combined with the deepest religious feeling and the highest morality? What other form of government, at any time, in any land, has ever been more firmly sealed in the affections of the governed, has ever inspired greater loyalty, has ever prompted to greater personal sacrifice in moments of supreme trial?"

The wonderful development of a true national and a true religious life in the American people, of which Washington spoke in his Farewell Address, emphasizes the wisdom of the founders of the American nation, and places a high value upon their constructive work of which they themselves were not aware.

But if the American experiment is to-day a confessed success in the matter of nationalism and religion, it is no less a success in the important field of education.

A review of Provost Harrison's report of the University of Pennsylvania for the year 1898, which has come before our view, impresses us as few such documents have done with the marvellous growth and development of this educational institution from the day when it was an academy in Philadelphia, shielded and nurtured by Benjamin Franklin and a coterie of like-minded public-spirited citizens, to the present time when it holds its rank among the four great universities of the land, and has given to the country a long line of illustrious scholars and citizens, among whom the name of the distinguished professor of American history, Mr. McMaster, from whose recent article we have already quoted, is not the least.

It is this article by the professor of American history, and a review of the report of the Provost, which has called our attention to the truly national work which is being accomplished in the education of the three thousand students in the University of Pennsylvania, which a hundred and fifty years ago was Benjamin Franklin's academy in Philadelphia.

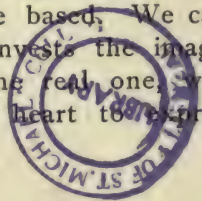
The Miracles of Antichrist,* by Selma Lagerlöf, is described on the title-page as a novel by a Swedish writer, and the edi-

* *The Miracles of Antichrist*. By Selma Lagerlöf. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

tion before us is an English version by Pauline Bancroft Flach. It is like an allegory, but it is not one; and though it has a purpose, it is as unlike the priggish productions which are called novels with a purpose as anything can well be. We fear it will not be appreciated, and we regret this, as much for the sake of the reading public as for that of the writer. The whole meaning of the book is suggested by a quotation from a Sicilian legend which is a form of the Lord's terrible prediction of the rise of false Christs in the latter days, combined with what St. John saw in the Apocalypse. "When Antichrist comes," says the passage quoted, "he shall seem as Christ. There shall be great want, and Antichrist shall go from land to land and give bread to the poor. And he shall have many followers."

The writer has gifts, but we do not think his power lies in the insistence of principles, and their consequences, under the incidents of a work of fiction. There are many things which, as Catholics, we object to, but there is a healthy tone through the work which makes it an incomparably safer source of relaxation in the idle hour than most of the books our hard-working young people get into their hands. It would be, however, most decidedly the kind of reading we should recommend to the wealthy and idle classes of this country, and the same classes everywhere else. We shall be much surprised if the wonders wrought by Antichrist, the miracles performed by the spirit of the world in every age, do not afford some gentle excitement to those excellent people who fancy they are worshipping God, when in reality they are followers of Antichrist. Again, the "hardy sons" of toil, "the horny-handed," and so on, through the entire litany of misleading epithets the hired agitator or the loud-voiced emissary of discontent has on his tongue-tip when he addresses the people on their wrongs—again, we say, the people will get just a hint of the value of the prophecies of better days, the miracles of social amelioration which Antichrist, the king "of this world," will bring to them.

There is nothing in the shape of a story, but the fortunes of certain characters, like the one or two great ones in *Gil Blas*, supply the human interest, upon which the suggestions of the author's principles, religious and political, are based. We cannot refuse recognition of the power which invests the images of the "Christ-Child," the false one and the real one, with that spell of influence on the intellect and heart to express



which we know no better word than glamour. The purpose that runs from end to end is the fanciful working out of the idea that a "redeemer" or "reformer" was needed for the human race, and will be for ever needed. Now, the great Reformer came only once; all the others are Antichrists, or, as we should prefer to put it, pseudo-Christ. But these pseudo-Christ are miracle-workers, thaumaturgists of social amelioration, prophets of reconciliation between kings and peoples, masters and servants, rich and poor.

Augustus sees in a vision the birth of the Lord, just as his flatterers are about to consecrate on the Capitol an altar to him among the gods of Rome. As he gazes on the miserable stable, the kneeling shepherds in the open door, the young mother on her knees before a little Child, the sibyl's big, bony fingers pointed towards that poor Child: "Hail, Cæsar!" said the sibyl with a scornful laugh. "There is the God who shall be worshipped on the heights of the Capitol."

We are informed that a mighty spirit fell upon the prophetess, and—after some effects upon her appearance produced by its operation, such as causing her "dim eyes" to burn, and giving her a voice which "could have been heard over the whole world"—"she spoke words which she seemed to have read in the stars":

"On the heights of the Capitol the Redeemer of the world
shall be worshipped,
Christ or Antichrist, but no frail mortal."

The next day Augustus forbade the raising of a temple to himself "on the Capitol," but built instead of it a sanctuary to the new-born God-Child and called it "Heaven's Altar," Aracæli. From this legendary origin of the sanctuary we have the monastery on the Capitol occupied by "Franciscan monks," standing near the basilica "Santa Maria in Aracæli"—the basilica built because the sibyl had caused Augustus to see Christ, and the monastery because they feared the fulfilment of the sibyl's prophecy: that Antichrist should come to be worshipped on the Capitol. The monks watched and prayed against the coming of Antichrist, their only comfort was the miracle-working image of Christ kept in the basilica. This image was the representation of a little babe, but it had a gold crown upon its head, gold shoes on the feet, the whole dress a blaze of jewels, all the offerings of persons in distress who had called

on the image for help. A rich Englishwoman obtained possession of the image by getting an imitation made, which she substituted during a moment or two in which she had been left alone with it in the shrine. In order to be sure which was the real image or "Christ-Child," she scratched with a needle on the crown of the false one the legend: "My kingdom is only of this world." The history of this false image, its going about from place to place, its various fortunes, and its rather singular connection with rich Englishwomen are the allegorical suggestions interwoven with the fortunes of Gaetano and Donna Michaela, Don Ferranti and Donna Elisa, and all the rest who pass before us in actual life or in the clouds of a vivid imagination, and are seen through these actual characters—a method in which the author presents them as you see ghosts in a play or the far-off accessories in the background of a picture. The allusions of others, the conversations, the fears, the resentments of others, and so on—all these expedients of the fancy the author uses with consummate skill.

Don Ferranti is one of the actual persons, but he is introduced in a sentence or two which tells the impression produced by him and his circumstances on Donna Michaela. We take it as a specimen of the writer's power of making us see people through the minds of his living men and women, or, as we described it, in the clouds at the background. We are told he was found to be no ordinary shop-keeper in a side street. He was a man of ambition, who was collecting money in order to buy back the family estate on Etna, and the palace in Catania, and the castle on the mainland. If he went in short jacket and pointed cap, like a peasant, it was in order the sooner to be able to appear as a grandee of Spain and a prince of Italy.

The great bandit, Falco Falcone, is reproduced in this manner, brought as it were in the clouds, and with him the social aspect and the landscape of Sicily in the later seventies. It is an Antichrist time, from which we might infer Selma Lagerlöf is not a Garibaldian; and looking back to our earlier page, we think that writer finds in revolutionary France pseudo-Christic influences all-abounding. The false image is taken from a rich Englishwoman, and her carriage is dragged to a barricade in Paris to form part of that kind of defence in street-rioting for which the beautiful city so long bore an unenviable reputation. A curious thing the power of this poor image of elmwood dressed out in brass rings and glass beads! for wherever it came the authority of Christ diminished. One of those defending the

barricade was not a workingman but a man of education who had passed his life in study. This is one of the instances which try men—the case of a pure-minded enthusiast, whose learning, together with the spirit of a gentleman and knight, many noble gifts and acquirements, are sacrificed to the powers of darkness because he starts upon wrong principles. To make the application the false image is on the barricade, and whenever the smoke of battle cleared away this scholar saw it high up, “unmoved” amid the tumult. Oh! that little image was his leader, and the words “My kingdom is only of this world” the war-cry of himself and the wild crowds who alternated rebellion with robbery during the intervals when they had possession of the streets. One cannot help a pity for the enthusiast, who knew all the want that tortured mankind, whose heart was full of sympathy, and who continually had been seeking means to better his lot. The last words of the book are spoken by the “old pope”: “No one can save mankind from their sorrows, but much is forgiven him who brings new courage to bear them.” This, we fear, is like that hysteria which is called Neo-Catholicism; but we suspect everything, and are not sure of Selma Lagerlöf’s pope any more than the one of the French emotionalists.

Mr. MacManus,* who is the author of some books containing sketches, narratives, and verses illustrating characteristics of the Irish peasantry, is a Celt to the core. One impulse, more or less, we know not which, would have made him a Greek of the days when kings were the pastors of the people. His fancy is a Land of Youth—*Fir nan oge*, we think they call it. We mean his fancy is a realm where gray hairs and bent frames are signs of the passing onward, and not the tokens of defeat; so that they disappear, as it were, and the strength of manhood comes back in the heart. And youth is a time of gladness beneath soft skies, and surrounded by the influences of nature imparting sweet and generous impulses. The language of the peasantry in his hands is a melody; we have not read anything at all so racy, except in the *Heart of Midlothian*. The reader will remember how the passion of the peasant girl’s pleading for her unhappy sister affected Queen Caroline. But when the emotion is not intense, even Scott cannot make the Lowland dialect altogether pleasant to the Southron ear.

* *Through the Turf Smoke*. By Seumas MacManus. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company.

Carleton is often harsh, Lover unlike, Gerald Griffin has a touch of this music, but not altogether free. Now, in most instances of domestic narrative, Mr. MacManus makes the brogue of his Donegal people like a lyric. The humor he possesses is genuinely Irish. Americans have in a countryman of their own a case of successful acquisition of its half-sly, half-sparkling, and wholly kindly quality in Washington Irving; and he, we think, drew the spirit of his humor largely from his favorite Goldsmith. The justness of the comparison will be recognized in the passages where the author does the telling himself; for the novelty of the brogue to American readers may check the cadence at first. The sketch, *The Prince of Wales' Own Donegal Militia*, is a case in point; it is *Knickerbocker's History of New York* transported to the proper stage, and the fun in Irving's heart was that of the humorists whom he unconsciously reflected,* and not that of the good, heavy Dutchmen he quizzed.

Where all over the world could such queer, racy things be said as in Ireland? An omnibus belonging to a keeper of post-cars was employed in any business for which it might be hired. It was a private carriage when "the major" drove in it to church. When it carried a corpse to the grave the school-master spoke of it as an "impromptu hearse." On Tuesday it carried the sheriff to the court-house, and on Wednesday bore poteen to Donegal, and so on, winning from the same learned man the descriptive title of "a versatile arrangement." A ballad in the piece, entitled "Dinny Monaghan's Last Keg," tells of a cow drinking all the poteen in a still. The ballad was sung by one of the party at a spree which was held in celebration of a successful distillation of the unparliamentary liquid named. The expression of opinion at the point of the ballad which told who had drunk most of the poteen was, we think, correct: "The sorra take her, but she was fond of the sperruts," and did not deserve the rebuke it received; except so far as it might be regarded as an interruption of the song. The whole of this paper must be read to be properly enjoyed. The comments on the conduct of the cow after this performance are very amusing; for instance: "The poor baste, she acts so nathural like, just for all the worl' like a daicent Christian,

*We are only dealing with one characteristic of this most charming writer, but Mr. MacManus, we trust, has that great ally, time, to help him in making a name to be as widely known as Irving's.

axin Paddy to thramp on the tail of her coat, an' all that, an' then repentin' next mornin'."

The advice given to one of the distillers by another is good: "Dinny *aharsge*, take yer warnin' from that song, an' raise up your cows in the way daicent cows should be raised," etc.; and the retort to the threat that the Black Sergeant had sworn that he'd make one of them pay the piper yet. "Well, maybe it wouldn't be the first false oath he swore, if we'd believe all the people say."

Jack who was the Ashypit is introduced in the old story-telling way: "Wanst on a time when kings and queens was as plenty in Ireland as good people, and good people as plenty as kings and queens." Of course the meaning on the surface is that these royalties were as plenty as fairies, but the inner meaning is to suggest some difference between them and good people. The Ashypit starts off to make his fortune, and, being tired, is about sitting down, but observes "a flock of big black flies, an' he ups with his stick and kilt three and thirty of them—for he counted them, an' wan o' them was a dale bigger nor the others. 'Now that's what I call a good blow,' says Jack; and gettin' an old rusty nail, he wrote upon his stick, 'With wan blow o' this stick I kilt a clargyman an' two and thirty of a congregation.'" With this bit of satire on the well-fed appearance of the clergy we shall leave Jack to his adventures of the old folk-lore kind and conclude by recommending this little volume as the best picture of Irish peasant life we have come across for many a day.

Under the title of *My Lady's Slipper and Other Verses** has been published a selection of poems of which neither writer nor verses themselves are unknown to our readers. But the selections are cleverly made, and the gifted authoress is seen to best advantage in them. Sweetness and grace may be declared the general characteristics of the volume, but in the *finale*, "The Within Thee Blind," a deeper note of tragedy and doubt is struck, and a masterly one too. Music and rhythm are very nearly in their perfection in these little gems, characteristically religious or national, sparkling with bright fancies and delicate imagery. "My Lady's Slipper" is—well, we can but say "exquisite," and quaint withal.

* *My Lady's Slipper and Other Verses*. By Dora Sigerson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

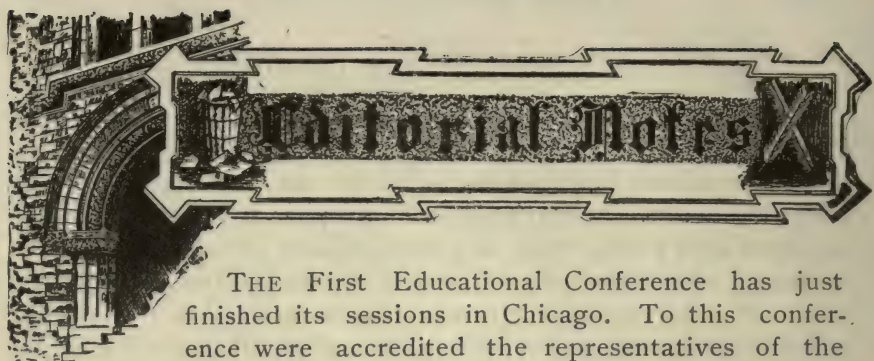
BUSINESS GUIDE FOR PRIESTS.*

A good deal has been said, in one place or another, about the crying need of a business education for priests, and especially for priests engaged actively in this country. Now, as a matter of fact, it is of immense utility for a priest, especially an American priest, to be a perfect master of nearly every department of knowledge; for there is scarcely one in which he may not have occasion to use his science. But it is going rather too far to expect the achievement of any such useful plan. Rather, it is expedient that we economize, as far as possible, the very brief period of time at present given over to the acquisition of a summary knowledge of sacred science.

The proper way to set about mastering the matters foreign to his actual professional course of study, is that the priest should be supplied with such details as are necessary through the agency of some little manual or guide prepared by a learned, skilful, and experienced clergyman. This is what Dr. Stang has done in his present publication; any one who understands the modicum of the book-keeping art here outlined will, in all probability, know sufficient to insure successful management *if he lives up to it.*

It is a splendidly succinct compendium, but after all, as the writer says, it is the religious zeal and tireless patience of the pastor, and his unselfish attention to details, rather than any technical business training or experience, that will make him the successful manager of a parish.

* *Business Guide for Priests.* By Rev. William Stang, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.



THE First Educational Conference has just finished its sessions in Chicago. To this conference were accredited the representatives of the Catholic colleges of the United States. They had important questions to handle, and from the published "Program" of subjects the topics were approached in a broad-minded way. This fact augurs well for the success of the work. That this convention is able to command a universal interest, and that it can write down among its delegates representatives of all the teaching bodies, as well as the educators of any prominence in Catholic colleges for men in the United States, is a fact of considerable note. This could not have been done before the establishment of the Washington University. One of the best results accomplished by the University is the co-ordination of collegiate education. The college now, instead of attempting an impossible task of giving a universal education, is circumscribed by limitations. It has a defined field, and with any ordinary ability it can cover it well. There has been no more hopeful sign in the educational world than the assembling of this conference of educationists.

The Peace Congress has been virtually strangled in its birth. It has shut out from its deliberations the only great peace-making factor in Europe, the Holy Father. Without religion men are savages. The spirit of religion, like the breath of the warm wind from the South, soothes and mollifies. It stands for far more than selfish interests. It lives a life all its own, far above the strife of battle and the clash of steel. In this spirit of religion the hope of arbitration lives, moves, and has its being. To shut the door against the historical representative of the spirit of religion in the world, is to banish that factor which alone can bring the deliberations to a successful issue. It would be a fitting thing if the delegates from the United States would ask that the Holy Father be represented in these deliberations.

Let us Christianize Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, is the cry going out through the Protestant missionary societies. When the missionaries get there they will find more solid Christianity among the people of these islands than we have in many places in the United States.

By what standards do you measure Christianity? Is it by the prevalence of morality? The missionaries will find the people sober. There is not one iota of the drunkenness there that there is in our Christianized land. They will find the women virtuous, good mothers, faithful wives; they will find all the home influences well established, and the family life intact. As to the virtue of the women in Cuba and Porto Rico, ask the American soldiers. Possibly the Protestant missionaries may teach the people the tricks of the divorce court.

They will find the people good church-goers. They attend church far better than Protestants do here in New York. Do you measure your Christianity by the variety of your churches? Go to our new possessions in this spirit, you will simply teach denominationalism, a religion torn in shreds by contentions—not the blessed religious unity Christ prayed for.

The best thing you can do is to stimulate existing agencies. If you think the Catholic Church has failed in doing its full duty, go and poke up its officials to greater endeavor.

Your present plans will simply result in making a few infidels but not Protestants.

It is not without its humorous side to witness the efforts made by our friends to explain away the hard, cold facts which Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire, brought to light in his Fast Day Proclamation. They say in the country districts religion is not declining. The governor is perfectly right, and any consideration of the realities will bear him out in his statements. What Governor Rollins says of rural New Hampshire Dr. Rainsford says of urban New York, only he adds, shrewdly enough, that unless some means are devised whereby a half an hour's instruction in religious matters is provided every day in the school, this lamentable decadence will go on.

CATHOLIC OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

CAPTAIN JOHN J. LEONARD, U.S.V.

Captain John J. Leonard, commanding Company G, Second Regiment Massachusetts Infantry, was born May 22, 1856, in Alden, Erie County, N. Y. His father, Michael Leonard, and mother, Ann Mungovan (both dead), were born in County Clare, Ireland.

When about thirteen years old his parents removed to Springfield, Mass. When sixteen years of age, he was employed for about three years in a clerical position by the B. & A. R. R. Company. He then became a clerk in his father's store, and at his father's death continued the business until 1887. His duties as tax assessor demanded his entire time. Captain Leonard was elected to the assessorship in 1884 to fill a vacancy, he having already served for five years as an assistant assessor, being thus eminently qualified for his official duties. Two years later he was re-elected to a full term. His re-election to the same position in 1887 and 1890, and again in 1893, at the latter time being made chairman of the board, is a speaking tribute to his fidelity and ability, and a wise expression of the high esteem in which he is held by his fellow-citizens. He was re-elected in 1896 and again in 1899 for full terms. The honor thus accorded him is all the more appreciated by himself and his friends when it is remembered that he is a staunch Democrat in politics, and that the city is a Republican stronghold.

For twenty-two years he has been the secretary of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the Diocese of Springfield, and has been a delegate to fifteen national conventions of the C. T. A. U. of A. Captain Leonard was the chairman of the general committee that managed the monster field-day of the Springfield Union in 1892, which was one of the largest Catholic temperance demonstrations ever gotten up in America, and at which event thirty-three thousand people were present at Hampden Park, Springfield, among whom were the governor, lieutenant-governor, and other distinguished guests.

Captain Leonard is one of the governing board of the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters, a member of the A. O. H., and many other useful and charitable organizations.

The military record of Captain Leonard reflects credit on his practical judgment and wisdom. Joining Company G,



CAPTAIN JOHN J. LEONARD, U.S.V.

Second Regiment Infantry M. V. M., April 11, 1877, as a private, he was appointed sergeant two years later, and in 1880 was promoted to be first sergeant. June 27, 1882, he was elected first lieutenant, holding the rank until March 7, 1887, when he was promoted to captaincy, a capacity in which he has since served with efficiency. The inspector-general's department of Massachusetts, as the result of the annual inspections of the militia of Massachusetts just prior to the war with Spain, says of Company G: "Command rated very good. Discipline, drill, and general instruction most commendable. Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men thoroughly earnest and efficient. Books, records, and papers in faultless condition, models for imitation throughout the service. Great credit is due and should be given officially to this company."

At the opening of the Spanish-American War the Second Massachusetts Infantry was among the first to volunteer their services to their country. It was the first volunteer regiment

in the United States to reach Florida, the seat of active preparations for the Cuban campaign. Captain Leonard's company led the Second Massachusetts through the campaign up to July 7, when the captain was detached from his command to serve as commander of a battalion—the first battalion, of which G company was a part, becoming the third battalion. The regiment landed at Baiquiri June 22, taking an active part in the battles of El Caney and San Juan Hill, July 1 and 2; G company's losses being two men killed and three wounded at El Caney July 1, and one man killed at San Juan Hill July 2. The company did its share of trench-digging, being attached to Brigadier-General Ludlow's First Brigade, Second Division of the Fifth Army Corps. The brigade occupied the right of the corps during the siege of Santiago, and had five different positions between the third and fourteenth days of July, when Santiago surrendered.

The disease period was a trying time for the whole Fifth Army Corps, the Second Massachusetts having its share. Captain Leonard's battalion consisted of one-third of the regiment, but his losses from disease were less than seventeen per cent. of the loss in the regiment. The theoretical knowledge of warfare acquired by long service in the militia of the commonwealth of Massachusetts assisted Captain Leonard and his officers very materially in caring for and directing the men under them. The regiment reached Montauk August 19, was furloughed August 27 for sixty days, and mustered out of service November 3.

Following is the comment made by the chief mustering officer of the State of Massachusetts on the United States records of Co. G, Second Massachusetts Volunteers, in a letter to Captain Leonard: "Allow me to compliment you on the appearance of your company, books and records, which were by far the best turned in by the Second Regiment, and are excellent in every respect." Captain Leonard re-entered the service of the militia of the Massachusetts commonwealth, on which list he will undoubtedly rank as major, but by reason of the ill effects of the Cuban fever will soon ask to be retired.

Rev. John J. McCoy, P. R. of Chicopee, Mass., speaking at a recent banquet tendered Captain Leonard and Sergeant O'Connell by the Sacred Heart Total Abstinence Society of Springfield, of which Captain Leonard is a charter member, said, amongst other things, a close acquaintance with Captain Leonard for nineteen years gave him ample opportunity to judge of his worth, and he reiterated the statement that the captain was worthy of all the honor done him. He recalled an

incident that showed the character of the man. At the time the regiment was called to undergo no one knew just what, he met the captain's pastor, and the latter had shown him a letter from the commander of Company G asking for the prayers of himself and his men in the struggle that was before them. Here was a man, the speaker added, who, filled with zeal and anxiety of a noble sort, made it one of his first duties, when it became evident that his company was to see actual service, to reverently request his pastor to pray for himself and the men under him. It was typical of a man whose life was good and noble and uplifting.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

To the Editor of the Catholic World.

SIR: In Mr. Sidney Lee's recently published *Life of William Shakespeare* the biographer says emphatically that Shakespeare was a Protestant.

The only person within a century of Shakespeare's date who ever made a statement on the subject, one way or the other, verbally or on paper, was Archdeacon John Davies, the Vicar of Daperton, in Gloucestershire, England, a clergyman of the Establishment.

In or about the year 1703, Archdeacon Davies made some autograph notes upon the Diary of the Rev. William Fulman (also a clergyman of the English Church); and, among these notes, is the following direct statement:

"He (Shakespeare) died a Papist."

Now, as Archdeacon Davies was a Protestant clergyman, this statement is what lawyers call "a declaration against interest," and therefore one to which great weight is to be reasonably given. Moreover, the use of the word "Papist," instead of "of the old Faith" or "Catholic," shows that the statement was made reluctantly and with feeling. Even if contradicted, these considerations would favor it. But it stands uncontradicted!

In cases of a conflict of documentary or of oral evidence, or of tradition, a historian has undoubted right to use his own judgment to a certain extent, or, at least, to give his opinion as to the burden of probability. But where there is but one statement of fact, either way, and that statement is unimpeached, an expression of judgment personal to the historian seems, to say the least, uncalled for.

Of course, Shakespeare was obliged, like every other subject of Elizabeth, to outwardly conform to the two "Acts of Uniformity" which obtained during the period including Shakespeare's natural life.

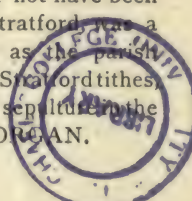
But Archdeacon Davies' statement leads to the conclusion (and I, for one, can arrive at no other) that, toward the close of his life, Shakespeare sought occasion, in some form, to publicly announce his attachment to the religion of his fathers and of his race.

It is urged that, had Shakespeare been a Catholic, he would not have been buried in the chancel of a Protestant church. But Trinity, Stratford, was a church of the old faith, long before Henry VIII.'s date, and, as the parish church, had not changed its legal foundation. As part owner of Stratford tithes, Shakespeare was a lay-Rector of the Foundation and so entitled to sepulture in the chancel.

Yours respectfully,

APPLETON MORGAN.

Rooms of the New York Shakespeare Society, April 5, 1899.



THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE Catholic Summer-School, located at Cliff Haven, N. Y., on Lake Champlain, will hold a session of seven weeks from July 9 to August 25. Among the speakers there will be representatives from the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., and from many of the leading colleges. Systematic courses of lectures are arranged dealing with the progress of social science; recent developments in the study of biology; will power in the domain of ethics; character studies of authors and statesmen; episodes of American history, including the war with Spain; and a number of talks at the piano illustrating famous musical compositions.

During six weeks special provision will be made for instruction on approved lines to secure the professional advancement of teachers. The main object kept in view by the management is to increase the facilities for busy people as well as for those of leisure to pursue lines of study in various departments of knowledge by providing opportunities of getting instruction from eminent specialists. It is not intended to have the scope of the work limited to any class, but rather to establish an intellectual centre where any one with serious purpose may come and find new incentives to efforts for self-improvement. Here in the leisure of a summer vacation, without great expense, one may listen to the best thought of the world, condensed and presented by unselfish masters of study. The opportunity thus provided of combining different classes of students for mutual improvement will be most acceptable to professors and lecturers who wish to have an appreciative audience to enjoy with them the fruits of the latest research in history, literature, natural science, and other branches of learning. All these branches of human learning are to be considered in the light of Christian truth.

Applications for copies of the prospectus to be issued as soon as possible should be sent, with a two-cent stamp enclosed, to 123 East Fiftieth Street, New York City.

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From the New York *Times* we take the following account of a book that is having a large sale and has provoked much discussion:

The Rev. William Barry is a writer of smooth and scholarly English, and handles his subject with power and clearness. In *The Two Standards* he has given us a forceful romance that it is a pleasure to read in spite of the introduction of many disagreeable characters therein portrayed. The title *The Two Standards* is somewhat misleading, and its significance does not appear until late in the story. The first standard is money and lawless love, the other is righteousness and equity. The one is expounded through five hundred and odd pages; the other and better part is meanwhile conspicuous by its absence. The plot lingers and is a laggard in unfolding, but the character-drawing is perspicuous and powerful. The heroine, Marian Greystoke, is the headstrong daughter of a worldly, speculating country vicar, and the other members of the household are quite unlovely. Mr. Barry's picture of this English clergyman's life is not a pleasant one, but it is a faithful portrayal of a type. We may sincerely trust that the class is a small one. Marian's mother is a canting Calvinist and en-

tirely out of sympathy with her daughter. The family has been reduced from a comfortable competence by the stock-gambling of both father and mother, and has nearly reached a state of absolute penury. This is particularly harassing to Marian, who, obstinate, proud, and selfish, has great social ambitions. She goes on a visit to London, and there, for the first time, comes into contact with the life of a great city and with people of wealth. She is fascinated by all this, and by means of her fine voice obtains *entrée* to the homes of some few families of position. In this way she meets a wealthy speculator and promoter, whom she marries. He is temporarily fascinated with her voice and personality, and for a time is very devoted. Marian speedily finds, however, that gold does not always buy happiness, and through trial and suffering she learns her lessons as surely in her palace as was the case in her former home in the country curate's house.

The later development of her character is thrilling and pathetic, and many times enlists the reader's sympathy, though frequently now and again inspiring disgust. Marian does credit to her early training and environment, and runs her inevitable course. Nearly all the people in the book are either sordid in their motives or scheming for self-aggrandizement or revenge, and they are far from being altogether lovely. Miss Raby, a woman physician, the friend Marian visits in London, is as near being unselfish and lovable as any one in the tale. She is the only one who appears to act from disinterested motives. There are several artists and musicians who figure prominently, but rarely to their credit.

The Two Standards is a novel of parts, to be read for its artistic construction and beauty of diction rather than for entertainment. Its tendency is rather depressing, and its ethical horizon can hardly be called elevating, although the moral to be drawn from the career of Marian and her husband is unmistakable. The book has a distinctive atmosphere entirely its own, and is clever to a degree. The musical element therein is not without alluring representation and symbolization.

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In that excellent paper, the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, a writer using the signature C. N. has stated a most important truth in these words:

Literature is fortunately, or unfortunately, one of the most untrammelled of arts, wherefore it appears so easy and tempts so many; upon the writer's artistic perception, knowledge of life and good taste, depend what he eliminates and what he presents, and how and with what effect. We know that humanity can never be totally depraved, and we read with this reservation in our minds. If Protestant writers, in seeking the quaintness of another age, delight in such subjects as "The Madonna of the Peach-tree," that is partly because everything then existing, good and bad, was necessarily Catholic—and Catholicism is so seductive that no one, friend or enemy, can ever leave it alone—and if the bad is picked out by preference, magnified, and dwelt upon—well, it is a personal choice.

We Catholics have a more proportionate view of the robust iniquities of our robust forefathers, because we remember that the same epoch gave the church those brilliant saints whose intellectual activity and purity of life are our example, and we cannot read any local history without meeting the lesser but widespread rank of good men who have left a fair repute behind them within their more restricted scope.

No doubt, a Catholic author could not write without the risk of unkind comment such a book as, say, *The Chaplain of the Fleet*, by Besant. We might have expected Protestantism, being modern, with its loud-voiced protestation, its Bible, its tract-distributing ladies and street-preachers, to set us "misguided Papists" a very admirable example indeed in Christian perfection, instead of deliberately reviving the backslidings of its ancestors, and needlessly pointing out where Christians have fallen short of their high ideal in a manner generally misleading, often offensive. But let us be indulgent, we who reside in touch with the vivifying heart of the church, who never loses her power of rebuking and reforming the children that sully her outer garment. We may watch with impunity, as we often have the opportunity of doing, the pot calling the kettle black, since we know that the kettle holds pure water.

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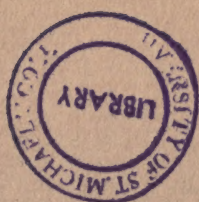
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Mr. J. D. O'Connell, of the Bureau of Statistics, Washington, D.C., has done excellent service in teaching correct history through the daily papers. With a full knowledge of the facts he contends that it must appear to any person of common sense that not even one-tenth of our white population is of English descent; and even if that fraction was of such descent, any person who is not blind may easily see for himself, no matter where he goes in this country, that the dark-haired type of our people is at least in the proportion of seventy per cent. to the remaining thirty per cent. of light-haired people. It therefore goes without saying, even if we should accept every light-haired American of English ancestry as an Anglo-Saxon, that this fraction of the English element in our make-up is too insignificantly small to be worth the trouble of seriously considering as a factor either in the past or in the present of our national development.

Is it not about time to call a halt on these Anglo-maniacs who imagine that they are greater and worthier than the overwhelming mass of their fellow-citizens? I think it is time. No one has a right to intrude his ignorant balderdash upon the reading public about "Anglo-Saxons" when he cannot even name and prove a single characteristic of the alleged Anglo-Saxons or describe ethnologically or physiologically the mental traits which distinguish the Angles and Saxons of England from the Britons and Celts of England. If he can do this, what is the result? Simply this: that the Angles and Saxons are still a comparatively insignificant element in the make-up of the English people, and infinitely more insignificant in the make-up of the American people. The language we have is undoubtedly a Germanic tongue—a brave language—but its mother would not know it to-day. Like the Angles and Saxons themselves it was developed and refined by the ennobling and civilizing influences of Celtic, Greek, and Roman letters and literature, and the Mediterranean arts, sciences, and institutions of the so-called Latin race.

If predominance of race is anything to be proud of as a factor in the development of our institutions and national progress, certainly the so-called Anglo-Saxon element cannot for a moment be considered as other than a very small fraction of that factor; and just as certainly the dark-haired race—"Celtic," or whatever you may call it—must be awarded the honor and glory of making America what it is to-day, and of making the "English-speaking peoples" throughout the world what they are to-day.

M. C. M.



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